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UNITY PULPIT

BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. 15 OCTOBER 6, 1893 No. 1

TWO SERMONS ON

THE WORLD'S FAIR

I. THE WHITE CITY

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GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1893

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THE WHITE CITY.

"According to the measure of a man, that is, of an angel."—REV. xxi. 17.

I CANNOT begin my sermon without a personal word. I ask no better, no more cordial welcome than to be able to believe that you are as glad to be back here as I am. I was glad to go away, but every year teaches me more and more that the best part of going away is coming home once more. I know you will be glad to hear that I was never in more perfect health, and I was never gladder to enter upon a year's work than I am now. I only ask that you will give me the same generous, hearty co-operation that you have done in past years; and then I shall feel confident that this twentieth year of our relation as people and minister will be perhaps the best one of them all.

My subject this morning is the first of two sermons which I am to give on the World's Fair, my special theme to-day being "The White City." I take as my text the words to be found in the twenty-first chapter of Revelation, in the seventeenth verse: "And he measured the wall thereof,"—that is, of the white city that John in his vision saw come out of the heavens towards the earth,—"and the measure of the wall thereof was one hundred and forty-four cubits, according to the measure of a man, that is, of an angel."

It was fitting that the four hundredth anniversary of the most wonderful and most fruitful voyage known to men should be celebrated. It was fitting that it should be a world's celebration, because the result of it has been to

change the face of the world. It was fitting that it should be in this country, the discovery of which and the opening up of which to the civilization of the world was its one most conspicuous result. It was fitting also that it should be in the city of Chicago, which is the most wonderful of the new great cities of this new great world. But, when it was determined to celebrate it, it was recognized everywhere that it could not be a matter of any one city or of any one State, that it was indeed a national concern, and the nation was in honor pledged to see to it that it should be a conspicuous and magnificent success.

Chicago in fair and open competition won the right to have it there. I have been sorry, as the whole country will be sorry as they recognize its meaning, that there should have been any manifestations of State or sectional envy and bitterness of feeling; for, though these have not — that was impossible — prevented its success, they have been enough to prejudice it in the minds of many Americans and in the minds of more abroad. And these many Americans and many foreigners by and by will recognize what they have been slow to note; and they will regret the loss that has come to them through misapprehension. For it is beyond question now that the World's Fair is the great success of its kind in the world. We expected Chicago to do a "big thing." But that which they have achieved, if not an astonishment to them, has been an astonishment to the country and to the world. A big thing? Yes, the great World's Exposition of Paris in 1889, which I had the pleasure of attending, is as nothing compared with it. Our own Centennial was a feeble first attempt. The great World's Fair of London could have been hidden away inside of our main building. Big, indeed; but that is not the astonishment, that is not the wonder I had in mind, as I referred to it a moment ago. Not only architecturally, artistically, and in every way which manifests mastery of masses of material, but intellectually, morally, æsthetically, there is seen mastery. It is the crowning achievement of the civilization of the world.

Hereafter cheap sneers at Chicago will be at a discount among those who know. I prophesy here, incidentally, that it will not be many years before Chicago will be the largest city in America. It will not be a great many years before it will be the largest city in the world. Chicago won its distinction by right.

I wish to pay one more passing tribute to that city. For grand, magnificent, public spirit there is no city in this country that can surpass it, if there is even one that can claim to stand by its side.

But I am not here to glorify the World's Exposition, as though I were a paid agent to set forth its distinguishing characteristics and its glory. Let me pass to that which seems to me worthy of such high significance as to make it a fit subject for a Sunday sermon, even on the opening Sunday of our year.

Let us return for a moment to our text. This twenty-first chapter of Revelation is the one devoted to the description of the great city which John in his vision of Patmos has pictured as having come down from God out of heaven. An angel is represented as having been talking with him, having in his hand a golden rod. "And he measured the walls thereof, one hundred and forty-four cubits, according to the measure of a man, that is, of an angel."

The part of the text to which I call your attention is, of course, the last part. This city was measured — this city in the vision — in the same way that all cities are measured, in the same way that all civilization must be measured, in the same way that all human achievements of every kind must be measured,— according to the measure of a man, that is, of an angel. Man, then, according to this text, is placed on a level with an angel; and, as I read in my Scripture lesson, he is declared to be only a little lower than a creating God. Man has been set forth by the theologians of the world as being but a worm of the dust. But the Bible itself, if men have been wise enough to read it aright, tells a different and a grander story; for even in the opening chapters of Gene-

sis, after man had committed that act which the theologies tell us constituted the essence of the fall, the sentence of his Creator is represented as being expressed thus, "The man has become as one of us." I wish to call your attention, then, this morning to some of the thoughts suggested by this White City on earth, as indicating the measure, the stature of humanity, the humanity to which we have at last attained.

Man began on this planet poor and feeble, physically the weakest of all the wild animals that thronged about him in the primeval forests. Only he among them all had learned to climb upon his feet. He only had found that he could use what to the animals are their fore-feet as hands. He only had learned to turn the invisible air about him into sounds that were intelligible words. He only learned to make characters and marks which became letters, the beginning of the world's literature. Man was supreme among the animals by the power located in the brain, the power to think, and the power possessed by no other animal of reconstructing and re-creating his environment.

Now, I wish at the outset to suggest to you some of the marvellous triumphs that have been wrought out by this wonderful man in making the conquest of the planet on which he awoke to consciousness.

Here at the White City are the means for this estimate, for this measurement, of what man has been and what man has become. You may stroll at your leisure through the Midway Plaisance, and see the Dahomey village, the Samoan village, the Javanese village, then up, through an indication of an ancient civilization in the Street of Cairo, to ancient Austria, to the German village, the modern; and then coming out into the White City itself, you may see a specimen of the finest and highest results of all man's thought and man's endeavor. Here within this brief compass is an opportunity to measure the distance from the jungle to the White City itself.

I have time only to make a few suggestions. It is not my

purpose, and it would not be worth while, to recount the wonders of the place that many of you, I trust, have been able to see for yourselves. It is not these superficial characteristics of the place to which I wish to call attention, but rather to hint to you by a few suggestions some of the wondrous meanings of it all.

In the first place, let me note a few of those things that indicate man's material mastery of the planet. Of course, it is impossible to divide the works of man into so much pure material, so much intellectual, so much artistic, so much moral; for man is physical, intellectual, artistic, moral *in potency* at the beginning, and he unfolds and manifests these characteristics and effects all the way, and in any one department of his life and work there will be more or less manifestation of all that the man is. Yet it will be convenient for me this morning to call your attention first to this great group of activities and achievements that represent man's physical control of his dwelling-place.

Step into the building devoted to agriculture, and see how from the first rude implement by which man was able to disturb an inch or two of the surface of the soil, he has come to such a mechanical mastery of all the processes of agriculture that it is true, as I said to a friend, everything now concerning all the crops that are raised, except selling them and eating them, can be done by machinery. Such perfect mastery of these powers of mechanical skill has man attained in the department of agriculture.

And here note, lest you think that in my opening words I have made too high a claim for him, man here has become creator. He has developed and produced numberless new growths that nature never would have produced if left alone by herself. Not only that, he has attained such chemical mastery over the elements that enter into the composition of his foods as promises — and promises well — by and by to create the food direct from the elements without the necessity of waiting for the long and tedious processes of natural planting and growth.

Then, when you enter the building devoted to horticulture, here you are face to face not only with man's recognition of and love for beauty, but here again you stand in the presence of man as creator. Thousands and thousands of new varieties of beautiful flowers man has created, developed, out of what were weeds, what were only abortive promises of beauty, as the natural forces of the world brought them first to hand.

Then pass with me into the great building devoted to the triumphs of man in the way of transportation. And, by the way, it may be worth remarking incidentally that to me it seemed one of the most beautiful, perhaps the second in beauty, of all the buildings that make up the White City. As you stand facing the beautiful arched doorway,— the finest thing of this kind, I believe, in the whole display,— we see printed on each side these sentences, which I shall quote as indicating the significance and meaning in their bearing on human civilization of that which you will find within. On the right hand are these words from Macaulay : —

"Of all inventions, the alphabet and printing-press alone excepted, those inventions which abridge distance have done most for civilization."

On the left hand these words from Bacon : —

"There be three things which make a nation prosperous,— a fertile soil, busy workshops, and easy conveyance of men and goods from place to place."

Even the wise Bacon did not foresee the wonders of the "easy conveyance" of ideas as well as of men and goods from place to place.

Outside the building, you will remember, are bas-reliefs on either hand of those things which sum up the progress of mankind in this matter of transportation. First are the two poles, with the little seat constructed of osiers or withes connected, carried by two or four men, while one man sits upon his rude seat. That is the beginning of what came to be

afterwards the palanquin. Close beside it is the first rude bullock cart, the wheel one solid piece without any tire, clumsy and heavy, harnessed to the bullock by poles tied to his horns. On the other side is the interior of the perfected Pullman car and the indication of the finest ships that sail the sea. And, as to how modern these things are, I saw the other day a statement made by Governor Russell that it was only twenty-two years since the rough cart was the only means of transportation in this country north-west of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Now, this world, which began as a jungle and wilderness, peopled by tribes, separated by mountain chains, separated by rushing rivers, by bays and oceans, separated by barriers of language, separated by loyalty to different gods, separated by all the impassable barriers of which you can conceive,—this world, so wild and savage and cruel, owes more to improved means of transportation than we realize. The one thing that has done more than anything else to civilize has been this marvellous development of the means of transportation. I was talking the other day in mid-Atlantic with Professor James of Harvard. We had been down together inspecting the machinery of our ship; and he gave utterance to what I have said a hundred times, that it seemed to him that the most wonderful thing, taken in every way, that man had yet produced, was the finest modern steamship, the greyhound racer of the sea. Think of the marvellous creation of man which represents such a triumph over the world that the ocean now is no longer the enemy of man, as it was in the ancient times, no longer a gray and unploughed waste, no longer the scene of storms alone, but the common ferryway of the civilized world. Man has conquered the wave and the wind and the storm, until now there is no delay for wind or tide. He makes even head-winds to help him on his course. He disregards all conditions of weather, and is master of the sea. The captain of my ship told me the other day that it was true a first-class steamer that crosses the Atlantic has absolutely nothing to fear from any storm

that it may meet. The only thing the modern sailor fears is fog, hidden in which there may be collision with icebergs or some other vessel. Only let him see his way, and the elements may do their worst, while he bids them harness themselves to his ship and help him on his way.

I have no time to speak of many phases; but I wish to refer for a moment to man's triumph over the material conditions of life. He has taken the raw substances of the world, and manufactured them into everything that can satisfy human need, delight human taste, or gratify human pride. There is one thing, however, that I cannot pass by. I must step for a moment into the Electricity Building; for here I find justification of that which I said a moment ago when I declared that man has harnessed the lightning, and can command it to do his will. It is no longer exclusively the prerogative of Jove or of any god supposed to sit in the heavens. Man can create lightnings, and they run at his will. One very significant and beautiful sight in the Electricity Building is where you stand looking down through a sheet of plate glass at a mechanism which reminds you of a music-box, by means of which an electric flash of lightning runs up a pillar, along the ceiling, and finally disappears along the ceiling of the building.

I need only mention the telegraph, the telephone, and the phonograph by which we have already taken down not only the words, but the very living voices of great men, and shall be able to make them heard by those who shall listen a hundred years from now. That which startled me most, perhaps because of its novelty, was Professor Gray's telautograph. I knew that they were investigating something in this direction; but I possibly exposed my own ignorance when I said that I did not know that it was already perfected in such a way as to be ready to be introduced into popular use. What does that mean? It means that I here in Boston may sign a check in a bank in Chicago with my own autograph. I may write a letter to a friend in Washington; and he in his study, as I write, may see the words come out under his very

eye. In the same way you may transmit a picture or anything that may be written by human hand. An artist for a newspaper may be at a railroad accident. He may take his pencil to the nearest office where there is a telautograph, and sketch the scene which he wishes to be produced in the morning *Herald;* and, as he draws line after line, it will appear in the *Herald* office ready for immediate use. Not only transportation of goods and persons from place to place, but transportation of thought, transportation of our handwriting without regard to distance or time,— this shows the marvellous mastery that man has attained over the physical forces of the world. Here he shows himself as being only a little lower than God, "after the measure of a man; that is, of an angel."

But I have two other points that I wish to note. I must spend a moment in speaking of the artistic side; for man is not only one who loves comfort, a higher and more distinguishing characteristic is that he loves beauty. He loves that things shall be fine and fair. Here I cannot go into detail at length. I can only call your attention to the art galleries, the pictures, the statuary. And here let me say, though I may be considered a man of poor taste in saying it, that, having once more studied in Europe the work of the old masters, and appreciated much of its wonder and beauty, I am human enough and believer enough in the world and in its growth, and in the leading of God, to say that I prefer the new masters every time. Man has not lost his power. He has not lost the mastery of hand or pencil or brush. Statuary and pictures that need not be ashamed to find themselves beside the antique are being produced in the modern world, or will be produced in the days that are to come. Here there are specimens from all lands that indicate how man, who started, 'way down there in the Midway Plaisance, or thousands and thousands of years before these poor specimens started, began his art by scratching the outline of an elk on a bit of bone with a sharp stone, by daubing himself with different colored earths, by outlining rude figures with a brand

plucked from the fire, has now risen until he has produced all these unspeakably fair and lovely things.

So, too, in music. Stand a little while before the gate of the Javanese village, and hear the monotonous tum, tum, tum, which you may hear all day long any day of the week and any week of the month, as the highest which they have attained in the direction of music, and then hear our songs, our operas, our oratorios, our magnificent orchestras, and see to what a height the music of the present has come, and what a prophecy of the future it contains.

If you wish to sum up all the beauty that man has achieved, go with me to the Court of Honor. It was a magnificent moonlight night, the night before the full of the moon, that I have in mind, when I overheard a man say as I passed, without I think any touch of irreverence about it, as he was overwhelmed with the glory and beauty and brilliancy of the world around him, "The moon is not in it to-night." I say I do not think the man was irreverent: he was only overwhelmed by the beauty and brilliancy of the scene around him,—this White City, the Court of Honor, the electric launches, the gondolas, the wonderful fountains, as fine as any on the face of the earth, the fountains of colored lights, as though the waters themselves had been painted, playing as high as the buildings themselves, the music of the bands, the search-lights on the different parts of the building, flashing now so as to make stand out in all its brilliancy a group of statuary here or a figure there, all the salient lines of the buildings around the Court of Honor marked with rows of electric light, a fairy scene, a dream of beauty that made one wonder if, while he closed his eyes, it might not vanish and he find himself awake. It was hardly strange that a divinity student exclaimed, "I am almost sorry that I have seen it, for after this I am afraid heaven may be disappointing." I do not believe that on the face of the earth in any land or in any city there is anything that for beauty of architecture or artistic taste and management of light and color can for one moment compare

with it. Here is the outflowering, then, of man's sense of beauty. Here is what the material Chicago has given to the world as a specimen of the fact that it is standing on the material indeed, but is aspiring to something above and beyond.

And now I have only time for one other suggestion as to the revelation of this Fair concerning the nature of man, his moral nature. What moral story has the Exposition to tell?

In the first place, let me say what it seemed to me was a very wonderful thing that we should be able to say. On last Saturday week I was in the fair grounds all day. The newspapers the next morning reported that two hundred and thirteen thousand people had been on the grounds that day. Everything eatable that the earth produces was there. Everything drinkable that the earth produces was there, free to any one who chose and was able to buy. And yet, wandering as I did from the Midway Plaisance through the different buildings in different parts of the grounds, and spending the evening as I did during the illuminations in the Court of Honor, I saw no blow struck, I heard no loud or angry or even impatient voices. I noticed not one word or act of discourtesy. The farmer from his fields, the workman with his hands hard and grimy from the shop, the gentleman from his library, all there together on an equal footing, and all, so far as I could see, equally courteous and kindly, ready to guide and to help, all serious, all intent to see and learn. That one fact seemed to me to be a tremendous word in favor of the moral attainment of the human race. They were not what they were because there was no opportunity to be anything else. They were what they were because they had attained self-mastery, because they had climbed up out of the animal into the thinking, feeling, and aspiring man. This, I take it, is the way all the world's reforms are to be attained, to-day and in the future.

If you wish to measure in any way the moral advance of the world, go to the Midway Plaisance, and study the conditions of the savages there. Study the rudeness, the igno-

rance, the animality. Study the poor shape of the head, and the indications, so slight, of thought, and then go to the White City and try to estimate the distance from one to the other. The world started animal, but the brute era for the main part of the world is gone by. The era of cunning, in the main, is being left behind. Even the era of the reign of intellect — intellect alone, conscienceless intellect — has gone by; and to-day, as you have often heard me say, the mightiest force in all the world, the force that controls the surging multitudes of men and moves them, the mobs if you will, the insurrections if you will, the riots and the strikes if you will, the schemes of men on State Street and on Wall Street if you will,— the one thing that controls these, as the sun in the heavens controls the storms at sea, is the moral ideal. There are mobs, there are riots, there are thefts, in Wall Street and in State Street. I do not deny that. There are clouds and storms at sea, and upheavings and waves and wrecks; but the light of the sun folds them all in its arms, and is mightier than they. So the moral ideal of the world folds all these human disturbances in its arms, and soothes them to rest. It is mightier than they.

As we contemplate this manifestation of what man has achieved, of what man has become, as we look at the White City and see it as the measure of the man and as the measure of the angel in the man, the grandeur of that spirit that is a little lower only than God,— as we see this, may we not say, as Shakspere said: —

> "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!"

I have spoken to poor purpose this morning if I have made you think of the White City only as a great display. I wish you to think of it rather as a revelation of what is in man. John's city was to come down from God out of heaven. Our White City springs from the heart of humanity, from the mud and the dust, and reaches toward heaven. We have

changed our point of view. We do not look for God any more away off in the skies.

To illustrate that change of view, and the view I would have this White City suggest to you, I wish to read to you a few verses which Dr. Momerie quotes in his book entitled "The Religion of the Future." I do not know who wrote them: —

"The parish priest
Of austerity
Climbed up in a high church steeple,
To be nearer God,
So that he might hand
His word down to the people.

"And in sermon script
He daily wrote
What he thought was sent from heaven;
And he dropped it down
On the people's heads
Two times one day in seven.

"In his age God said,
'Come down and die';
And he cried out from the steeple,
'Where art thou, Lord?'
And the Lord replied,
'Down here among my people.'"

Here is where our God is to-day. I would have you, then, think of this White City as a revelation of what is in man, of a revelation of what is in God as manifested through man. So I would have you go away with a grander trust in man, with a grander belief in the possibilities of this poor old stumbling, struggling race of ours, with a grander faith in a present God, and with the feeling that it is the business, the only business of religion, out of its prayers, out of its hymns, out of its aspirations, out of its search for truth, to reconstruct humanity, and create on earth a White City which shall be the present dwelling of God.

Father, we give ourselves to Thee anew this morning. We thank Thee for what has been wrought, and for the hope that has come into the world. We ask that, when Thou hast done so much for us and through us, we may never dare to doubt that Thou art able to realize all that man has thought, that prophet has foretold, or poet dreamed. Amen.

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THE WORLD'S FAIR

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GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

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THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

"And there are diversities of working, but the same God who worketh all things in all." — 1 Cor. xii. 6.

The great events in the history of the world very commonly pass unnoticed by the people of the time. At any rate, it is only a few who comprehend their significance. When Columbus sailed from Palos, it was looked upon as a mad enterprise by the most of those who were familiar with his intention; and nobody had even the slightest conception as to what was to be the magnificent result. And when, not long after, Copernicus died, having just seen his famous book on the Constitution of the Universe, few, perhaps, in all Europe, had any conception that he had revolutionized the thought of mankind. And when Luther, one poor, disaffected, heretical monk, nailed his theses on the church door in Wittenberg, how many appreciated that here again was one of the great turning-points in the history of the world? And when that poor peasant from Nazareth in Galilee was pronounced to be dead, and a few loving disciples had been allowed to carry away his body, and when not long after, Paul, the persecutor, having spent three and one-half years brooding over the problems of his life and of the world in Arabia, went forth with his missionary message, how many were there that appreciated that here was the birth of the grandest organized religion that the world has ever known?

Once again in human history we stand at the birth of a marvellous movement. Something has recently happened which is going to be memorable in every future age of the history of mankind.

Beginning on Monday, the 11th of September, and lasting

until Wednesday, September 27, there was a meeting held in the city of Chicago. When the World's Fair was projected, those who had the management of affairs determined that it should not only be a manifestation of the world's advance in material things, but that there should also go along with it an exposition of the thought, the feeling, the religious advance of mankind. A series of congresses was provided for in a building intended to be permanent, and not, like the White City, to fade away like the dream of beauty that it is. This was erected in the centre of the city of Chicago, on Michigan Avenue, close by the wondrous lake. In this Art Institute rooms were provided for the meetings of the various congresses that should represent the religious and social advance of the world.

I have no time to refer to the congresses of each separate body of religionists,—the Unitarians, the Free Religious, the Evolutionists, the Presbyterians, the Methodists, the Mental Scientists, and a great many others. These were only satellites that moved round and were drawn to the great main central body of this wondrous system of meetings. This central body was the Parliament of Religions which was held in the Hall of Columbus in the Art Institute. I cannot go into any prolonged description of it. All that I want is to hint its make-up. Every great country in the world was there represented, not only nearly all the sects into which Christianity is divided (the exception being of such a nature that I shall be obliged to note it before I am through), but all the great pagan religions of the world, China and India, Ceylon and Japan, Africa and Australia. All the great countries of the earth had their representatives in this strange, new gathering. Here the follower of Confucius, the Brahmin from India, the Buddhist priest from Ceylon, the Shinto priest from Japan, the follower of Zoroaster, the Mohammedan, all came together on an equal footing in this wondrous parliament; and with freedom, and in the main with wondrous courtesy, all presented their peculiar ideas.

I wish to note the fact that this is something absolutely new in the history of mankind; and Mr. C. C. Bonney, who was the president of the entire aggregation of congresses, and Dr. John Henry Barrows, who was the president of the Parliament of Religions, have written their names where they will not be effaced by the passing of the years. There have been great religious gatherings which have been called œcumenical,—that is, universal councils; but this is the first really œcumenical meeting that the world has ever seen. The council of Nice, the council of Trent, the great gatherings of the representatives of the Roman Catholic Church, were but the meetings of sectarians. Here was, indeed, a universal council of mankind.

I wish now to point out a few of the characteristics of this meeting. Then I wish to call your attention to what seem to me some of the significant things which it indicates, and then ask you to consider to what it points in the future.

Three things I will briefly note. First, what I have already spoken of, this wondrous new fact that all the religions of the world should sit down in friendship and confer together. What that means I shall have occasion to speak of soon.

Another significant fact. The crowded audiences that attended these meetings, in the largest hall in the Art Institute, were always manifestly in sympathy, in the main, with the broader utterances and more universal ideas. Narrowness, sectarianism, had little favor; but those things which make for universal tolerance and sympathy were applauded to the echo.

I wish to note another fact. I do it with regret. I think I am correct in saying that, if there was during the entire progress of this meeting any departure from perfect brotherliness and courtesy, it was always on the part of those who would pride themselves on being exclusively Christian, extremely evangelical. That which we are accustomed to refer to as Christian courtesy was manifested in the gentlest and most delicate way by the "heathen" from first to last.

Note, then, that the sympathy of the audience, which was

a representative one of the modern world, was with the broadest ideas, and that the gentleness, tenderness, courtesy, charity, those characteristics which we have been accustomed to think as most distinctly Christian, were manifested without exception by the representatives of the different "heathen" religions of the world.

I wish now to call your attention to certain things which it seems to me are signified by a gathering like this.

In the first place, it is right on the surface; and I wish to speak about it and put it behind me as soon as possible, although it is of the utmost importance. Here is a living refutation of the charge of materialism that is being continually urged against this age, especially against this country, and more especially against the city of Chicago. It is said, on every hand, that this is an age in which the times of the world's great faiths have gone by. It is a materialistic age, it is an age in which people care only for money, for political power, for social aggrandizement. And it is commonly charged throughout the world that the one country which is on a wild and headlong rush after these things is America. And it is charged that the one city in America which manifests these characteristics in the most remarkable degree is the city of Chicago. It is supposed to care only for pork and for grain and for twenty-story buildings and for large parks and for great fortunes and for vulgar display. This is the characteristic picture as painted of Chicago by those who look at it only from the outside. And yet here in this material country and this most material city has just now been held the grandest spiritual meeting that the world has ever seen. From the time when the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy over a finished creation, there has never been shown so grand and so magnificent an illustration of the care of the world for the very highest, the most spiritual, the most deeply religious things. I dare put this age, with such an illustration as this, in comparison with any age that the world has ever seen. Though there have been ages of credulity in the past, there has never been any-

thing like this for a moment as an age of faith, as an age that cares for God and the highest things of mankind.

Now, I must note something which those who stand for the exclusive claims on the part of Christianity may think derogatory to Christianity, but which I think has been the finest illustration of its glory that has been given to us since this history began. That is the fact that Christianity has been willing to sit down on equal terms in a parliament of the world's religions. I have wondered whether all those who have favored it have quite appreciated what it means. It seems to me, however, that it means, and must mean, nothing less than a voluntary abdication on the part of Christianity of its autocratic and exclusive claims to being the only one revealed and infallible religion.

It now becomes necessary to note the point I referred to a moment ago, the exception to the Christian universality of this Parliament. The Episcopal Church of America as an organized body, following the lead of the Anglican Church, has not been represented in this Congress. I do not know that any other religious body formally declined. Representatives of a good many of the orthodox sects of Christianity have looked askance upon it, have been suspicious of its effect, of its meaning; but I do not think, with the exception of individual instances, they have declined to attend. It ought to be said also that representatives of the Anglican Church and high dignitaries of the Episcopal Church on their own personal responsibility have attended the Congress, and have regretted that they have not been represented in any official way. I think that logically and from the point of view of the old faith the Archbishop of Canterbury was right in declining to attend or to have the Anglican Church represented. At a meeting in the spring, in London, of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," the Archbishop of Canterbury expressed his opinion to the assembled bishops and dignitaries of the Church. He said that "it did not appear to him to be their business to put Christianity on a platform in competition with all the relig-

ions of the world. They could not make Christianity a member of a Parliament of Religions without acknowledging that those religions had equal claims, and had come to mankind under a parity of conditions. That he could not by any means admit."

I say, then, that I think the Archbishop of Canterbury was logically right, and that, when Christianity through these great world representatives did consent to sit down in the Parliament of Religions on equal terms, it gave up, whether it meant to or not, any logical right hereafter to the claim that it is the one only divine religion of the world.

How significant, how wonderful a thing this is, let me try to indicate to you. As we go back down the pathway by which humanity has travelled from the beginning, we find mankind separated into tribes and races in a more marked way than even to-day, and we find them worshipping different gods; and these different gods were supposed to be jealous of each other, at enmity with each other, and ready to punish their followers for going astray after any other religion, as a ruler or king would punish one of his subjects for treason against his own government. We find that Jahveh, the god of the Hebrews, is painted as a jealous god. The idea of sitting down with a follower of the Philistine Dagon or with one of the followers of the gods of the other people round them, and discussing their mutual claims, would have been something that never could for a moment have entered into the Hebrew mind. David,—I say David from habit, when speaking of the Psalms, although the probability is that he did not write this Psalm,—David, or the writer of a certain Psalm, expresses the common feeling of the people of his age. He says, addressing his god: "Do not I hate them that hate thee? I hate them with perfect hatred." That has been the historic attitude of the different religions of the world toward each other.

When I was a boy,—and I know, in referring to this, I only refer to things that you can remember equally well, you at any rate who are as old as I am,—when I was a boy, I be-

lieved that Christianity was the only inspired, supernaturally revealed, and divinely infallible religion, and that all other religions were "false." They were not undeveloped religions; they were not simply poorer religions than Christianity: they were false religions. Milton, in "Paradise Lost," represents the pagan religions of the world as the work of the fallen angels, as a part of the plan to devastate the earth and to be revenged for their overthrow in heaven. They instituted and organized these other religions in order to draw away the worship of mankind from God to themselves, that they might ruin as many as possible of the race.

Again, when I was a boy, I used regularly to attend the monthly "missionary concert," as it was called, a meeting which was part of a concerted prayer-meeting held throughout Christendom to pray for the conversion of the heathen. I was accustomed to hear men talk upon the duty of Christians towards these heathen people, while round the walls were missionary maps showing how far Christianity had progressed in its attempts to convert India and China and Turkey and the different parts of the world. And I used over and over again to hear the description of how thousands and thousands of souls were hourly pouring over the abyss into hell because the gospel of Christ had not yet been preached to them. This was the conception that was commonly held at that time of the relations of Christianity to the other religions of the world. Yet now Christianity consents to sit down with the Brahmin, the Buddhist, the follower of Confucius, of Zoroaster, of Mohammed, to discuss the relative merits and claims of the religious ideas which they hold, and to compare the practical results which follow in these different countries from the profession and practice of these various religions.

It is a marvellous step ahead. Do you fully appreciate it,—the difference between that old attitude of bitter warfare and this of friendly conference? You need only to read the history of the world to know that the bitterest and bloodiest wars that have ever been fought on earth have been the

religious wars, the wars of the people of Canaan against their enemies, the wars of the Mohammedans and the Christians, the wars in Spain against the Moors, the wars of the Crusades against the infidel Mohammedans, the wars growing out of the controversies between different sects of Christians, Catholic and Protestants. These have been the bloodiest conflicts that the world has ever seen. And yet here at this end of the blessed nineteenth century all these are coming together and clasping hands in attempting to prove that they are now willing to share in friendly debate and comparison of ideas and consideration of practical results.

One very significant fact I wish to notice. The *Transcript*, in an editorial during the last week, referred to the comparatively small results attained by the meetings of the Unitarian Congress; but it was just and fair enough to note that this Parliament of Religions itself was hardly anything more than a Unitarian Congress on a world-wide scale. This is not simply my idea. I am quoting the thought of the *Transcript*, which said that the Unitarians might look on very complacently at the smallness of the attendance at their special meetings in view of the triumph of their principles, as illustrated in this Parliament of Religions. At the Free Religious Congress which I attended in Chicago, one of the speakers, I thought, went farther than the facts would warrant in claiming this World's Parliament not as a triumph of its principles, its ideas, but as one of the results of its own labors. I believe that the principles of Free Religion, the principles of Unitarianism, were illustrated on a magnificent scale in this World's Parliament; but I do not read history in such a way as to make me in the slightest degree conceited over it. I do not believe that the Free Religionists can say, "Behold what we have wrought!" I do not believe that the Unitarians can say, "Behold what we have wrought!" I would not in the slightest degree belittle the magnificent work that has been wrought out by both of these bodies. Had it not been for Lindsey and Martineau in England, and for Channing and Parker in America, it

is doubtless true that this Parliament would not have been held in the year 1893; but what I wish to point out is that none of us can make conceited claims. We are none of us God's river flowing down the ages. We are all of us Catholic, Protestant, Buddhist, Hindu, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, all afloat on the surface of God's great river of Providence that carries the world on its bosom.

It is modern science, it is criticism, it is the mercantile triumphs of the world that have crossed every continent, and turned every sea into a highway, and brought humanity into mutual acquaintance. It is these things that have issued at last in the World's Parliament of Religions. We have helped, but we also have been helped. It is God who has wrought through many channels and by means of many a brain and heart and hand to the production of this wonderful result. We, indeed, can take especial joy in that which has come to pass, because it does mean the triumph of the principles for which we stand. It does not mean, however, that these people all over the world have been conscious of any special influence of Free Religion or of Unitarianism. They have been in the hands of the divine leader and lifter of the world.

Now, I wish to point out one or two things that seem to me full of promise for the future as the results of this great meeting.

There is to be hereafter a sense of human brotherhood, an ability to repeat the Lord's Prayer in a way that has never been known before. People have looked each other in the face; and the swarthy Oriental has sat side by side with the Englishman and the American. The Brahmin has conferred not merely with another man, but with a friend from China; and the man from Japan has talked with a personal acquaintance from Ceylon. And they have found out, all of them, that they were not, any of them, conscious deceivers of themselves or of their fellows. They have learned the great lesson which you are familiar with from this pulpit, and have been for so many years, that every religion of the world has

a divine and a human nature in one, that they are different only in degree. They do not differ in kind, but only in degree. You look upon a grass-plot, you look upon a shrub, a rose-bush, you look upon a hemlock, a cherry-tree, a palm, a spruce, a gigantic California tree that has reached the highest altitude of any of the flora of the world; and you do not say that one of these is a true tree, that one is a lofty, infallible, divine tree, and the others are false. They are all natural, they are all true, they are all divine. It is only a matter of environment, of climate; it is only a matter of stature and of degree. I believe with all my soul that Christianity, in its finest interpretation, is the grandest organized religion that the world has ever seen; but henceforth it cannot claim for itself to be the only utterance from the brain and the heart of the divine. All the religions of the world henceforth will feel this thrill of human brotherhood, and will try to understand each other and to supplement each other, each borrowing from the others that which it may find that it lacks; and so this feeling of universal brotherhood in the religious life will spread from one end of the world to the other.

There is going to be in the next place a tremendous effect wrought among these pagan peoples by this meeting. Most of them have come into contact with Christianity in a way to produce no very pleasant or friendly result. Christianity has come to them in war-ships, has come to them at the tip of the sword of the soldier, has come to them in the singing of the minie-ball. Christianity has come to batter down their gateways of exclusiveness, and to compel them, whether they would or not, to come at least into commercial relations with the other races of the world. Christianity has come to them represented by the vices of rough sailors. It has come indeed with the missionary and the Bible, but it has come with opium and the rum-bottle as well. And, when it has come with the missionary and the Bible, it has come in a spirit of autocratic exclusiveness, telling them that they are all wrong, that they and all their ancestors were born

under the wrath of God, and were absolutely lost, and that they must drop all the associations, sympathies, loves, and hopes of the ages, and become out-and-out Christians before they could hope to escape the eternal doom of the lost.

Now, these men have been here, the choicest and the best. They have met not the lowest, but the highest products of our civilization; and they will go back to their own peoples, and tell what the best in America mean. They will tell them what we have become politically and socially as well as commercially and industriously. They will tell them of our virtues, of our friendliness, our sympathy; and then there shall be a new spirit of sympathy that shall unite these people, who have hitherto misunderstood or abused each other, in the bonds of a common loving humanity. The coming of these people to our shores, in the next place, is going to produce a revolution on the part of our religious ideas as touching missions, as touching the thought of what we are accustomed to consider the heathen world. You know what a controversy is going on to-day in the American Board of Foreign Missions. It is probably to come to a head in their meeting in Worcester during this very week, a battle over the question whether any one shall go as a missionary unless he is ready to teach the heathen that except they accept certain theological ideas they are to be eternally lost. That is the core of the contest. Since we have met these men face to face and found them spiritual, God-seeking, God-loving, and man-helping, having the finest and highest virtues of human character, it is to be simply impossible in the future that there can be any such attitude maintained towards the pagan nations as has been in the past.

Let me read to you some of the utterances of men from the different religions of the world as expressed in the great closing good-by meeting on Wednesday evening, September 27. I shall not be able to quote them all; but I wish to call your attention to the names and character of some of those who spoke,— Dr. Momerie of the Church of England, a

Hindu from the Brahmo-Somaj, a Shinto priest from Japan, a Buddhist from Ceylon, Dr. Boardman of Philadelphia, a Baptist missionary from China, and Bishop Keane, a Catholic. All these representative men from these different branches of the religions of the world joined in this friendly good-by conference on the closing evening of this great Parliament. And they stood for almost precisely the same ideas. Their peculiarities, their personal claims of exclusiveness, were left one side; and they stood for God and for humanity. As summing up the whole, I will read these brief extracts:—

The high priest of the Shinto religion of Japan said:—

What I wish to do is to assist you in carrying out the plan of forming the universal brotherhood under the one roof of truth. You know unity is power. I, who can speak no language but Japanese, may help you in crowning that grand project with success. To come here, I had many obstacles to overcome, many struggles to make. You must not think I represent all Shintoism. I only represent my own Shinto sect. But who dares to destroy universal fraternity? So long as the sun and the moon continue to shine all friends of truth must be willing to fight courageously for this great principle. I do not know as I shall ever see you again in this life; but our souls have been so pleasantly united here that I hope they may be again united in the life hereafter.

Mr. Dharmapala, the Buddhist from Ceylon, said:—

Learn to think without prejudice, love all beings for love's sake, express your convictions fearlessly, lead a life of purity, and the sunlight of truth will illuminate you. If theology and dogma stand in your way in the search of truth, put them aside. Be earnest and work out your own salvation with diligence; and the fruits of holiness will be yours.

Rev. Dr. George T. Candlin, of China, said:—

By this Parliament the city of Chicago has placed herself far away above all the cities of the earth. In this school you have learned what no other town or city in the world yet knows. The conventional idea of religion which obtains among Christians the world over is that Christianity is true, all other religions false; that Christianity is of God, while other religions are of the devil; or else, with a little spice of moderation, -istianity is a revelation from heaven, while other religions are

manufactures of men. You know better, and with clear light and strong assurance can testify that there may be friendship instead of antagonism between religion and religion, that, so surely as God is our common father, our hearts alike have yearned for him and our souls in devoutest moods have caught whispers of grace dropped from his throne.

Then this is Pentecost, and behind is the conversion of the world.

Suani Vive Kananda, a Buddhist monk: —

If the Parliament of Religions has shown anything to the world, it is this: it has proved to the world that holiness, purity, and charity are not the exclusive possessions of any church in the world, and that every system has produced men and women of the most exalted character.

In the face of this evidence, if anybody dreams of the exclusive survival of his own and the destruction of the others, I pity him from the bottom of my heart, and point out to him that upon the banner of every religion would soon be written, in spite of their resistance, "Help and not Fight, Assimilation and not Destruction, Harmony and Peace and not Dissension."

Bishop Keane, in his closing words, said: —

And the old church has come here; and she is rejoiced to meet her fellow-men, her fellow-believers, her fellow-lovers, of every shade of humanity and every shade of creed. She is rejoiced to meet here the representatives of the old religions of the world.

Dr. Barrows, the president of the Parliament, said: —

Our hopes have been more than realized. The sentiment which has inspired this Parliament has held us together. The principles in accord with which this historic convention has proceeded have been put to the test, and even strained at times; but they have not been inadequate. Toleration, brotherly kindness, trust in each other's sincerity, a candid and earnest seeking after the unities of religion, the honest purpose of each to set forth his own faith without compromise and without unfriendly criticism,—these principles, thanks to your loyalty and courage, have not been found wanting.

Then, as the fitting grand word to close the whole, President Bonney, himself a Swedenborgian, made the last address, in which he said: —

And now farewell. A thousand congratulations and thanks for the co-operation and aid of all who have contributed to the glorious results which we celebrate this night. Henceforth the religions of the world will make war, not on each other, but on the giant evils that afflict mankind. Henceforth let all throughout the world who worship God and love their fellow-men join in the anthem of the angels,—

> "Glory to God in the highest!
> Peace on earth, good will among men!"

A Jewish rabbi offered the closing prayer, and a Catholic bishop pronounced the benediction.

Do I not say well, then, when I refer to this as the most remarkable religious gathering that the world has ever seen? It is nothing less than the birth of a new age. It means that from henceforth the religions of the world are more and more to be tested by the spirit which they show, by the love which they embody, and by the service which they can render mankind.

Father, we thank Thee that our eyes have been permitted to see this day. Whatever may be the immediate fruit, whether disappointment or the realization of our grandest hopes, we know that Thou dost never take a backward step. The world has gone forward, has swung up into a clearer air and a brighter light; and this light means the light of God's truth, the sunshine of His eternal love. Amen.

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Or, Religious Unity, How and What?

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THE NEXT STEP AFTER THE WORLD'S PARLIAMENT;

Or, Religious Unity, How and What?

"The body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of the body, being many, are one body."— 1 Cor. xii. 12.

It did not seem to me possible to deal with the World's Parliament of Religions as I did last Sunday and carry the matter no further. It seemed to me that the wisest thing I could do was to make that a starting-point to consider some of the present encouraging and hopeful tendencies in the religious world. For we waste our strength unless we have definite and clearly thought out ideals towards which to direct our knowledge and energy.

Which way, then, is the world moving in this matter? Which way shall we try to help it on?

I do not think we are to expect too much, or, at any rate, too immediate results. There are certain classes of minds which accustom themselves to think of the world as growing old, decrepit, hastening towards decay. There are those who think that the world day is far spent, that we are in the latter part of the afternoon, and that the night is coming. You are familiar with my attitude on this general subject. I believe rather that we are in the first flush of the world's morning, the earth is only beginning to be civilized in little spots here and there, and especially is this so in the matter of religion, which, very naturally, on account of the sacredness with which men look at it, is the last thing in the world people are willing to improve,—the last thing, because they

regard it as so sacred a thing that they hesitate to touch it. I believe, then, that we are not to expect that suddenly this year, or next year, or next century, the world is to become wrought over into the shape of our own ideals. The sun has risen and the light is beginning to spread; but it will be many a long hour yet before his rays have reached down into the deepest and darkest ravines, and the whole earth is flooded with its light. But we will rejoice in the signs of its coming, and we will try to note what things are to become visible in this wider light of truth.

The tendency of truth is always towards unity, not necessarily, mind you,— for this is an important distinction,— towards uniformity. The tendency of civilization is towards unity everywhere, and necessarily so, because, when you are considering any department of life or thought, there is, and must be, only one truth. As the world becomes educated, its enmities and prejudices pass away, and it is willing to see things as they are. It discerns this one truth, and naturally gravitates towards it, so coming into relations of unity instead of antagonism.

You see this, for example, in regard to the universe itself. Go back far enough in the history of the world, and there is no such thought as a universe. The different forces that make up the universe were looked upon as antagonistic. It was a chaos. The sun, moon, winds, lightnings, the seas, the mountains, each represented a god, not necessarily at one with the other gods, but in everlasting enmity, so that there was, as I said, not only diversity, but chaos and antagonism in the thought of the world.

But we have come at last to a period in human civilization where we have discerned that it is not only a multiplicity of worlds, but a universe. It is one force that swings the suns and the planets in their orbits, and works out this magnificent harmony in the midst of endless diversities.

And so in regard to humanity itself. It was long ages after men began to live and to plant cities and to work at political civilization before there came into their minds and

hearts the thought of humanity, the solidarity of the race. That is a modern idea. Even in ancient Greece at the time of Plato (and those of you who have good memories will recall my having said this before) there was no sense of the unity of mankind, no sense of the unity of the race. If it was a virtue in the mind of Plato for a man to love Athens, it was equally a virtue in his mind for the same man to hate a foreigner. It is only in the modern world that we have come to a sense of a common humanity, and are beginning to talk about universal brotherhood.

The same truth is illustrated in science. Only a few years ago, and we talked about heat and light and electricity and magnetism, and all these different forces of the world, as though they were entirely independent of each other. We have found out — and that is one of the grandest triumphs of modern science — that they are not, that there is a unity deeper than any diversity, and that all these various manifestations of force are merely manifestations of *one* force.

The same thing is true in chemistry. We are every day reducing the number of what we call elements till I think it is the dream of those farthest advanced that by and by we shall come to the discovery that all those things that we speak of as distinct and separate elements are only forms and manifestations of one central, universal element.

This is the tendency everywhere; and it is not strange that at last this tendency should be felt in religion, that people should begin to wonder whether, whatever the diversity of form, there may not be unity here, and whether we may not think out a scheme for that unity, and so cease all bitterness and antagonism and warfare. For, as I told you last Sunday, the bitterest wars that men have ever fought have been religious wars. But that is not an accident, mind you. That is nothing against religion itself. It is simply that men have honestly felt that here they were dealing with the supreme matter of life, and they dared not be false to what they have believed to be the highest commanding truth of God.

This World's Parliament has started people to new thoughts concerning this great matter. That Parliament was not a cause: it was only a symptom. It was the manifestation of what has existed all along, only people have not known it, people have not thought about it.

Now, I wish in the first place this morning to help you to see what is one of the profoundest truths: that, in one sense, there never has been more than one religion, and never can be. Religion, any one religion, take Christianity, take Buddhism, take the religion of the Parsees, when you analyze it, you find it is made up of two groups of ideas, two elements enter into it. There is, in the first place, a purpose that animates it, its aim, its goal, the one thing for which it exists. And then there are their theories, their methods, the means by which it hopes to bring to pass this one thing for which it exists. In other words, the purpose of every religion is to bring men to God, to reach right relations between man and God. Because it has been felt in all ages that, if man could become rightly related to the divine, that would carry with it right relations everywhere else, through all the lower spheres and activities of life. So the one and only grand end and aim of every religion that the world has ever seen has been to find God, to bring men practically into right living relations with him. Study the lowest and the crudest efforts of the fetish-worshipper, and he has his conception of God and his conception of himself and his conception of the relation that exists between himself and God. He has a dream of a better relation, something that ought to exist; and the purpose of all his religion, whatever it may be, however crude, however superstitious, the purpose of it is to bring himself and his fellow-worshippers into right relations with his God. Study the religion of Moloch, bloody and cruel; study the religion of the Hebrews at the time of the great temple of Solomon: they were simply trying to get into right relations with God. When Jesus came, he told them, you remember, that God cared very little about external ceremonies. What Jesus wished was to help them to find God. He was simply

giving them a higher and more beautiful rule of life by which to realize their purpose.

So, if you study the Catholic Church in its most magnificent development, it was trying to bring men to God, it had the same purpose that men always have had. It had its different theories as to how it was done. It regarded its method as the important and necessary way to find God. But that was the one object of its existence. So, when you come down to Martin Luther, he rebelled against the papacy, not because he differed with the papacy in the one great central thought that he must find God, and help his fellow-men to find him: it was only because he believed that certain methods and theories of the papacy stood in the way of that, and thought he had found a better way,— unity of purpose with diversity of method and theory. When you study the Friends, the Quakers, and find them without any ministry at all, without any baptism, Lord's Supper, or rituals of any kind whatsoever; when you find them in their places of worship, sitting passively and waiting for the moving of the Holy Spirit,— they are just as earnest as any one else in the one purpose to find God. It is only that they believe that these external things are hindrances rather than helps, and that the truest way to find God is to lie open and passive in his presence, and let him come in by his spirit to mould and shape the life.

And we Unitarians, we are at one with the fetish-worshippers, at one with the worshipper of Moloch, at one with the Jew, at one with the Roman Catholic, at one with Luther, at one with the Friends, in this same purpose. What we are after is to find God: only we believe that men will be more likely to find him if they are left utterly free, and allowed to seek freely in the same way that they freely seek after truth in any other direction. We are all at one, then, in the purpose: we differ as to the methods.

Take the case of the agnostic who claims that we cannot know anything about God. He recognizes equally with the rest of the world the existence of, at least, an infinite and eternal energy manifested through the forms and forces of

the universe; and he will admit that the one great end and aim of life is to find out what the laws of this power are, and come into right relation with them, so that the purpose of the agnostic is the same as the others.

It comes to this, then: that right through all the diversities of the religious life, and of the irreligious life, for that matter, is this one supreme purpose of men to find the secret and the conditions of the highest life. This is what it all means, and what we are all after. But we differ, differ radically, in our theories as to the nature of this life of God, as to what he wants us to do, as to what he wants us to believe, as to whether he wants us to be in a certain mental condition, as to whether character is of more importance than faith, as to whether he wants us to worship by means of a prayer-book or without it, as to whether he wants us to have an ordained priesthood and an episcopate or to follow the simple methods of Congregational worship, as to whether he wants us to be baptized or not, and, if we are baptized, as to whether it must be by dipping us under the water or simply by sprinkling it on our foreheads. We differ, then, as to the means. There are churches which say that the method is important, that you cannot find God without it; and, consequently, the method is put to the front, and it seems to be more important than the end and aim itself. But after all, under all these diversities, is this grand unity of purpose, the search for the divine ideal of life.

One thing that this Religious Parliament has done has been to bring one great fact into the fresh consciousness of the people. It has compelled the thoughtful and fair-minded part of the world to admit one thing which is of the utmost importance; and that is that Confucianism, Zoroastrianism, Buddhism, and all the different religions of the world have, as a matter of fact, produced great, noble, spiritual types of men and women. This is true of this world, whatever is going to be done with these men and women in the next world. People are being forced to notice this fact: that the great religions have produced grand men, noble, un-

selfish, sacrificing, spiritual-minded men, men whose one great aim is to find and love the truth of God.

And now let us look over the field of religious society at the present time, and see what are some of the tendencies, and whether there are any towards unity. I want to lead you to a practical question, As to the duty of a church like this towards other religious bodies. To what extent is unity possible, and how is it to be sought, if it is to be sought at all?

Certain things are happening in this modern world which are having very far-reaching results,—results which must mean in their outcome the revolution of the religious thought of mankind.

For example, we have discovered concerning man that the old theories about him were not true. It is no longer scepticism, it is no longer guess-work,—for those who are willing to face the evidence it is demonstrated that there never was any fall of man, that man was not created perfect and then came under the wrath of God. It has been demonstrated beyond question that man, still undeveloped, animal, if you will, has been climbing through the ages, through his intelligence, through his experience in trying to live with other men, rising ever into the more human, the more spiritual, and away from the animal life. This means that the old dogmas concerning God's wrath and man's being a lost creature must pass away. They do not pass away very rapidly. They will remain in the creeds a good while after people have ceased to believe them, and for a perfectly natural reason. I sometimes get very impatient with the creeds and with the ministers who go on repeating them, even after they have ceased to believe them in their original forms; yet, I suppose, I must confess that this is what we do in similar cases in other directions. We have, for example, on the statute books of Massachusetts a good many curious and strange laws that no sensible man in the State believes in to-day; and once in a while, for the persecution of some particular man, as a method of venting personal spite, one of these laws may be

resuscitated, that somebody may be brought into court on the strength of them. People have not taken the trouble to change the laws, although they do not believe in them. Half the people do not know that there are any such laws. This means that by the time you have anything instituted the great mass of the people have accepted it. As the world grows and progresses, the more intelligent people leave these things behind. As I said, they may be forgotten or no one may care to take the trouble to wipe them out of existence or abolish them. So they remain, merely relics of past history. They only become troublesome when they are used as a means of persecution and injury, when they are the method by which men avenge themselves on a person who is no more guilty than the rest of us. Then we arise, and wipe them off the statute books. So for a while it will go on that a man like Professor Smith or Dr. Briggs will be persecuted for daring to say what thousands are beginning to believe; but by and by, after it is carried too far, public sentiment will be aroused, and these things will be blotted out of the creeds, to remain there a power of evil no longer. This is the way the world moves on; and, I suppose, we must recognize it as the natural way.

We have learned, then, a new theory about human nature; and we have got a new kind of man to deal with.

Again, careful criticism has given us a new Bible. Scholars everywhere know it, common people are beginning to find it out, even in the old churches; but it takes a good while for this to work out itself naturally.

And, then, that great science of comparative religions is giving us a new conception of Christianity, of its place in the history of the world, of the relation which it sustains to the other great religions. These changes are taking place. They are modifying the attitude, the belief, the sentiment, of all the older churches, so that, while they are not giving up their names or abandoning their creeds, they are becoming an entirely different kind of Christians from what they were.

One or two illustrations, personal of course, because such,

in order to be of value, must always be personal. I received a letter during the last week from a young Methodist minister just beginning his work, full of reverence and of enthusiasm, asking me to write him with my own hand, if I could, a life-motto with which he might begin his ministry, and by which that ministry might be guided. This I say from a Methodist minister, who twenty-five years ago would have been trained to look upon me as a source of all error and mischief instead, possibly, of religious guidance.

A short time ago I attended the installation of a Unitarian clergyman. One of the ministers who took part was a Methodist in the same place; and in the opening prayer of the service he prayed with all simplicity, with all devoutness, with all fervor, for the prosperity and the success of this Unitarian church and this Unitarian ministry. According to the old creeds, it would have been not only disloyal to the old church for him to have done this, but wicked; for, if these creeds are true, then the Unitarian Church is engaged in sending people to everlasting destruction instead of saving them. How, then, could he pray for its prosperity? This indicates a change, conscious or unconscious,— a change of religious attitude,— so that, Methodist though he be, he is not the kind of Methodist that I knew in my boyhood.

Another important indication of this change is to be seen in the triumph of broader thought in the American Board during the past week. The root of the difficulty in the American Board was this: Mr. Noyes had been appointed a missionary to Japan. It was found out that he held the idea that possibly,— he was not even dogmatic about it,— possibly the heathen, who had never heard anything about Jesus Christ in this world, might have a chance to be saved in the next world, one chance. For this heresy the American Board rejected him. In spite of this, and while still holding to this revolutionary idea, by an overwhelming majority the policy and officers of the American Board have been changed in the direction of a broader and more unifying thought. It is not a triumph of scepticism, of unbelief, but a triumph of the

sense of brotherhood and unity in the religious world, one that we may well take account of in thankfulness to our Father in heaven.

I will indicate one or two phases of the change that is going on. All the churches are coming to place their emphasis more and more upon this world. No matter what their ideas are about the next world, people are to be saved in this world. They are learning that one great field for their endeavor is to help men here and now. All the churches are engaged in this, as they never were before,—in trying to solve the great problem of life. They are trying to settle the industrial and social problems, to help secure justice for men and women, to help secure equality of condition, to provide such circumstances as will enable people to live. They have found out after long experience that no matter how much emphasis they lay on the soul of man, if he is so driven, so ground down, so abject, so brutal, if he has found out that he has a soul, he is not in very good condition to consider the question of saving it. The first thing is to help people here in this world.

Another thing: consciously or unconsciously, all the old churches which have been preaching salvation, either by sacrament, as the Catholic Church, or by faith, as the Protestant, are coming more and more to lay emphasis on character. They are saying that no man is saved or can rationally claim to be saved who is not good, who is not trying to live a just, righteous, unselfish, helpful life. They are saying that this is the first great thing. There was the emphasis, for example, of the late Bishop Brooks. Here is the emphasis of Broad Churchmen everywhere. No matter what they may think about God or the conditions of salvation, no matter what their creeds say, practically their first great effort is toward righteousness of life here and now. As the result of these things I spoke of a moment ago, the new conception of the origin and nature of man, the new criticism which is giving us a new Bible, and the new criticism which is giving us a new conception of the origin of Christianity as related to other re-

ligions,— these unconsciously are working such a revolution in the minds of men, together with the great scientific dogma universally accepted now, that all things here are under the law of cause and effect in this world and in all worlds,— as the result of all this, the churches are coming more and more to feel, and individual men here and there are coming to *say*, that salvation means simply character, means knowledge of, and obedience to, the laws of God in body, mind, heart, and soul. You see what tremendous forces these are to bring about a condition of practical unity.

But now I wish to turn towards the future for a moment, and prophesy a little. Which way are things going in the future? Is the world to become by and by all Christian? Is it to become all Catholic? Is it to become all Unitarian?

Which way are things moving, and what is to be the outcome?

I do not believe that in the next thousand or two thousand years the world will become all Christian, and I am not over anxious that it should. I do not believe that it will become all Buddhist. I am not at all anxious that it should. I do not believe that inside the limits of Christendom all the world will become Catholic. I do not believe that everybody is going to become Unitarian. I have no sort of hope like that. There is one thing that I wish I could persuade the churches of this country and of the world to do in the way of practical unity. I wish, for example, that where there is a little town of five hundred people there should not be five churches holding substantially the same creed, jealous of each other, bitter in feeling and in opposition to each other. I wish there could be enough of Christian unity in Christendom to abolish this tremendous waste of effort, of money, of enthusiasm. There is not a town of five hundred people in the land where, if all the religious people, the people who wish to make that town a model town, all who care about sanitation, all who care about education, all who care about good roads, good buildings, good books, all the higher, refining influences of life,— there is not a town of this size where,

if all the people who cared for these things would unite, they might not create a model town, so perfect that we might think the kingdom of heaven had come at last. Instead of this, churches of half a dozen different names exist in these small towns, battling against each other and wasting their powers. I wish that we could have unity enough to abolish all that.

What is to happen as the time goes on? These forces — science, philosophy, criticism, the new and higher ideas of the century — are going to increase. They are going to become more and more. Religion is to lay its emphasis on this world while, as we believe, grasping with a firmer hold its trust in the next. Even when it comes to believe in the next world, it is going to learn that there is nothing to be gained by overleaping the present. Just as the boy who wishes to become a man must live through boyhood and youth, so we must live out nobly and faithfully the conditions of this world if we would enter the next life worthily. I believe that these things are going to increase in their power and influence, and that churches are going to care more for this world, going to concentrate their efforts more on human righteousness and human help, to believe that salvation and righteousness in this and in any and in all worlds are and must be forever more the same.

But are they going along their own lines, or are they to converge and at last blot out their individual existence, and result in something else? I do not believe that the world is ever going to become nominally Christian. I believe that Buddhism will grow along its own lines. The traditions, instincts, and feelings of a thousand years are not likely to be laid aside; but Buddhism is going to lay its emphasis on these things which I have declared to be essential to the highest conception of the world's religion. It is going to outgrow and leave behind things not essential. Christianity is going to do the same. All the great world's religions must grow towards truth, towards human help, towards a higher civilization, towards character, man-building; and that means salvation now and evermore.

A good many of the denominations, while they represent differences of belief and creed, also represent differences of temperament. Methodists are Methodists often only by birth and temperament and taste. Presbyterians are Presbyterians, not because their creed differs from the Congregationalist Church, but because of their different theory as to church government. The Congregationalists are what they are because of their theory of Congregationalism. Episcopalians are Episcopalians, not as the result of difference in belief, but because they love service and ritual, because they lay emphasis on the form and become attached to these forms, just as there are a great many people who love form elsewhere. They love the ritual and service, no matter whether the ideas could be cultivated just as well outside of these. These things enter into and are important in the religions of the world.

I believe, then, what? I believe that the ideas for which we stand are going to be universal. I do not care for the name. I am willing that Unitarianism should cease to exist if it ceases as the dawn ceases by being swallowed up in the day. I care very little for the name. I care everything for the principle of freedom, the principle of reverence, the principle of human help,— this great principle that liberty, individual freedom, is the best condition for the finding of truth. Character identical with salvation here and forever, human help now,— these are the main principles of Unitarianism; and they will be developed more and more in the other faiths as the world becomes civilized.

I am not sure that there will be so rapid a growth of Unitarianism in the next few years as in the past even. I shall not feel discouraged if there is not. A few years ago, if a man wanted to be a Universalist,— that is, believed that every one was going to be saved,— he had to be a member of the Universalist Church or of no church, because there was no other church that would have him. Now there is hardly a church in Christendom that is disturbed to the extent of a ripple if half of its members believe in universal salvation.

He does not need to leave the old church on account of this eternal hope. If a man a few years ago wished to become a Unitarian, he had to become a member of the Unitarian Church or of no church at all. But to-day not only the members, but a good many of the pastors, of the old churches are practically Unitarians. A man does not feel obliged to leave his old associations in order to be perfectly free in his convictions. So we find this freedom multiplying in the old churches, and in independent churches like those of Dr. Thomas and Professor Swing in Chicago, who do not care to wear a name less broad than humanity itself. This kind of unity is coming, coming more and more rapidly; but this unity is not to be uniformity of one name or one form of worship or one method of church government. Let the Presbyterians go on under their form of church government; let the Methodists have their bishops who travel from one part of the country to another; let the Episcopalians have their localized Episcopate and their Prayer Book. There is no reason why Unitarians should not have all the prayer-books that they please or any form of service in the Church of England or the cathedrals of Rome. These are questions of service, external things. Let them, then, manifest all this diversity of form, if they will. It is the unity of aim, it is the unity of human helpfulness, it is the unity of character, it is the unity of truth-seeking which we seek for.

Science, for example, has attained this unity. Herbert Spencer has one theory in regard to heredity, Weisman has another and very different idea; but they are both in perfect harmony, working in perfect freedom, and with mutual respect,— seeking after the truth, that is all. There are no antagonisms, no jealousies, on the part of the scientific men of the world. They are one in their search for truth, and they are mutually respectful and helpful in that search. When Christendom becomes civilized enough to say it will seek the truth simply, and seek it by the best methods available, and use it for human help and the development of human character, we shall have all the unity we need ask.

We do not want uniformity. You plant a seed in the ground, and that seed is uniformity. It has that kind of quality: it is homogeneous.

If you cut it to pieces, you might find some diversity; but, if you plant it, in some mysterious way, as that seed bursts and the sprout appears, it begins to come out of that uniformity, and you have the diversity of the tree. What part of the seed is it that makes the bark? what part the heart of the tree? what part the rings of its growth? what part the leaves and blossoms? Nobody knows; but it is out of this uniformity that comes this diversified vital unity of the tree. We do not want uniformity in religion. It would be a frightfully monotonous world. Let people follow their tastes and feelings and sympathies and sentiments in all these things: that does not matter. They are only the clothes of religion. But let there be this grand unity of purpose in seeking after God, and trying to bring men into obedience to his truth.

Father, may we consecrate ourselves this morning to this higher, grander unity. Let us know that the one great thing is to find thee and obey thee, and to serve thee. And so may we in sympathy and mutual help try to bring in thy divine kingdom! Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has ome skill in the matter of interpretation.

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A BETTER YEAR.

"Even so run, that ye may attain."— 1 COR. ix. 24.

"Brethren, I count not myself as having apprehended: but one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal."— PHIL. iii. 13.

"Therefore let us also, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."— HEB. xii. 1.

I HAD it in my mind to announce, as my theme of the morning, the phrase "Breaking the Record." I desisted, and called it "A Better Year," lest some should suppose that I wish to attract attention merely by the title, lest they might think that it bordered on sensationalism; and yet this is my theme.

When I was crossing the Atlantic this summer on my return voyage, our ship, one of the older ones of the line and counted, in the main, a slow, commonplace sort of steamer, succeeded in making the swiftest voyage that she has ever made since she was afloat; and leaning over the rail one day, as we approached this side, when we knew that without any accident she would succeed in breaking her record, I was talking with one of the Harvard professors, and he asked me why I did not take that as the theme of my first Sunday. It occurred to me then that it might be well before we are further advanced in our religious year, that year which runs from the end of one vacation to the beginning of the next, and which seems to be the more natural way for me at any rate to reckon my time,— it seemed to me that it would be well for us, looking back over the past year, and looking forward a

little to the coming, to consider the question as to whether in those respects that are important to our life we should not try to break the record of the past, to make a better year in a high sense, a more successful year than any that we have ever yet succeeded in doing.

I do not know why it should be regarded as sensational to use the achievement of the most wonderful thing that man has yet created, the ocean steamship, as the subject of a sermon, any more than it was sensational in Paul when more than once he took the race, the Olympic games, as the suggestion for some of his grandest lessons of life. We are all of us on a voyage. We are all of us running a race, whichever way you may choose to look at it; and we are all of us interested, and perforce must be, in the achievements of other men, and in the question whether we ourselves are to succeed in reaching the things after which we strive. We ought to be. I have never yet known a man who was sane and healthy who was satisfied. I do not believe that any man ever ought to be satisfied, no matter what he has become. No matter what he has achieved, no matter what he has in the world. There is always a something higher that leads and lures and incites, and there always ought to be. I do not believe that we shall ever find any time in this world, or in any other, when we shall be ready to sit down, and say, The voyage is accomplished, the race is run: henceforth there is for us only rest, sitting still. This does not belong to the nature of him who is fitted to be clothed upon with immortality.

I shall not say any particularly new or striking thing this morning. I shall deal almost exclusively with that which is very commonplace. Our lives are not made up of startling and striking things. The important things are not startling or striking. Our lives are made up of commonplaces; and in the midst of the commonplace we must face our defeats or we must achieve our victories. And yet, as you have often heard me say, the commonplace is not empty of the divine. They who cannot see wonder, cannot see poetry,

cannot see divinity, cannot see magnificent and high things, in what are the commonplace matters of every day, simply lack vision. The commonplace does not lack these things.

As we look over the past year, we shall recognize, all of us, that we have been striving after a great many things that we have not succeeded in attaining. I wish with all my heart that next year might be a better one in a financial way than the past has been. You have learned, and learned the lesson over and over again,—I trust you will take it to heart, and learn from it a deeper insight of life,—that there are certain things that we think desirable, and that perhaps we spend the larger part of our lives on, over which we have no control. A man may say, I have wrought out my fortune with my own hands; but he has learned this year that other people, circumstances, conditions, are mightier than he. Let us learn, then, one lesson: that, whereas we fail because of other people, when we succeed, it may also be because of other people. Let us learn a little more of the sense of brotherhood and mutual interdependence, and lose a little of the conceit of our own mastery, our own ability to control the world. As a matter of fact,—and here is the strongest argument for mutual helpfulness,—we are bound together, whether we will or not. If we succeed, we succeed in virtue of the help that other people render us. If we fail, we fail because we do not have the assistance of other people. There is not one of us that can stand alone; and we ought not to try to stand alone. We have one Father in heaven; and we all are brethren. And it is *our* Father; and it is *we* who must go up or must go down.

But the lesson that I wish you to learn here chiefly is this: I have said that there are certain things that we strive for that we cannot control. There are certain other things that we strive for that we can control, and the one thing I wish to do this morning is to try to help you a little, along with myself, to fix your attention on the facts that you can control, and to note this one fact: that the things which you cannot control are of secondary importance always. The

things that are supreme, the first, great, high things for men and women, are the things concerning which there need never be a failure.

We cannot control the matter of money-making, because, as I have said, we are linked in with thousands of others all round the globe, and we are touched by general conditions that we cannot master, because they are stronger than we. I would not advise you overmuch then, though I wish you might succeed in it, to make that the object of your endeavor during the coming year. Do not misunderstand me. I wish the world were a thousand times richer than it is; and, as it becomes more and more civilized, and we learn to control natural advantages, the world will grow ever richer and richer. It is an old and trite saying, said millions and millions of times, but learned only here and there by a few who have felt the divine lesson, that money is a secondary matter, and manhood and life are supreme. Money is for a purpose. It is not the end. It is a condition; and it is a condition that we can afford to get along without. It is not the main thing.

We have raced during the past year after another thing that we have failed in achieving. We have striven after satisfaction; and, as I said, no man ever yet gained it, and in that I rejoice. I only wish to say that this idea of our ever reaching a moment in our lives when we shall say we have enough, we have done enough, we are enough, is something that we ought to put one side. It is an illusion that we shall never be able to grasp; and, if we could grasp it, it would be fatal,—fatal to all that is highest and best in us.

There is another thing. These are commonplace, but I wish to allude to them because they are so important. We have striven this year after position, certain grades of social life, perhaps. We have tried to make ourselves conspicuous in the world or to get among those who regard themselves as conspicuous, those occupying a higher station in the estimate of their fellow-men. These things we cannot control. And

these things, when they become the object of keen and earnest search, are always, if you will stop to think of it, necessarily degrading. The person who has attained is not feverish and anxious to have people see it, and have people recognize it; and, when we place our attention on these things or care for these things so much as to sacrifice or strive after them, we have put one side the grand purpose of life, and are paying our souls for that which is not worth a passing thought.

I wish now this morning, having hinted just a few of these things, to turn to some things that we can attain, a few of them, and express a wish that we may have a better year in the coming twelvemonth in this regard than we have had in the past. And I speak, and shall speak, with a good deal of earnestness to the *young* men and women here, because, alas! there is not much use concerning some matters in speaking to those who are older. It is so easy for us to get fixed in our ways, in our thoughts, in our habits, and to think that it is not worth while to try to change.

I want to press upon you now,—and do not underestimate it until you see just how much I mean by it,—I want to urge upon you, all you men and women, that in the coming year we shall try to enter a little more definitely upon the intellectual life than we have been accustomed to do in the past. We are men; and we have gained our supremacy over the animal world by virtue of the intelligence that is seated in the brain. And yet, I take it, I am not mistaken when I say that the great majority of business men do not consciously and purposely lead anything that can properly be called an intellectual life. The brain is busied about the practical problems of business, and they live for business. They devote themselves to this one pursuit of life, to becoming rich; and that is the one great end. Am I misrepresenting the condition of things when I say that at least three-fourths of the business men of the world do not even try to lead anything like an intellectual life outside of their own business? What does this mean, and how much?

Let me give you one or two illustrations. A man as he

gets older, and begins to think that he ought to retire from business, is apt to keep on and on and on, purely for the reason that there is nothing else on earth that he can do, nothing in which he is interested. And it is true that a man who cannot be interested in anything had much better keep on, because he is almost sure to break to pieces if he changes radically the habits of his life. He becomes restless, incapable of taking hold of anything with earnestness, of trying to accomplish anything in any other line.

I remember one of my parishioners, a man who has passed out of our sight, who used to sit here, retired from business; and I asked him one day how he got along, whether he was not restless and dissatisfied and tired. It is very rarely that I find a man who is capable of retiring from business and being happy after it. His answer was, "All my life long I have habituated myself to read and study outside of my business; and now I am interested and have more than I can do to follow these lines of study and thought with which I have made myself familiar while I was a man of business."

When I was in Chicago, the other day, I met an old gentleman from one of the smaller cities of Illinois, and got to talking with him; and incidentally it came out — for he astonished me by the range of his knowledge in regard to a good many matters — that he had made it his habit to be a reader. To what extent, I asked him. He said, "I insist, and I have insisted all my life, no matter how busy I was, no matter what I was doing, that I would have one hour a day, and every day, for reading and thinking concerning those things that I care about."

Now, is this practical? *Can* business men do that? Most of them tell me that they cannot. I do not believe it. I do not believe there is a business man in this city that could not at least find a half-hour a day, if he cared, for reading and thinking in some important direction. Most business men waste more time than that over the newspaper and in a dozen different ways every day. Any man who wills can have by his side always a book that means something,— a

book that is good literature or science or philosophy, a book that touches life, a book that lifts a man above the level of his daily toil, a book that is an open doorway into another and a better world. Every man can have such a book by his elbow; and he can get at least half an hour a day, and most men could get a good hour, for reading in that way. And what would that mean? It would mean that there is not a man in Boston who, in the course of twenty years, could not read and make himself master of the best books of the world. It means that you could read twenty books a year easily. You could be a master of the finest things that have been thought and said in Greece, in Rome, in Italy, in Germany, in England, in America, during your business life. And what does that mean? It means rest, a resource. Let a man be absorbed simply in his business, and, if that goes wrong, he broods over it. He sits by the hour, when he can do no good, and broods, and is sad. He lies awake nights, and broods and is sad. Mark you, I would not have you direct your attention away from the practical problems of business, so that you cannot master it or take advantage of any turn in the tide. But, if a man has his mind diverted in some other direction, and then comes back freshly to the problem that is troubling him, he can frequently solve the difficulty in half an hour that has been troubling him a week. A man becomes rested and stronger from such diversion. Here is a resource, a place where you can go away into a world of real things. Here are these master minds of earth who have done the grandest thinking, the most inspired thinking; and these remain. Fortunes go up and down, kings are crowned and dethroned, empires change their boundaries, the whole face of the earth is wrought over; but these men remain kings of the brain, kings of the heart and the soul,— scientists, philosophers, poets. These men are not affected by any panics, by the stringency of the money market, by questions of over-supply. Here are worlds to which for a little while you can retire, like the gods on Olympus of old, unaffected by the ups and downs of common hu-

manity. Suppose that you do not get the society that you would like: the very best society in the world is open to any intelligent man in his own library. There are no finer minds on earth than you can freely associate with on the condition of your learning to understand what they have to say to you. They are always ready to speak at your wish; and, if you are tired, they are always ready to be silent.

These, then, are things that abide. If you cultivate the intellectual side of your nature, learn to live in an intellectual world, you have taken a step Godward: you have climbed up just so much above the level of the animal, you have climbed up just so much above the range of the turmoil and transitoriness of life, and entered into the things that remain.

There is one other respect in which I hope the next will be a better year than the past has been. I said a moment ago that you ought not to seek satisfaction: possibly you may suppose from what I am about to say that this is a contradiction of that idea. It is not, however. I hope you will succeed in making the coming year a happier one than the past has been. I do not think this is a matter that we ought to let pass, to take no account of. I do not believe that the average man or woman of the modern world is nearly as happy as he or she might be. I do not believe that people are nearly as happy as they ought to be. Perhaps you may not think of happiness in the light of a duty; but I believe it is. In so far as it comes within the range of our control,—and it is much more easily controlled than we are apt to give it credit for,—it is our duty to be happy. Look over the past year. What are the things that have made you most unhappy? Are they things that in the main you have been able to control? Mark now, I do not wish to be misunderstood. I would not mock the condition of those who are tied to a living sorrow, no matter what it is, from which they cannot shake themselves free. I would not mock those whose hearts carry a great sadness on account of the dead. I would not mock those who have found themselves during

the past year battling with business problems which they have not been able to solve. I do not overlook any of these things. I am only speaking of the average man, men and women, concerning the average conditions and problems of life. I believe you will agree with me, as we look over the past year, that nine times out of ten, when you have been unhappy, and have allowed yourself to make other people unhappy — which is a great deal more serious — that it has been concerning things which you could have controlled. You have not been as happy as you might have been. You have not been as happy as you *could* have been. I think this is not a matter of light importance. We burden ourselves with a thousand shadows that seem to us heavy weights, crushing us down; and then we look into the face of the great bright heavens, and charge God with being responsible for human woe. A man can work better if he is happy. You can do your work for yourself and your fellow-men a thousand times better if you are happy. You ought to be as happy as you can. No person can be unhappy all by himself. If you are unhappy, the shadow of that unhappiness is cast upon other lives. If you are willing to be miserable on your own account, you have no right to cast the shadow of that unhappiness over the life of your husband, your wife, your children, or your friends. This is a practical matter that we can largely control. A great deal of the unhappiness of last year was caused by your anticipating evils that never came. A great deal of your unhappiness last year was from envy, because you had not been able to accomplish what you thought somebody else had accomplished, because you do not live in so fine a house or have such good clothes to wear, or any one of a dozen things that some one else has acquired and you were not able to accomplish. Suppose the weather is not bright: let us learn, if we can, to see the wonder, the mystery, the glory, of that which is manifested every day in the year, whether it is the kind of day we would prefer or not. Let us learn to see the beauty, the mystery, of *the* actual things all around us, to pluck out the heart of every beauty, and rejoice in every fragrance.

Let us, then, during the coming year try for our work's sake, try for the honor of God in his world, try for the sake of our friends, to find as much happiness as we can; try to see the beauty of the things that we have, try to rejoice in the conditions of life that are about us, try to find the meaning and the glory.

There is another thing. You may possibly think it very strange advice to give you in the presence of the depression that the world is suffering from. I myself, in the next year, if I can, mean to make myself more helpful to the world than I have been during the past year. I hope that each one of you may be of more help to your fellow-men than you have been in the year that is past. Now, I shall be surprised, very much surprised, if by and by we are able to raise as much money for charities and missionary work as we raised last year. That is not what I mean. I hope, however, that those of you who are able will not fall short because of the general depression and the inability of so many to do it. I hope those of you who are able will try to make up for that which others shall necessarily lack; but this is not the most important thing. You remember that scene where Jesus sat in the temple, and the people came in to make their contributions to the treasury, and many who were rich cast in much. And a certain poor widow came in and cast in two mites, which together make one farthing. That was her contribution. But Jesus has placed her in the picture gallery of the world where she will remain to the very end of time as having cast in more than all the rest put together. It is not the question of the amount of money you give. It is giving what you can, but giving it with your heart, giving it with your intellect, being sure that it goes in the right direction, and accomplishes the end toward which you direct it. But this is on the surface. What I mean is something deeper than this. We say that God is love. Probably that is the deepest, profoundest word that we can utter concerning him. God is love; but what does that mean? It means that God is a being who must go out

of himself for his manifestation. That means ever reaching beyond himself and coming in contact with other lives. And, just in so far as we are like God, just in so far we must be helpful to somebody. No man can stand alone. No woman can stand alone. Here is a person who needs to be taught, a discouraged one who needs to be lifted up, a sinning, fallen one, who needs to be sympathized with and tenderly led into the right way. Here are people in all ranges of life who need help. I do not find that it is the poorest people always who need help. Help is of so many different kinds.

I received a long twelve or fourteen page letter the other day from a lady in another State whom I have never seen. I do not know of any soul with whom I have come in contact for years who needs help more than she does. I judge that she is rich or at least well situated in life. She has intelligence and culture. The letter was beautifully written. She did not ask for money, she did not ask for assistance of that kind; but her letter came begging for help, so that she might believe in God, begging for help so that she might trust in the goodness of things, begging for help so that she might break a way for her bewildered soul through the jungles of doubt and fear, begging for help concerning the deepest and highest things of human life. So, when I say, Be more helpful the coming year than you have been in the past, I do not mean that you are necessarily to go into the slums, though there is need there, that you are necessarily to give clothing, or food, or money. Give that which the tired, hungry, faint, and falling human souls around you need. Let it be known that you are the kind of people who believe that the grandest thing that anybody in all the world can do is to help somebody else. There is nothing so magnificent. Help people to think, help them to feel, help them to see, help them to solve the problems of life, help them to find their way. And we all need this help. I am able to see my path in one direction, but I find myself blocked in another. I never yet talked five minutes with any man who could not somehow help me. Let us, then, make this the aim of our lives. Let us

not live selfishly. Let us not be sponges, absorbing everything we come in contact with. Let us be fountains and give out, so that the thirsty may drink, and go away refreshed, trusting again in God and man.

One other point, which, indeed, includes all the rest, and not only all the things that I have said or tried to say, but all the things that touch human life and give it meaning that I have not even attempted to allude to. Let us try to make the coming year a better year than the past in this direction. Let us try to come closer and closer into personal, conscious relations with God. Is this possible? It is not only possible, but it is the one aim and goal of human life. Think a moment. If I am a child of God, then the one solution of all human problems for me is to get myself into right relations with him, my Father. If I can do that, every other problem is solved in the doing. Every other problem is included in that. This I believe with all my soul. Consider: you think you are away from God, you wonder whether there is any God, perhaps, whether God is conscious or cares. And yet there is not the tiniest, slightest thing on the face of the earth that is not a token of his loving presence. Everything you do in your business, everything you do in art or literature, everything you do, no matter where, you do by virtue of the present power and activity of God. These natural forces of the world are just God active. I walk by virtue of the power of the present God that holds me up. I think by virtue of that power that thrills and throbs, that speaks of the divine in my brain. I feel by virtue of that universal sentience which pervades, so far as we are concerned, the intelligence and life of the world. I love because there is a thrill in my nature of that Being who is all-loving. I build a manufactory, and it is God's power that turns my wheels. The engineer runs his engine by virtue of God's power in the steam. The seaman sails his ship by virtue of God's power in wind and wave. Whatever I do, the face of God is before me. I am with him every moment of my sleeping, every moment of my waking life. I may not recognize him by

name. I may catch the folds of his garment, and, not feeling any life in the garment, may wonder whether there is any person there. But this life is lived in the presence of God, who surrounds us on every hand every movement of our lives.

Now suppose I can become conscious of this. Suppose I can commune with God, and feel sure that he hears me, that he loves me, that he is taking care of me, do you not see how here is victory over all the conditions of life? Suppose I am ill, it does not matter so much. Suppose I lose friends, they have not gone out of God's hand even if they have gone beyond my sight; for the words ring in my soul, "He is not a God of the dead, but of the living," since all live unto him. Suppose I fail in any and every one of the ordinary objects of human desire, still I do not fail in the highest, in the grandest things. For, if I have hold of God's hand, the stars may reel in the heavens, and I will not fear. The earth may rock under my feet, and I will not tremble. I can face death without a tremor, because here is something that smiles in the very face of death. I will treat the human life as a period through which I am passing, learning by experience, learning by failure, learning by success; but the failure and success both are only conditions of the soul-training, of my coming into ever better and better relations with God. I believe that this is the one great thing for which we should strive. For, then, suppose the cause that I am interested in delays, the reform that seems to me so important does not succeed, I know God is in no hurry. There is eternity in which to accomplish things. So no matter what happens, so long as I can clasp the hand of my Father, and live in his life, I have taken hold of the eternal things, and have attained the one great end and object of human life.

So, friends, let us the coming year try to make a better life, a higher life, in every way than we have in the past. Let us climb up a little out of the animal, climb up into the heart, climb up into the brain, climb up into the soul. I

would not have you cease in your ten thousand activities that make up the practical life of the world, and we ought not to. We may be just as active in our pursuit of the dollar as we were last year, in our pursuit of anything that we desire: only you will gain the great purpose I am after if you will remember that you are pursuing something not for its own sake and as an end in itself, but for the sake of something else. Let the one goal be God, and your own soul.

Father, we thank Thee that we can think Thee by name, and yet know that no name measures Thee; that Thou art goodness and love, but more than we can understand by goodness and love; that, whatever Thou art, Thou art our Father, and we may live a life hidden with Thee. Amen.

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LUCY STONE.

I SHALL take two texts this morning, one being her own last words, "Make the world better"; and the other from the fourth chapter of the Gospel of Luke, the eighteenth and nineteenth verses,—"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor: he hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are oppressed, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

I presume that there are certain people who will feel that my sermon this morning is not properly a sermon, that it ought to be called a lecture, and that the proper time for it is some week-day and the proper place for it somewhere else than in a church. And yet it seems to me that these people must curiously narrow the range of religion, the meaning of preaching, and the scope of the divine work in the world. If I had announced that I would preach on Sarah the wife of Abraham, or Miriam the sister of Moses, or Rebekah or Deborah the prophetess, or Ruth or Naomi, or, coming to the New Testament, on Mary or Martha or Dorcas or any one whose name is mentioned within the lids of the Bible, no one in any of the churches would think that it ought to be called anything but a sermon. Let us rouse ourselves from the spell of the traditions of the past enough to face what is really true. As indicating this kind of feeling, I remember that some years ago a friend told me that Dr. E. E. Hale offended many persons in a church where he preached in another city because he talked about Boston and New York. If he had talked about Jerusalem or Babylon, all would have been well; but there seemed to be a touch of secularism in his speaking of the actual life of the actual

world. This, then, is the statement that I wish to make in comparing Lucy Stone with the names of any of the women mentioned in the Bible: that not one of them all ever accomplished a hundredth part for the service of God and the help of humanity that was accomplished by Lucy Stone. Shall we preach about them, then, and call that proper for the church on Sunday, and, if we preach about her, shall we call it secular, and something fit only for another day of the week?

I propose at the outset to give you a brief framework of her life, and then I wish, as far as I can, to measure some of the more important changes that have taken place since she began her work up to the time when she laid it down. And, then, I shall ask you to note some of the qualities of this quiet little woman, and see wherein lay the secret of her power.

She was born on a farm near the town of West Brookfield in this State, on the 13th of August, 1818. She came of good, sober, earnest New England stock. One of her ancestors was a Revolutionary soldier; and the kind of people that they were is the same kind of people that those of us who have been born and have lived in the country, and know something of the farming life of New England, have been familiar with all our lives. Her father and mother were members in good standing in the Orthodox Congregational church of West Brookfield. You are not to think from what I am about to say that they were poor. They were not poor. They were prosperous, as farmers went in those days. And yet so hard was the life of the women on the farm that Lucy's mother, the night before Lucy was born, milked eight cows, and had undoubtedly accomplished much more inside the house before the rest hour had come. And when little Lucy appeared, and her mother was told that it was a girl, she said: "Oh, I am so sorry! A woman's life is so hard."

Little Lucy herself was a healthy, earnest, studious child. She grew up in an atmosphere of religious life, and became herself, while still a girl, a member of the same church to

which her parents belonged. As indicating the intense endowment of independent thoughtfulness which belonged to her, the story is told that she began her attempt to win the right of women to express their opinions even at that early age. One of the deacons of the church was on trial for the crime of sympathizing with the Abolitionists. (This will throw a little light on the Christianity of that day.) He was being tried because he had entertained Abolitionists at his house, and had otherwise showed sympathy with them; and, when the matter of what should be done with him was put to vote, Lucy Stone, in the innocence of her heart, being a church member, and believing she had a right to express her opinion, raised her hand also. Whereupon the minister rose; and, pointing over the heads of the people at her, he said, "Don't you count her." And, when the question was raised as to whether she was not a church member, the reply was, "Yes, but not a voting member." But, six more votes being called for during the meeting, Lucy still raised her hand just the same, though she knew it would not be counted.

The father — and this indicates that they were not poor,— helped her brother to go to college; but, when Lucy expressed the wish to be educated in the same way, his answer was, turning to his wife, "Is the child crazy?"

Mrs. Livermore told me the other day, as showing the limit of women's education at that time, that, when she was a girl, she earned a medal, the last and highest thing that a girl could get in any public school. She was then fourteen and a half years old. If she had not gained it at that time, she could have studied till she was sixteen, and then tried again for it; but, having earned the medal at the age of fourteen, the State had nothing more to do with her. In that day there was no school in Massachusetts, no public school, that attempted to educate a girl beyond those simple rudiments that she had already attained at that early age.

Little Lucy, in determining to be educated, was obliged to take the matter into her own hands; and as indicating one

of the things that she wished to learn, and as showing how early she caught a glimpse of the life mission that was before her, it is said that she raised the question with her mother one day as to this absolute subjection of the woman to the man. It was called out by her having read in the Bible that passage speaking of Eve, and including, as it was supposed, all women,—"Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." She came in despair to her mother, and asked if there was anything that would put an end to her existence; for it did not occur to her to question the authority of the old Hebrew tradition. The mother laid her hand on the child's hair, smoothing it, and said, "Lucy, it is a part of the curse that has come upon woman on account of the sin of Eve in the garden of Eden; and it is our duty to be patient, and submit." But little Lucy was not satisfied; and she said within herself, "I will learn Greek and Hebrew, and I will read this passage in the original, and find out whether there be not somewhere some mistake." This was one of the mainsprings and motive forces that determined her to seek an education for herself. She picked berries, chestnuts, anything, everything, for which she could find a market, even at the smallest price, to buy herself books, and as soon as she was able began to teach. That was one of the few things that women were permitted to do, although the pay was very small. She could teach the same school that her brother could teach, but could receive only about half the same pay. She worked until she was twenty-five years of age before she got money enough together to go to Oberlin, Ohio, this being the only college in all this broad land where either a negro or a woman could go to study.

Here again, as indicating the general situation, let me say that Mrs. Livermore told me that after she herself had graduated she was very anxious to study Italian. But she could not find a teacher who was willing to have it known that he was teaching a girl Italian. She at last persuaded one of the Harvard professors to become her teacher on condition that she should keep it a strict and close secret, because he

was afraid it would injure his standing as a Harvard professor if it were known that he taught a girl Italian.

Lucy Stone on her journey to Oberlin was so anxious to save the little money she had secured that, when crossing the lake on the steamer from Buffalo to Cleveland, she could not afford to get a state-room, but slept with two or three other women as poor as herself on a pile of bags of grain among the horses and freight on deck. When she got to Oberlin, although they had arranged matters so that they could board the pupils, many of whom were poor, for a dollar a week, that was so far beyond her means that she was obliged to board herself, and during most of the four years that she was there she lived on about fifty cents a week. During those four years — think of this, young women of to-day, would you be willing to pay such a price for an education? — she had just one new dress, and that a cheap print. During that whole time she could not afford to make the journey home. She graduated when she was twenty-nine, and immediately began her life-work.

When she was thirty-six, she was married to Mr. Henry B. Blackwell. Mr. Blackwell had seen her and heard her speak two years before. He was a hardware merchant in Cincinnati, an Abolitionist, and in favor of greater freedom for women. He became such an admirer of Lucy Stone that he determined, if possible, to make her his wife. After two years he succeeded in persuading her to become his wife, although she had thought never to marry, but to consecrate herself entirely to the work which she had undertaken. It has been said in the newspapers recently that, when they were married, they were obliged to send thirty miles for a minister who would leave out the word *obey* in the marriage service. Colonel Higginson, who was at that time a Unitarian minister and who was the minister selected to marry them, tells us that this is not true, that a good many could have been found willing to leave that objectionable word out. He was chosen as the minister, however, as being in general sympathy with their purpose.

I wish to read to you the famous protest which Mr. Blackwell and his wife drew up and signed at that time,— a protest against the marriage laws then in existence :—

While acknowledging our mutual affection by publicly assuming the relationship of husband and wife, yet, in justice to ourselves and a great principle, we deem it our duty to declare that this act on our part implies no sanction of nor promise of voluntary obedience to such of the present laws of marriage as refuse to recognize the wife as an independent, rational being, while they confer upon the husband an injurious and unnatural superiority, investing him with legal powers which no honorable man would exercise, and which no man should possess. We protest especially against the laws which give to the husband: —

1. The custody of the wife's person.

2. The exclusive control and guardianship of their children.

3. The sole ownership of her personal and use of her real estate, unless previously settled upon her or placed in the hands of trustees, as in the case of minors, idiots, and lunatics.

4. The absolute right to the product of her industry.

5. Also against laws which give to the widower so much larger and more permanent an interest in the property of his deceased wife than they give to the widow in that of her deceased husband.

6. Finally, against the whole system by which "the legal existence of the wife is suspended during marriage," so that in most States she neither has a legal part in the choice of her residence, nor can she make a will, nor sue or be sued in her own name, nor inherit property.

We believe that personal independence and equal human rights can never be forfeited except for crime; that marriage should be an equal and permanent partnership, and so recognized by law; that, until it is so recognized, married partners should provide against the radical injustice of present laws by every means in their power.

We believe that where domestic difficulties arise no appeal should be made to legal tribunals under existing laws, but that all difficulties should be submitted to the equitable adjustment of arbitrators mutually chosen.

Thus, reverencing law, we enter our protest against rules and customs which are unworthy of the name, since they violate justice, the essence of law. (Signed)

HENRY B. BLACKWELL.
LUCY STONE.

Just a word here considering that which has been held up ridicule and misunderstanding from that day to this, the

fact that Lucy Stone kept her own name. There was no law in existence forbidding this. It was done by mutual consent, and was intended as a protest against the idea that a woman's individuality was merged at marriage in that of her husband.

From the time that Lucy Stone began her work until laid aside by illness, shortly before her death, her history is a part of the history of the movements of this age. I shall defer the account of her beautiful death until a little later on, and speak of the condition of things when she began her work, and the condition of things to-day; and, in doing this, I shall avail myself of some material which she herself has furnished, as also some given me by Mrs. Livermore.

I hold in my hands a little leaflet prepared by Mrs. Stone, which I will ask the privilege of referring to without giving any of it verbatim. The leaflet is entitled "The Gains of Forty Years." It was prepared several years ago. In the first place, about that time there was no possibility of a woman being treated with anything like decency or respect if she attempted anywhere to speak in public. When she graduated from Oberlin, for example, she had shown such scholarship that she was chosen to write an essay; that is, had she been a boy, she would have had what is called a graduating part. But she was told by the professors of Oberlin that it was unwomanly to read it herself. By way of protest against that, she declared that, unless she could read it herself, she would not write it, and so would not accept the honor.

The wearing of a bonnet in church caused her always a severe headache; and she was accustomed to quietly take it off until she was remonstrated with by the Ladies' Board, who said, "Paul taught that it was a disgrace to a woman to appear in public with uncovered head." At last they compromised by letting her sit under the gallery out of sight, so that she could take her bonnet off and make herself as comfortable as she could. This shows the condition of things then.

Before one of her lectures in those early years this was the kind of reception she had from one of the churches. She was going to speak in Malden at an anti-slavery meeting. The minister of the church had been asked to give notice of it. He gave it in this language: "I am requested by Mr. Mowry to say that a hen will undertake to crow like a cock at the town hall this afternoon at five o'clock. Anybody who wants to hear that kind of music will of course attend." That was a church notice of one of the attempts to speak in that early day!

When she was once thinking of going to Springfield to lecture, old Deacon Samuel Bowles, the founder and publisher of the Springfield *Republican*, used in his paper the phrase, "You she-hyena, don't you come here!" The Springfield *Republican* has been for years an advocate of woman suffrage, and has a department devoted entirely to the work of women.

There is another gain that has been made. Women can now travel, hold meetings, conventions, discuss matters as they please, anywhere in this country. Lucy Stone and a few other young women at Oberlin wished to learn to talk and debate. They were refused the privilege of debating in the literature class with the other students; and the only way they had was to get an old colored woman to let them come to her house. And there they gathered separately, one coming from one direction, and another from another, and keeping it strictly private, so that it should not be known that girls were learning to debate questions in which they were interested.

I have already intimated to you to what an extent women have gained the right to be educated. It is true to-day, I think, that at least eight-tenths of all the colleges, and professional and technical schools of this country are open to women, and the time is coming, and is nearly here, when they will be able to graduate and receive a diploma from Harvard University. President Eliot has intimated that he is ready to make the Annex — The Society for the Collegiate

Education of Women — a proper part of the university as soon as it has been endowed sufficiently. Women are coming to be recognized as creatures capable of being educated, and as having the same opportunity to be educated as men. They are distinguishing themselves all over the world in this direction. It was said that women have not the physical stamina for it; but they have done it. It has been said they have not the mental capacity; but they have done it. It has been said that it is not proper for them to be educated like men; but they have done it. Women are at last recognized as being as proper subjects for education as their brothers. They are taking honors to-day all over the world, in the universities of Cambridge and of Oxford ranking among the very highest. I suppose that forty or fifty thousand college graduates are to be found among the women of America to-day, and thousands and thousands are getting ready to enter.

Women have gained another thing, the opportunity to work. Mrs. Livermore told me that, when she was a girl, there were six or seven things that a woman could do, but, when she did anything, her pay was almost infinitesimal. When Lucy Stone was doing housework in the Ladies' Boarding Hall at Oberlin to earn money to pay her small expenses, she received the munificent sum of three cents an hour! To-day most of the occupations of the world are open to women equally with men, though they are not yet treated fairly in the matter of pay, as they will be by and by. Lucy Stone received about half as much for teaching as a man received. But mark, it was not because she did not do the same kind of work. I remember how difficult it was sometimes for a master to teach a winter school through without having trouble with his boys. I have been present more than once when a teacher was put through the window. Lucy Stone tells how the teacher of a large village school had been thrown through the window into a snowdrift, of course being obliged to give up the school. She was called in to complete the term, and she took the school and mastered it, and won the interest of the large and troublesome

boys until they were her fast friends; and yet the selectmen of the town paid her about half as much as the teacher who had been passed out of the window.

To-day almost all occupations are open to women, as I have said. It seems such a curious fear to me that people have had. People have supposed that, unless you held a woman hedged round with all sorts of hampering restrictions, by some strange process she would cease to be a woman; that, if you left her free, she would suddenly grow to be a man. I believe the only thing that we as men have any right to do is to make every pathway of life open and easy for the feet of all who care to try to tread it, and let them determine by experience and experiment whether they are fitted for it or not. They will find out. I have never been in any danger of going to Congress because I could vote. There is no danger that women will go to Congress or fill any office or any position unless people want them there. And, if they want them there, it is presumably because of their character and ability; and that is very good evidence that they ought to be there. So I believe that we are to congratulate ourselves on the fact that almost all the avenues of the world's occupations to-day are free and open, and that any one may enter them who *can* and will.

I have in my hand a paper by Mrs. Livermore; and I will read a few extracts from it, because they bring out with distinctness some of the gains that have been made: —

"No husband can now obtain a writ of *habeas corpus* and bring back his wife to his house, when she has left him on account of his brutalities." A few years ago he could take out a writ of *habeas corpus*, and compel her to come back, and submit to almost any abuse short of actual murder.

"In seven States of the Union — namely, Michigan, New Jersey, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, New York, and Oregon — the married mother has equal legal ownership of the minor children with her husband." In Massachusetts — this grand old Massachusetts that we are so proud of — the mother has no claim on her own child. As Mrs. Livermore exclaims,

"To what *is* a woman entitled, if not to the legal ownership of her baby?"

There has been great improvement in the matters relating to property rights of women; but there is no uniformity of change in the various States. In most of the Northern States women have ownership and control of inherited and acquired property, real and personal, and do what they will with it. But, when Lucy Stone began her work, a woman had no right to a single dollar that she earned. After she was married, unless there was previous legal specification, everything she owned, by the fact that she had married, became her husband's and under his control. If she earned a dollar, he could take it from her by force, drink it up, and come back and abuse her; and she had no redress. Mrs. Livermore says that for some years she had been engaged on her own account in earning money by literary work and lecturing before she waked up to the fact that she had no legal title to a single cent of her own earnings. In those days, if a woman met with an accident, broke a leg or an arm, and damages were awarded, even then the woman had no right to the money that was paid on account of the injury to her own person: it belonged to the husband. Mrs. Livermore tells pathetic stories of how in this condition of things — and such conditions exist still — she has had to take the money for certain poor women, or part of the money that they earned, and keep it for them and spend it for them, because they were not allowed to keep it by their husbands, and not allowed to spend it. I know cases like this; and there ought to be some redress for such barbarous things, if there is only one case in the nation. I know a woman, and I know her well, who, in order to get five cents of pocket money, has practically to cheat her husband. She has to pretend that it has cost more than it has to pay the servants' wages or some other matter of household expenditure, and then keep back the pittance for car-fare or for a little pocket money on her own account. If there is ever a time when cheating and stealing are justifiable, I should think it was in a case like this.

In most of the States the laws concerning widows are still very unequal and unjust. The widow is not allowed the same rights in the property that is left that the husband is allowed in case of her death. It used to be true that the law counted out the number of cups and saucers and spoons and other things that the widow could be allowed to keep; and she could reside in the house only a certain number of days after the death of her husband before she had to begin to pay rent. And still it is true that the widower has a larger share than the widow. I speak of these things, as showing not only the changes that have taken place, but of the need of still more changes.

There was one direction in which the work of Lucy Stone has won. In 1850 there was a very remarkable convention held in the city of Worcester, the First National Woman's Rights Convention ever assembled. Nine States were represented. Lucy Stone was largely instrumental in calling, planning, and managing it. William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Bronson Alcott, and Mrs. Alcott, Fred Douglass, William Henry Channing, Sojourner Truth, Abby Kelley, Lucy Stone, Lucretia Mott, Paulina Wright Davis, and many others of like spirit were there. The convention lasted three days. The New York *Tribune* published a report of it in full in its European edition, but not in this country, which is a striking fact. The result of it in Europe was that Mrs. Taylor, who afterward became the wife of John Stuart Mill, was attracted by it, and at once wrote a remarkable article for the *Westminster Review* on the "Enfranchisement of Women." Mr. Mill soon after brought the matter into Parliament; and to-day the women of England have larger rights than have the women of this country. And this work has spread until now it is felt, not only in England, but in other countries. In Australia and New Zealand women are largely free. In New Zealand they have precisely the same rights in every particular as the men, even to voting and holding office.

I wish now to call your special attention to what seem to

me to be some peculiar qualities in Mrs. Stone that account in large measure for the great work that she was able to accomplish.

In the first place, I believe that, if anybody since the world was formed had a divine call to a mission, she had. I do not believe in miraculous calls; but, when some one is born specially fitted for some grand work and instinctively feels that fitness and enters upon that work, as if consecrated by the presence of the spirit of God himself, there is a human call and a divine call in one. No one taught her. There were no conditions in her childhood to explain her interest in these matters and her consecration to them. Thousands of other girls were born and trained in substantially the same way that she was, and accomplished nothing. Only she felt that here was duty laid upon her; and to it she gave her life.

To this quality was added another that no one attributed to her until they knew her, and that those who have not known her yet will perhaps be surprised when I mention it. That one great quality in her was the singular gentleness, sweetness, entire womanliness of the woman. She had one of the sweetest and most musical voices that ever spoke; and, when people came within the range of her personal power, she showed this power over them in the most marvellous way. Who can explain it? No one. You know perfectly well that, when you come within the influence of some persons, you are attracted, drawn, won. Another repels you, uttering the same words. She had this marvellous winsomeness. Let me give you one or two illustrations.

Rev. S. J. Barrows tells us that, when he was a young man, he went to hear her speak, expecting to be vastly amused. He went purely as a matter of entertainment; but he was completely won by the sweetness and persuasiveness of her presence and her power, and was converted to friendship and following from that day on.

Colonel Higginson tells this story. A convention was being held in New York; and the since famous Helen Hunt,

one of the most distinguished literary women that this country has produced, told him she wanted to go and hear Lucy Stone. She said, "I am going on purpose to write up an amusing burlesque of it for one of the New York papers." Colonel Higginson took her in spite of the purpose for which she was going, and he gives the result as follows: "When we came out, she walked on in silence for a time; and I said, 'Well, have you plenty of material for a letter?' And she replied with her characteristic impetuosity, 'Do you suppose I would ever write a word against anything that a woman with such a voice as Lucy Stone's wants to have done?' And before she died she had become, in some degree, a suffragist." She became a convert, not only to her personality, but largely to the opinions of the cause which she represented.

Many stories have been told of the wonderful power of Wendell Phillips over a mob. I do not know anything in his stormy and magnificent life that matches the conquest of a mob made by the gentleness of Lucy Stone. They were holding an anti-slavery meeting in a grove on Cape Cod. A good many Abolitionists were there. The mob showed at the very outset that it meant mischief. It was stormy and ugly in every direction. At last one after another began to be frightened, and slipped down the back way off the platform, and disappeared, till all of them were gone except Stephen Foster and Lucy Stone. It was evident that the mob would soon storm the platform. Then Lucy Stone said, "You had better run, Stephen: they are coming!" "But," he said, "who will take care of you?" Just then the leader of the mob, with a big club in his hand, leaped on to the edge of the platform. Whereupon Lucy Stone walked up beside him, laid her hand on his arm, and said quietly, "This gentleman will take care of me." And the man said, "Yes, I will." And while Mr. Foster escaped as best he could, and that was not very well, he took her under one arm, and with the cudgel under the other guarded her. While she was being led away, she talked to him so simply, so persua-

sively, so humanly, that at last she won him over; and he placed her on a stump, and stood beside her with his club while she made a speech to the mob. And she so won them that it ended in their taking up a collection for a new coat for Mr. Foster, as his had been torn from top to bottom in trying to escape from the mob.

For quiet, womanly, winning power and fearlessness I do not know of anything like this in all the history of reform.

On another occasion, in New York, when the mob was so noisy that it would not let any one speak, she showed her wonderful power. If any one began to speak, they would howl him or her down. William Henry Channing said to Lucretia Mott, who was presiding, "I think you had better adjourn the meeting." "When the time fixed for adjournment comes, we will adjourn," said she. But no one was allowed to speak until Lucy Stone began, when they quieted down, and became like a congregation in church. The moment the next speaker began he was howled down. After the meeting was over she talked with the crowd, and tried to tell them what she thought of their conduct, when one of them exclaimed: "Oh, come, *you* needn't say anything. We kept still for you." I speak of these things as illustrating this peculiar, womanly, winning power of her sweet voice and her gentle ways.

There was in her—and it was the bed-rock on which her feet calmly rested—a sincere belief in what she called the Eternal Order. She had long since ceased to be orthodox in her religious opinions. Her husband told me that she was a broad Unitarian in her faith. She did not talk a great deal about God, but she often spoke of her trust in the Eternal Order. She believed that this Eternal Order was on the side of the right, of truth, of progress. And, as a part of that, she believed in the essential, deep-down reasonableness of men and women. And here is the secret of her successful appeal even to the roughest. She believed, if she could only get through the prejudice, if she could only get people to listen, that they were so constituted that they would see what was right, and, having seen it, would want it to be done.

One quality of her character, illustrated all through her life, was her patience, her persistence. She never thought of looking back or giving up. Defeat after defeat might come; but with the same quiet earnestness she marched up to the defences of the position, year after year, and quietly bombarded them with her gentle, sweetly reasonable words. One other quality I must mention,— the utter unselfishness of the woman, the utter lack of any slightest itch for praise. If the desire for fame is "the last infirmity of noble minds," as Milton calls it, then she was one of the few who are free from even the last infirmity of the noble-minded. She simply cared nothing for her own reputation. This she showed in a thousand ways. After she became famous and the work that she was doing had attracted attention all over the world, time and time again she was approached by newspaper men and publishers to give facts, that they might write her up as one of the famous women of the world; but she absolutely refused even to connive at anything of the sort being done. During her last illness one of her personal friends wrote a little item about her in the *Woman's Journal.* When she saw this friend, she thanked her for what she had said, but added that she was glad there was no more of it. She desired nothing for herself. When a few years ago she found that some of her friends were planning to publicly celebrate her seventieth birthday, she forbade it so absolutely that the plan had to be given up. She wished no public demonstrations in her honor, though she was delighted to share in such demonstrations when given in honor of her coworkers. This blessed trait of unselfishness made her always ready to sacrifice time and self, not only for the wide public good, but there was no needy girl or friendless woman for whom she was not ready to do all that lay in her power. Individual need was never forgotten by her great heart in working for the collective good.

And now I want to call your attention to one point before I close; and that is, that her work was something larger than merely the question of women's voting. She never dreamed

that the millennium would come when women had the ballot. She was fighting for a higher human civilization, for equal liberty for man and woman and child, for an opportunity to be and do the highest and finest possible. And, though she aimed specially at universal suffrage for women, she has achieved results in many directions that mean larger and finer human life for men as well as women.

I can only call your attention to two or three things concerning the sweetness and beauty of her leaving us. She died on the evening of the 18th of this month, seventy-five years old. I was talking with her husband the other day; and it seemed to me strange that he could have lived with her so many years, and yet have said what he did. He expressed to me his surprise to find at the last the strength of her faith in continued existence after death, he himself being a complete agnostic concerning this matter. But she met death as sweetly, as serenely, as beautifully, as anybody that I have ever known. I want to give you one or two illustrations.

She said once, "I have not the slightest apprehension: I know the Eternal Order, and I believe in it." To a friend who expressed the wish that she might have lived to see woman suffrage granted, she said: "Oh, I shall know it. I think I shall know it on the other side." She added contentedly, "And, if I do not, the people on this side will know it." Something being said about her possibly coming back to communicate with those she had left, she answered, "I expect to be too busy to come back." To another friend she said, "I look forward to the other side as the brighter side, and I expect to be busy for good things."

When the doctor, compelled by her questions to own that she could not recover, added, "We must keep as serene as we can," she answered in a tone of slight surprise, "There is nothing to be unserene about." Again she said, "I am glad to have lived, and to have lived at a time when I could work." And again: "I think I have done what I could. I certainly have tried. With one hand I made my family com-

fortable: with the other" — And there her speech broke off, and the loving and admiring men and women of the world will complete that sentence, and tell what she has done.

And let me say right here, in all earnestness, if refutation was ever needed of the charge that interest in these things necessarily breaks up a woman's home, let me call your attention to the emphasis with which she said, "With one hand I made my family comfortable." I dare to say that never was there a more ideal home than hers.

And then, at the last, before she became unconscious, she uttered the words which I have used for my text. Her daughter, bending over her, put her ear close to her lips to catch the last utterance; and she heard the words, "Make the world better." She was not sure whether that was all she intended to say or whether it was a part of a longer sentence, but it is fit to stand alone; and I do not know of the last words of any of the greatest that are finer or better worth uttering than those. She did make the world better. There are few men or women, either, who have ever lived who have done more to make the world better.

Let us, as a part of our admiration for her memory, drag out of present laws and present customs the injustices and the cruelties that remain, and with them (as with the cannon captured from the enemy) build her a monument.

Father, we thank Thee for these bright souls that shine with a divine lustre and illumine our way. May we do what we can to follow them,—if we may, to surpass them,—at any rate, accomplish that which they leave undone, and so help to bring about that perfect kingdom of Thine when the world shall be all blessed! Amen.

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A MAN

I. THE MEANING OF THE WORLD: A MAN

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THE MEANING OF THE WORLD: A MAN.

"For thou hast made him but little lower than God (Elohim), and crownest him with glory and honor."—PSALM viii. 5.

THE series of sermons for last year, as you will remember, bore the general title "Jesus and Modern Life." Though broadly and largely practical in its applications, its method was predominantly critical and theoretical. I have tried always from year to year, after devoting myself to one class of themes, to turn sharply to something else strongly contrasted with them, so as to avoid, if possible, even the appearance of repetition and monotony. This year, therefore, I have selected a line of topics which will lead us in intensely practical paths. I have called the series in its general title "A Man." I propose to consider a man in the daily relations of his life; and, after trying to set before you what a man really is, consider with you what such a being ought to think, to feel, to do, to be, in his practical relations.

First, this morning, as to our ideals of a man. As we study the Old Scriptures, we find two lines of thought concerning human nature, one of them representing man as grand and noble, the other speaking of him in most depreciating terms. I suppose these two ways of representing human nature are determined by the points of view of the writers, by the experiences of those who have given utterance to their opinions, and also by the general theories which have been held concerning man's origin and his place in the universe. We find, for example, in the very first part of the Bible that God determines to create man, or the gods determine, I must say, to be strictly accurate; for the word "Elohim" translated

God in the first verse of Genesis is a plural word, and, literally translated, means "the strong ones." These same beings are spoken of as creating the world; and, after the world is created and peopled with all the lower orders of life, they say one to another, Let us create man in our own image. So the first thought of human nature that we find in the Bible is a noble, a divine thought.

A little later, in the third chapter of Genesis, we find, after man has committed that sin which is supposed to constitute his fall, these same Elohim utter their opinion concerning him in words like these: Behold the man by partaking of the tree of knowledge of good and evil has become as one of us, and only lacks the gift of immortality to place him on a level with his Creators. Then in this verse which I have taken as my text from the Psalms the same strain is maintained. The writer of the Psalm, addressing God and speaking of man, says, Thou hast made him but little lower than the angels, as it is in the old version. In the new version it is God. In the margin it is Elohim, because that is the word which is to be found in the original, the same word that we find in Genesis as representing the world creator and the man creator.

But we have only to turn from Genesis and Psalms to the Book of Ecclesiastes, and we find here that man is represented as being on the level with the brute. It is declared in so many terms that there is no radical distinction between him and the brutes. The same soul that they have is in him; and, when he dies, he goes to the same place,— that is, he is returned into nothingness.

When we get to the New Testament, we find this same dual representation of human nature. We find Jesus speaking of men in the grandest terms, appealing to them as capable of right thinking, as capable of right doing,— Why of your own selves judge ye not what is right? — and appealing to that which is deepest and highest in them, saying, Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect,— assuming that they can be.

But, when we turn to the rest of the New Testament, we find the Epistles speak of man as a broken fragment, the ruin of his former self, as an abject creature, as one incapable of right thinking, right feeling, right doing, as under the curse of God. But, at the last, in the words of John, the dominant tone of the Bible comes out again; and he declares, Now, are we sons of God; and, with an outlook far ahead, he says, And it doth not yet appear what we shall be,—it is not yet made manifest what we shall be,—but something finer and higher yet seems to be in his prophetic mind.

When we leave the New Testament and come into the region of theology, we find the minor strain concerning human nature dominant everywhere. Augustine set the key-note to the minor music that has dolefully set forth the weakness and the frailty of man. Augustine in his youth was a Manichæan; that is, he held that old Oriental idea which taught that matter in all its forms is essentially evil, and only evil, and so man as an embodied being was necessarily an evil being, and the only way for him to become anything else was to fight against nature, beat it down, trample it under foot, and die to escape and be free.

In the hymns of the religious world for the last five hundred years the thought of man has been as a worm of the dust, crawling painfully through this vale of tears. That has been the predominant thought. Very rarely have we heard of man as capable of anything more. The Protestant theology, following Calvin and Luther, has taught that man, without special miraculous aid from God, has been utterly incapable of thinking, of feeling, of doing, anything that is right and true.

And the theologians have not been alone. There is a certain class of scientists who, studying man almost exclusively from the physical side, have found him a poor creature indeed. Not a great many years ago I had some correspondence with Dr. Henry Maudsley, of London, one of the famous English writers from the point of view of materialism. We were touching on the question as to the possibility

of man's being immortal; and Dr. Maudsley frankly, almost brutally, says that it is a marvel to him how any one looking over the face of society, and seeing what men and women actually are, can ever dream that they are worth keeping. He has only the poorest, most contemptuous idea of human nature. He thinks that the universe could do better with the raw material of human nature than to perpetuate it in any form.

I find all about me what seem to me low and poor conceptions of human nature. I find men and women following such lines of life, engrossed in such pursuits, so transitory, so unworthy of the best possibilities of their nature, that I find myself wondering as to what conception they have of themselves. There is pride enough, there is vanity enough, there is conceit enough; but there is not enough of a grand, dignified self-esteem, there is not enough of that belief in the possibilities of human nature that shall lift people up above the low levels of their petty concerns, and lead them to live as immortals, as children of God. I hear expressions of this opinion, especially on the part of business men about their associates. One of my friends has often, in a loving and gentle way, remonstrated with me since I have been here, telling me that I have too high an ideal of the honesty, the good sense, the general integrity, of the average man. He says, If you could only stand by my side day after day and week after week, and deal with men as, greedily and eagerly and selfishly, they are fighting for the main chance, you would not have so high a conception of them as you seem to possess.

I wish, then, at the outset, in this series of sermons on "A Man," to consider with you for a little while some aspects of human nature that will tend to lift us and to lift the world on to a higher level. Our Unitarianism in a certain way is pledged to this; for Channing — I think I am correct in saying this — was the first distinguished theologian of the modern world who from first to last contended for the essentiality and glory of human nature.

Let us, then, look for a moment at this human nature. Let us consider it on one side and on the other, and see what we are, and dimly foretell what we may be.

1. And, first, I wish to hint to you the magnificent story that science has to tell as to the origin and nature of man. When Darwinism was first propounded to the world as a theory, and men began to consider the possibility of their descent, at least so far as their bodies were concerned, from animal forms, there was an outcry everywhere that human nature was being degraded by such a conception of it.

But look at the contrast for a moment. The old theory made this world only a tiny affair and of very brief duration. It was only six thousand years or a little less to the very beginning. Man was made by a word. The Almighty was supposed to have uttered a breath, and man *was*. Now, it seems to me if man could be made even by Omnipotence in this off-hand manner, then it might be natural for us to consider that he was not of any great account. If a breath of the Divine could people the earth with men and women, and the next breath sweep them like autumn leaves into the abyss, and the next breath repeople the planet with beings of perhaps a higher race, then we might well say that they were not of much account. But, when we turn to the story of science, the real word of God, we learn another lesson. Remember, when we are talking about the word of God, that Genesis is a collection of the speculations of ignorant men; but the story that science tells, although it may be wrong in some of its details, is, in the main, the translation of the real word of God, written by the divine finger itself on the rocky leaves of the earth.

What is this story? It will show to us that even Omnipotence could not create a man by a breath; for I think we are to presume that God would not have taken a roundabout way, through a process of millions and millions of years, to make a man if he could have uttered him in a word.

How did he make him? We are to presume that the *Almighty*, All-wise, made him in the best way conceivable.

As a matter of fact, then, we are to go back in imagination to a time when the space now occupied by the solar system, the sun, the planets, their moons, the comets, the asteroids, whatever made up and whatever completely filled this space not only, but many times larger spaces, was occupied by a nebula,—a nebula precisely such as astronomers discern to-day in the far-off deeps of space. This was the fire-mist,—a condition of things that might be created again by an adequate application of heat melting the sun and the planets, and turning them into a vapor and scattering them through space. We are to go back, then, nobody knows how many æons of time, to this condition of things. We are to see this nebula condensed, gradually cooling, wheeling into circles, flinging off rings as the substance of which it was composed became condensed, these rings breaking up and tumbling together into planets, these again flinging off smaller rings, and condensing into smaller satellites, or moons, until at last the sun condensed into substantially its present size, shone out, and the planets with their moons were circling about him. Then, how many ages after nobody knows, the molten earth gradually cools; and by and by there is an atmosphere, and water and land, and the continuous process of creation goes on. The lowest forms of life appear in the ooze of those primeval ocean shores. There is a beginning of a spine, the beginning of sentiency, or the ability to feel. The light waves play on it until eyes come out to see, and the sound waves play on it until ears come out to hear. Then the forms of life increase in complexity and rise in range of being. The first forms are horizontal. They begin to rise through reptile, grow to bird and mammal, until at last perpendicular on his feet stands *a man*,—a man with a poor enough brain indeed, but a brain that is capable of beginning to think and ask questions; a man with the possibility in him of love, of a love, beginning with mate and child, that shall ultimately reach out until it embraces every living thing. And the eyes which came out first, simply to note the distinction between light and shade, have

come to see all the marvel, the glory, the beauty, about him in the world. And the ear, which came out to note merely the distinction between sound and silence, is refined until there are organ symphonies of the surf-beat on the sea-shore, the bird-songs in the woods, the music of the human voice, the songs of Mendelssohn, the operas of Wagner. And man has grown through the ages until he has become a being not only who feels and thinks, but who recognizes right and wrong, justice, love, goodness, until he is capable of organizations of humanity, until we have come to where we stand to-day.

It is not my purpose to picture to you in detail this process, but only to point out to you that from the star-mist on, what the world was reaching after, what the world meant all the time, was *a man.* When the first ring was thrown off, it was the first step towards a man. When the sun shone out, it was looking for a man. When the earth became capable of sustaining life, and the first tiny form of sentient matter appeared here, it was the prophecy of a man. And up from reptile to bird and mammal, on through all these tireless, countless ages, the world was feeling after a man. Every single step of the creative power was toward the production of a man. Now, you are not to think of man henceforth as a being that could have been created by a breath or a word. It took the omnipotent power manifested in this universe, the power that swings the stars in their orbits,—it took this power millions of millions of ages, through this long, slow process, to lift life upon its feet, give it intelligence in its eyes, a voice, and the ability to think and feel.

Are you, then, to pour contempt upon this last and crowning work of countless ages of creative effort on the part of God? Are you to think that you are glorifying him by abasing yourself in the dust or talking about your fellow-creatures as worms, as pitiful beings, incapable of anything noble or grand? Remember that the meaning of the world, when at last it found articulate utterance, was found to be *a man.*

2. And now, in the second place, the wonderful product of all the ages has proved himself capable of turning and looking this creative process in the face,— looking the universe in the face and understanding it. Do you know what that means? There is no other being on the face of the earth that even approximates a comprehension of the world. We read, and with smiles on our lips sometimes, the strange, naïve theories of the barbaric races of the world as to the stars, the sun, the moon. But the marvel of it is that man is a being that can turn and look the universe in the face and think about it. It is this which makes him overtop the planet, which makes him mightier than all the suns that float in space. Suppose you should find a horse or a dog somewhere that should have even the crudest and most fantastic theory about how the world came to be, about the nature of the sun and stars, would you not bend your knee in awe, as in the presence of some marvellous development of life that you had never thought of before? But here is man,— no matter how crudely he has done it, he has been able to ask this question of the world. He has been able to think of the creative power and the processes by which it has brought to pass everything that is. Man is greater than the stars, because he can measure them. He sees a little tiny point of light in the far-off blue, and it looks like one little star. He builds him a telescope, and disentangles the complex rays of light until he finds that there is not one star there, but two. Then he is able to measure the light and the motion of these two stars, telling which way they are travelling and how many thousands of miles in a second. He is able not only to take up the mountains as a very little thing, and to weigh the sea in scales, but he is able to weigh the most distant suns as they sweep through space. He has taken this white ray of light and unravelled it, and found out the marvellous complexity that out of so many colored rays results at last in the white light. And by an instrument which he has invented he is able to tell by analysis of this ray of light the component parts which make up the most distant

sun in space, just as he would analyze the rays of a candle, and tell you what it is that is burning to produce its flame. Man, then, is greater than all the things that make up this universe, because he is able to comprehend these things.

And, just as fast and as far as he is able to push his investigations, he finds that the universe is reasonable,— that is, that it matches his brain and his method of thinking,— so that he is able to come to the stupendous conclusion that he who made the universe thinks as he thinks, so that he can say, as did Kepler after he had discovered the laws of planetary motion, "O God, I think thy thoughts after thee." He is able to find the footsteps of the Creator, and place his own feet in the steps he has made.

3. Another point, as hinting to you the greatness, or the possible greatness, of this creature man. Not only is he able to comprehend the universe and find that it is reasonable, that it answers to his own method of thinking, but he is able to prove it by entering into the creative work of God himself and becoming in his turn co-creator. This is literally true. The lower animals of the world have indeed done something, even the poor earthworms, in working over and reconstructing the face of the planet; but man alone has been able to work with purpose and plan, to discern the process that is going on, the forces at work, and co-operate with them and bring to pass results which without man would never have been produced. You are beginning to be familiar with the thought that the work of creation, so far as God is concerned, is not complete. The world is not done. God is at work just as much now in the distant stars, among the nebulæ, and on this little planet, as he ever was. The idea that he created the universe in six days, or in six periods, or in any particular number of periods of time, and finished and pronounced his work good, and rested, is only the crude thought of primitive man. God is never done, has never rested, and needs no rest. As Jesus says, "My Father worketh hitherto," — up to the present time; and he works forever. These natural forces of the world are engaged still in sculpt-

uring the mountains, in scooping out the valleys, in depositing the sediment which makes the land, in upheaving the depressions, changing the surface of the earth, and in shaping the continents. That is all going on still as it has always done. But man has entered into this operation; and within the last two or three thousand years he has done more to re-create the surface of the world than God by natural processes, apart from man, would have done in a thousand ages. Man has made forests where there were deserts. He has made deserts where there were forests. He has made seas where there was dry land, and dry land where there were seas. He has changed the course of rivers. He has cut through by his canals, and changed promontories and continents almost into islands. He has reconstructed the face of the earth, and has done this with purpose and plan. He has created that of which he dreamed, producing out of the wilderness that garden which men have always fancied at the far-off beginning of the race.

4. One thought more. Not only are these things true, but, even if you were able to look over the face of human society and despise man, the average man for what he is, for his folly, for his weakness, for his sins, even then the story is only begun; for man, as he stands to-day and in the face of all that he has accomplished, is only a prophecy of something grander still to be.

Now let me give you one brief word of Tennyson which shall set forth with beautiful force that which I mean. He is speaking of a certain class of critics, or judges of men He says: —

> . . . "If they find
> Some stain or blemish in a name of note,
> Not grieving that their greatest are so small,
> Inflate themselves with some insane delight,
> And judge all nature from her feet of clay,
> Without the will to lift their eyes, and see
> Her Godlike head crown'd with spiritual fire,
> And touching other worlds."

Remember, then, that man, taken in the average, is not over-wise, is not over-unselfish, is not over-good; but this race of ours has produced Buddha, has produced Confucius, has produced Zoroaster, has produced Socrates, has produced Mohammed, has produced Jesus, all these great religious leaders of the world who have towered so high that they seem to have communed face to face with God, and sent down his light for the guidance of their fellow-men. And this which humanity has been in one instance is that which it may be in the poorest, the meanest, the lowest of us all.

Then look at the ranks of the poets who have sung the thought, the feelings, the aspirations, of humanity. And, though Homer and Dante and Goethe and Shakspere and Milton stand before us, still, I believe, they are only the beginning of that which shall be and of those who shall more completely utter that which the race shall come to feel.

And, as we study the philanthropists of the world, the tireless reformers who work for the bettering of human conditions, helping to solve the political and industrial problems of the race, we shall have a similar belief. The dreams of Plato and Sir Thomas More, and all those who have dreamed of a Utopia, are only glimpses and prophecies of what is to be realized. There is nothing that the wildest dream has ever foretold that we sons and daughters of God may not be able to attain. As we look back on what has been and forward to what may be, there is not one of those dreams that we may not turn into a reality. The human race, then, is as yet only a prophecy of that people which one day shall walk a free, clean, bright earth, beneath a glad, fair sky.

A man, then,—*a man* is what the world meant from the beginning. A man is a being who can think the universe, and so think God. A man is a being who can co-operate with God as creator. A man is a being who, having accomplished already such magnificent results, is only seeing dimly through the twilight of the early morning of human civilization, but gaining glimpses of what shall be when the perfect day has dawned.

As, then, we go on to consider the practical relations of man, the work that is before him, the things that he may be and ought to do, let us not say how pitiful and poor and weak a thing is man. Let us not say we are making undue demands upon either his wisdom or his strength. Let us say rather we are sons of God, and to us all things are possible.

Father, we thank Thee for the glimpse we may gain of what is possible for us Thy children. And we ask that we may rise to the level of these grand ideals, and try to be worthy of that gift of celestial fire of which Thou hast constituted our souls, try to be worthy of that not only which the greatest have been, but which we, as followers of them, may ourselves become. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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A MAN

II. THE MEANING OF A MAN: A SOUL

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THE MEANING OF A MAN: A SOUL.

I SHALL venture to take a text this morning from a modern scripture, from Browning, — "The development of a soul, little else is worth study." These words may be found in an introductory note to "Sordello," this note having been addressed by the poet to a friend. In this note it was his purpose to set forth the object that he had in writing this poem, to show by illustrative example the development of a *soul*, declaring that little else was worth our study.

Last Sunday morning we considered how the world, beginning with the fire-mist, through all the steps of its creative growth was feeling out after expression in a man. I wish this morning to show how humanity from the beginning has been reaching out after its expression in a soul,— that this is the culmination, and here is to be found the meaning of a man.

As summing up in brief and graphic way this development, I wish to read you an extract from Walt Whitman. You know he is the unrhymed although rhythmic poet of the natural. These words, I think, you will agree with me, as we study them carefully, are as fine and as grand as any in the creative description of Genesis; while they are truer to what we know to have been the natural order. Of course, when he uses the word "I," he is speaking not only for himself, but for every man.

I am an acme of things accomplished, and I an encloser of things to be.

My feet strike an apex of the apices of the stairs,
On every step bunches of ages, and larger bunches between the steps,
All below duly travel'd, and still I mount and mount.

Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind me,
Afar down I see the huge first Nothing — I know I was even there,
I waited unseen and always, and slept through the lethargic mist,
And took my time, and took no hurt from the fetid carbon.

Long was I hugged close — long and long.

Immense have been the preparations for me,
Faithful and friendly the arms that have help'd me.

Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen;
For room to me stars kept aside in their own rings,
They sent influences to look after what was to hold me.

Before I was born out of my mother, generations guided me,
My embryo has never been torpid — nothing could overlay it.

For it the rebula cohered to an orb,
The long slow strata piled to rest it on,
Vast vegetables gave it sustenance,
Monstrous sauroids transported it in their mouths, and deposited it with care.

All forces have been steadily employ'd to complete and delight me,
Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul.

In these words of Whitman is summed up the great fact that, from the beginning, the world was seeking a man, and that from the beginning of manhood on earth humanity was seeking its soul.

We are to judge anything always by its highest, judge it at the outcome, when it has given full expression to itself, and we can see its meaning.

Let me illustrate in one or two ways what I mean. Suppose a man — for in this land of fancy we can suppose anything — who had never seen an apple-tree, and who had no one to tell him its meaning, and could not know it except as he watched it grow from the seed. At first the little, tiny sprouts, very like those of almost any other tree springing from the ground, he might think perhaps to be all. It is not large, not higher, perhaps, than the grasses about it. He watches it unfold until it becomes a shrub. He has seen

thousands of shrubs; and he thinks this may be the meaning of this new growth, and that it is to be only a shrub. But it grows year after year until it is a tree; and he says, Here perhaps is the end: it is for shade, its branches are wide, its leaves are fine and fair,—perhaps this is the end of its development. But one lovely spring morning he finds it one mass of white and pink flowers; and he thinks it is only a larger kind of flower, that it is for beauty, and that is the end. But in a few days the blossoms fade and fall; and it is not so fair as those trees that never have blossoms which are noticed by the passer-by. After a while a tiny green ball appears where the blossom has fallen away, and it grows and grows; and perhaps, after it is half grown, he plucks one of these green globes, and tastes it, and finds that it is astringently bitter, and thinks, if this is the end, it is the work of some malevolent power. There is neither beauty nor taste nor use in it, so far as he can see. But he waits; and by and by, some day in the Fall, he finds these globes grown fair and beautiful. One falls into his hand at a touch: he tastes it, and finds that it is luscious, fit for food; and at last, by this highest outcome and product, he learns what the apple-tree meant all along. This is what it was for.

Suppose, again, that some one who had never seen a light-house should watch the process of building that one down the harbor on Minot's Ledge. The first process is at low tide to drill deep and large holes down in the solid rock; and he, looking on and asking no questions, might suppose that these were for the purpose of blasting the rock away, and getting rid of it. But he finds they do not do this. After a while other blocks of rock are brought, and are bolted to the solid natural foundations. And this process goes on till it is forty feet of solid, piled up rock, each piece bolted solidly to that which is beneath it. And he thinks, This is some tower they are erecting, though for what purpose he might not be able to conjecture. It is solid: there is no place for any one to live in or even temporarily to stay. But above the forty feet it is hollow, all rocky-

walled, but a room within. A room for what? Is it a house? Is some one going to live there? Would he take all this pains to make for himself an inaccessible home? But by and by, atop of the solid walls, there is plate glass, through which you can see in every direction. Then he begins to think that this is for an outlook, either to note the beauty of the landscape or to watch for approaching enemies, or to see the ships as they sail in and out day after day. But by and by, on some dark night, when everything is ready, out flashes the light for the guidance of ships that are seeking harbor; and then he says, The light is for the guidance and the help of the world: this is what it meant all the way. So, as we study man from the beginning in his lower range, and then climb higher and higher, we find out what a man is for, what a man means, what shall be the outcome. Let us, then, trace, as fully as we can in our time, the process, and see where we shall see land.

These bodies of ours were not created in a moment. They were not the result of a *Let bodies be, and they were.* Ages and ages it took to create these structures which are looked upon, perhaps, as so poor, and which we sometimes treat with such contempt. Every creature that has crawled, every creature that has swum, every creature that has flown, every creature that has wandered the jungles of the world, has been at work, under the guidance of the creative Intelligence, in creating these bodies of ours. And, as I said to you last Sunday, the physical form has climbed from the horizontal until now it is perpendicular. It can go no farther. The power of evolution has stopped there. This physical frame of ours is so constructed that it will go on many ages probably, perfecting along certain lines; but there can be no radical change in the structure of the human body except one of deterioration. And every part, every faculty, every passion, every taste, of these bodies, is healthful, is pure, is right. Men in some ages of the world have supposed, because they have felt the conflict between the lower and the higher in them, that the way to cultivate and

develop the soul was to abuse, beat down, and trample under foot the body. We do, indeed, share these bodies with the beasts of the field; and there are still lurking within us physical traces, that I need not stop to call your attention to, of our animal origin. We still have the bear, the tiger, the fox, the snake, in us; and it is our business to rule these or to eliminate them. It is a part of the process of civilization, of the development of a soul, to outgrow these, to leave them to the animal where they essentially belong. And yet, as I have said, these things in themselves are right. They are not to be despised. They are to be mastered. They are to be used. However fine we may discover this nature of ours to be at the top, so long as it is in this world, so long as we are dealing with the facts of a life like this, we need bodies perfected, healthy, strong. We need to lay broad and deep our foundations, no matter how lofty the superstructure may be.

But the great fault of the past has been — and it has been a fault very natural at the time — that humanity has so frequently stopped there in the body, has been content to lead only a physical life. As I said, all the parts, the passions, of our physical nature are right, and are to be honored; but he who lives only for these and in these, however magnificent he may be, is only a magnificent animal. A man has shown in a thousand ways that, when he has reached the perfection of his animal nature, instead of being through, instead of having found the meaning of his nature and his life, he has only begun.

I wish you to note all the way along that, though I may seem to divide off man arbitrarily into different parts, I do so merely for the purpose of discussion. You are not to think that man was all animal at first, and then something else, and then something else. He was all that he is now in seed, in potency, in promise, all that he ever will be, from the beginning. Only for clearness of discussion I make this arbitrary distinction.

Let us, then, take a step higher, and notice man as mind.

We might at first think that we had got through here, so magnificent is this development. As we look over the world to-day, undoubtedly it is true that there are thousands and thousands and thousands of people who can hardly be said to have climbed up into anything higher than the mental ranges of their being; and thousands of those thousands are living in the lower ranges of the mental still. Oh, these minds of ours, how wonderful they are! Nobody has ever been able to define mind. Nobody has ever been able to measure or to comprehend it. We can comprehend and predict the orbit of a sun. We can weigh a star. But no man has ever yet been able to comprehend or to predict the orbit of the mind or to weigh or estimate a thought. The mind, the thought, share their infinite mystery with the Infinite himself. And yet, as in the case of the body, all the way from the beginning, since the lowest creature began the process that we call thought, these creatures have been working, through all grades and through all ages, to build up your brain and mine. Sometimes we wonder that we cannot take a barbarian, and suddenly make him comprehend our highest civilized thought. As a matter of fact, you will find that there is nothing in this barbarian mind to appeal to with your higher thought. He has to be developed, he must climb up into this range of thinking, before your words have any meaning or your thought can find an echo. The brain progressively through all these ages has been growing finer in structure: it has more involved and complex folds. Its marvellous structure corresponds to the growth in the possibility and power of thinking. At last man learned speech, and speech grew from babbling to all this marvellous complexity and fineness of speech. Then he discovered an alphabet, arbitrary signs that should represent thought, that should be understood all around the world to represent a thought; and so, by making that sign and sending it to the other side of the planet, he could transfer thought from his own brain to that of another who should be capable of comprehending it. And so this mental structure, this mental

growth, has gone on; and out of it have blossomed history, poems, all that we mean by the literature of the world.

No wonder at first, when men considered how magnificent a world they had created here, that they should think this is enough, that man is king by virtue of this power, and that this power of thought is a suitable end. But the world has discovered that thinking is not an end in itself. These brains of ours ought to be trained, indeed, to think. We are not half through yet with this matter of thinking. We call ourselves in this church free thinkers in the grandest sense of the word; but we are not free thinkers yet, the most of us. We are under the domination of bias, of prejudice, of inheritance, of personal predispositions, of desires. We want to find out that things are what we like them to be rather than to find out what is true. Is not this so of the most of us? We shall not be free thinkers until these brains of ours are as impartial as a pair of scales. Truth, truth, truth only represents and is the pathway to God, and to the highest and best conditions of humanity. And the only end of thinking is to find the truth, and to use this pathway of truth in leading humanity into right living and right thinking concerning the things that touch our human nature and our human welfare. A man, then, though he may be a magnificent animal, and though his mind be as unbiassed as a ray of light, is still not through: he has not found that for which he was created, if that is all. He has not found his meaning.

Let us take a step higher, then. We come here to the realm of beauty, of that which finds expression in art, in the love of fair forms and musical sounds. Here, indeed, is a palace where it would seem fitting that humanity might make her permanent abode; and there are thousands of people who are artists or who have trained themselves into the love of the beautiful who are contending to-day that this is the end, that it should be beauty for beauty's sake, art for art's sake, and that there is nothing higher. Here, again, it was through a long process of creative ages that man was built up to this magnificent idea of beauty.

From the time when our far-off progenitors began to scratch the figure of an animal on a rock with a sharp stone, or with a similar sharp stone scratched it upon the tusk of an elephant, from the time when he began to care for color, and to take the clays and soils of the earth to give expression to this love, from these far-off, barbaric ages until now men have been refining and refining in this direction up to the production of the highest dreams of beauty. Many think that we might be content here, and say that beauty should be cultivated for its own sake. But beauty for its own sake is not only intensely selfish, not only intensely unhuman, perhaps I might be justified in saying *in*human, for he who seeks only his own personal cultivation in this direction, and who is hurt by a discord as another might be by a blow, or is hurt by the crude in art as another might be by the most offensive sight that could be presented to him,— these men, instinctively, naturally, necessarily, if this is the object of their pursuit, draw themselves away from their fellow-creatures, and selfishly follow beauty for its own behoof, and live in it for their own delight. If, then, there be anything in our dream of a higher humanity for those who, like Jesus, have declared that the one who seeks his own life shall lose it, and he who loses his life shall be the only one who finds it,— if these men are right, if there is something in their dream in the way of a prophecy of a grander thing for the world, then, even in the world of art, we have not found the end of man, the meaning of a man.

Let us see if we can take still another step higher. We come here into a realm where souls like Jesus are at home,— the realm of love. Love is no new thing. The animal will die for its young. It will die for the herd; for they can organize into their own societies, and fight for the protection of each other, and they do. Man began where the animal began. Beginning with the love of offspring, he has developed this love until to-day, as you know, there are men in the world — I have known them, men and women, too —

who love those that they have never seen, who love the barbaric, who love the crude, who love the slave, who love the prisoner, who love the criminal, who love the diseased, who love anything and everything that lives, that can feel, that is capable of pain, is capable of joy, that can love these and love them forever, love them enough to die for them, love them until we say that they are like God, giving themselves lavishly to all, for the welfare of all. Here, then, we are close on the borders of the meaning of a man; for here we catch a glimpse, we hear a whisper, of the divine rivulet flowing about us out of the very heart of God. As we look over the history of the world, as we look down the steps by which humanity has climbed to its present height, it is these men that have forgotten self, these men that have made themselves of no reputation, these men that have been willing that the body should suffer, if that must be, these men who have put aside the allurements of intellectual culture for the sake of others, these men who love beauty, but who have been willing to turn their backs upon it and become the companions of ugliness, these men that have not sought riches, these men that have not sought fame, these men that have not sought personal power,—it is these men in all ages on whose heads seems to rest the radiance of divine light that takes the shape of a crown. These men that have lived, these men that have served, these men that have given themselves for their fellows,—these, we say, are the highest; and, whether we are ready to imitate them or not, we perforce bow the knee in their presence. We take off our hats in reverence, as we approach them. Here, we say, is something so much above the best in us, so much above the intellect, so much above literature, so much above the studies of art, so much above all that is beneath it, that they seem to be akin to God.

Let us take one step more, not necessarily, but yet for completer definition; for love, at its highest, is of the essense of soul. The man of most magnificent body, who is clear and cultured mind, who is all beauty and art, who is

all love, yet may lack one thing more to link him with God. When a man becomes conscious of the fact that he is a soul, that he has been a soul from the first, and that he has been seeking to develop a soul all the way up; when he becomes conscious of the fact that we are sons and daughters of God, that we are sparks born out of the Infinite Soul that we call God,— then it is that, taking on him the perfection of all that is beneath him, he first realizes in all its fulness what it is to be a man.

A man, then, is a soul, a man is a child of God, and a man leads a manly life only when he uses beauty and love like a child of God, when he walks this earth as an inheritor of eternity, as one who is at home in the universe, one who makes the things beneath him minister to the development of himself as a soul, and when he knows the life of the soul means living the godlike life in the midst of his fellows. Then, I say, for the first time may he exclaim, as did my suppositious man when he saw the light shine out from the completed structure of Minot's Ledge, "This is the meaning of a man!"

Now, I wish to read you another brief poem by Tennyson, the title "By an Evolutionist." What Tennyson has in mind is the struggle of the world to be out of the animal. He has in mind, in all probability, some of his own personal struggles during his life, the times when he has felt himself mastered by that which was the lowest in him, and so, in a certain way, what he says about the body is hardly true of the best bodies, the most finely developed bodies; and yet, taking the long range and sweep of human life on earth, it is true.

The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man,
And the man said, "Am I your debtor?"
And the Lord, "Not yet; but make it as clean as you can,
And then I will let you a better."

I.

If my body come from brutes, my soul uncertain, or a fable,
Why not bask amid the senses while the sun of morning shines,

I, the finer brute rejoicing in my hounds, and in my stable,
Youth and health, and birth and wealth, and choice of women and of wines?

II.

What hast thou done for me, grim Old Age, save breaking my bones on the rack?
Would I had past in the morning that looks so bright from afar!

OLD AGE.

Done for thee? starved the wild beast that was linkt with thee eighty years back.
Less weight now for the ladder-of-heaven that hangs on a star.

I.

If my body come from brutes, tho' somewhat finer than their own,
I am heir, and this my kingdom. Shall the royal voice be mute?
No, but if the rebel subject seek to drag me from the throne,
Hold the sceptre, Human Soul, and rule thy Province of the brute.

II

I have climb'd to the snows of Age, and I gaze at a field in the Past,
Where I sank with the body at times in the sloughs of a low desire,
But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the Man is quiet at last
As he stands on the heights of his life with 'a glimpse of a height that is higher.

So Tennyson has summed up the sweep and progress of the thought that I would leave with you this morning. The soul of the man, starting in the body of a brute, cultivating it, eliminating that which is evil, subduing like a king, and establishing that which is good, climbing ever up through all, —up through brain, up through the realm of beauty, up through love,— until he stands face to face with God, realizing that his field is the universe, and that his home is eternity. That is the meaning of a man.

And now, our Father, let us take hold of Thy hand, and,

even when we are in the darkest days and the hardest places, never forget our birthright, cling to the vision we have seen, and struggle toward it, knowing that the vision itself is promise, and that God's promise means fulfilment. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, t help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has ome skill in the matter of interpretation.

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III. BEING ONE'S SELF

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BEING ONE'S SELF.

"Why then of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" — LUKE xii. 57.

EVOLUTION everywhere and always consists of a series of progressive changes from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, as the scientific men tell us. That is, it is a series of changes from the simple to the complex, from sameness to variety. If, for instance, we could have watched the process of growth by which a nebula once became this solar system of ours, we should have seen that the nebula was apparently alike in all its particles and parts; and, by the process of change that went on, at last we had our sun, the planets and their moons, the comets and asteroids, all of these different bodies that make up the solar system. And, if we could have watched the change still further when we came to our earth, we should have seen for a long period of time a molten globe, apparently homogeneous in all its parts. At last, however, land appears, and water, and an atmosphere, and the water is separated and divided, and we have oceans and lakes and rivers and brooks; and the land takes on a variety of forms, and we have plains and valleys and mountains. And not only this, that the land takes on a variety of forms so far as its superficial aspect is concerned; also there is a series of changes by which in different parts of the earth there are different kinds of soils, and an almost innumerable variety of metals and minerals, granites, flints, precious stones, iron, silver, gold, copper, and all the diversity of ores. The change that has been going on has been from sameness to variety, from simplicity to complexity everywhere.

And, when life appeared on the earth, the first forms were

apparently homogeneous, very much the same, so far as any external observation would be able to acquaint an on-looker. But out of this sameness came all the great number of fishes in the oceans and rivers, all the varieties of reptiles, all the many kinds of bird and animal forms, and finally man,— a process of specialization and change and variety everywhere.

When we come to man, we find that there was a difficulty at first in his assertion of individuality. We find that the first societies of men were homogeneous; that society was all, the individual practically nothing. If, however, the process of evolution, of growth, was to go on, there must everywhere be more and more an assertion of one's self on the part of individuals; and we actually find that the progress of human history has been on the part of mankind a change from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from simplicity to complexity, from sameness to variety, as we find in every other part of the world.

I wish this morning to consider this general matter of being one's self as related to the life and the growth of mankind; and I shall consider it under three divisions,— the difficulty of being one's self, the danger of being one's self, and the duty of being one's self.

1. In the first place, then, let us note the difficulties that encounter the man who proposes to seek out for himself his own way, who proposes to think for himself, to feel for himself, to act for himself, *to be himself*. Let us take, as an instructive example, to see how this difficulty first arose, the condition of some tribe far-off toward the beginning of the world. We shall find, if we examine that tribe,— and we may find plenty of difficulty existing to-day of a similar kind,— we shall find that there was no opportunity for an individual to be himself. We shall find that a necessity existed for the dominance of the social, the tribal life. When tribes were first formed, they were, as we find them to-day in uncivilized countries, where they are migratory, where they do not occupy a certain area of the earth which is conceded on all

hands to be their own, where they are looking for pasture lands, for water for their flocks and herds, for opportunities for livelihood of every kind, necessarily coming constantly into collision with other tribes who are looking for the same things. These tribes are, in a certain sense, loosely organized: they are small at any rate, they are feeble; and, if they are to be strong enough to make their way, strong enough to live as tribes, strong enough to hold their own in the midst of the adverse forces that are round them on every hand, they must be compacted together as far as possible into one solid organization. Individual liberty cannot be allowed, individual whim must be suppressed. There can be no criticism of those who are admitted to be their rulers and guides. A similar condition of things exists as in the case of an army anywhere in the face of an enemy. A private soldier may be wiser than his general, he may know better how to conduct the campaign, he may know that the course of the general in any particular instance is wrong, a mistaken course, one that will result in disaster; and yet he cannot be permitted to criticise his general in the face of the enemy, he cannot be permitted to go his own way, and to persuade other people that the general is wrong. If there is to be anything like order, discipline, if armies have to exist and fight, if they are to win victories, there must be one single master mind that can weld the army into one solid body, and hurl it with all its forces against the enemy. The condition of these early tribes of men was such that they were in a perpetual state of warfare: the individual was nothing, and the tribe was all. It is worth while to note, however, if this condition of things was to be absolutely rigid and inflexible, and to be maintained, there could never be anything higher or better than the tribe as then organized. For the time being the life of the tribe depended on this rigidity, this fixity of organization. As a matter of fact, we find that politically and religiously, and so far as manners and customs were concerned, one member of a tribe was simply a repetition of another member of the same tribe. They did not

dare to attempt criticism of their religious system, they did not dare to allow criticism of their political organization and habits. They did not dare to depart even in matters of dress or general personal appearance from the fixed custom of the tribe. If, for instance, a man dressed differently, so far as he dressed at all in one of those early tribes, or decorated himself differently, or cultivated a different kind of speech, he was in danger of being suspected of being in sympathy with some foreign tribe at enmity with his own, in danger of being mistaken for the member of a tribe different from his own. So his life perhaps depended on this uniformity of speech, dress, and habits.

When you come to the matter of religion, there is a dominant power in the tribe. The tribe believes that its god demands of it a certain type of worship,— certain ceremonies, certain forms, certain sacrifices,— and it has a collective responsibility. If one individual angers the god, the punishment does not come solely upon this one individual: it comes upon all the members of the tribe, or is liable to. It comes upon the ruler as well, who therefore suppresses this tendency to the development of individual ideas.

I suppose, if we study the history of religious persecution the world over, we shall find that, generally, this kind of fear is at the heart of it. It is not that men want to be cruel. It is not that men have been inhuman. Take it in regard to the persecution of the Moors in Spain; for the working of this feeling in the tribe and among the Spanish people was the same. It was not that the Spanish people were so very cruel, so very hard-hearted. They did not *dare* to allow the Moors to live and carry on their type of religious life and service in the midst of the life of their people. They were afraid of the vengeance of God, who was likely to smite Spain, if this impiety were allowed to remain on the soil. This is the kind of fear that has lain at the heart of the religious persecution of the world.

So it has been, as we see, an immensely difficult thing for individual to assert himself, to depart from the opinions,

thoughts, customs, of his own people,—difficult for him, in any true sense, to become himself, to lead an individual life. If we leave the ancient tribe, and come a little nearer to the modern world, let us note for a moment the state of things in ancient Athens. There a little larger freedom in political matters had asserted itself. There was a time in Athens when the State was called a republic, and a certain number of people were permitted to have opinions, and to express those opinions in a vote. But the great majority of people were still dominated by this ruling aristocracy, these few people who were allowed the luxury of having their own ideas; and it was not permissible for the rest to express an opinion. That is, if any one had any opinion in ancient Athens, he could carry it only to a certain extent. If he dared to oppose the ruling power, he did it at the peril of his life, unless he could gain so large a following as to become a ruling power himself. So throughout the governments of the worlds we find this principle everywhere asserting itself. The dominant class, whether it be an aristocracy, whether it be but one, a despot, an emperor, a king, this class has always asserted the right to rule. If that particular condition of things was to endure, the man who had any opinions opposed to this dominant class must keep them to himself or else be exposed to the danger of being tried and executed as a traitor.

This is the condition of things that in a certain sense was necessary. It is right from the point of view of the political organism as existing at any particular time, because, if it permits any large departure from this common custom of submission, it has admitted a principle which may work to its own destruction; and, of course, from the point of view of society as well as from the point of view of the individual, destruction, or death, is the last and worst of all earthly evils that can threaten.

The same thing was true in ancient Athens concerning its religious ideas. You know the story of Socrates, and how that illustrates this point, and how time and time again it

has been used to give force to this idea. Socrates dared to differ from the religious ideas that dominated the power of his great city; and that power simply crushed him. He did it, and he knew he did it, at the peril of his life. Here was the difficulty that faced him. If he wished to assert his higher ideas, if he wished to teach his people some nobler conception of human duty and human hopes, he must face this practical danger that was before him.

So, as we come down the ages, we find precisely the same thing everywhere. It is the tendency in all society to suppress any expression of individual fancy, of individual thought, of individual custom, of individual action. In such matters as the wearing of clothes you have not to go back very far in the history of England,—two or three hundred years, perhaps,—and you come to a time when the common laboring people, the peasants of England, had it fixed by law as to what kind of clothing they were to wear, how their garments should be made, as to the amount of money which they were to be allowed to pay for those garments. All these things were fixed. It was considered to be the right of the majority, of the king, of the Parliament, to dominate even in these matters which one would suppose might be left to individual feeling and taste. Are we very much freer yet? We are free, in a sense, in this matter of clothing and social custom. We are free, in a sense, to pay as much money as we please, if we can get the money to pay. We are free in the sense that, if we choose, we can wear any shape of hat or any style of coat or any other kind of garment that we please; and yet our dominant style is the law or the prejudice or the whim of the majority, so that there is practically almost no freedom at all in this matter, even in the modern world. It is commonplace for people to talk against fashion and the dictates of fashion. I wish you to note this, because it is a part of this domination of the majority. It is a part of this difficulty that stands in the way of one's being one's self even in so indifferent a matter as this would seem to be. If a man departs very much from the

custom of his country, of his town, he must expect to be looked at askance. I see a man occasionally on the streets and in the horse-cars who wears his hair long, and who wears a cloak instead of an overcoat, and dresses in many ways differently from any one else that I see on the street; and I see people looking at him, and he must be conscious of the fact that he is regarded as at least peculiar. And why? He may be the wisest man, for all I know, in Boston: he may be the best man in the State; but, merely because of this external departure in the matter of clothes from the customs of his fellow-men, fingers are pointed at him, questions are raised as to his sanity, or whether he be not, in some ill sense of the word, decidedly "queer."

Yet why should there not be variety in this direction? You and I know people who are put to no end of expense and trouble merely for the sake of avoiding this social pressure that makes each one want to look like his neighbor. The garments which they had last year are perhaps in good condition, but they dare not wear them. They may not be able to buy new ones, but they dare not do anything else. They may deny themselves as to matters of food, they may deny themselves means of intellectual culture; but they must look like their neighbors. It seems to me that there might be a possible advantage in a little more variety in this instead of having the whole civilized world ironed out into this uniformity of appearance. I could not help thinking this, as I have travelled in foreign countries. When I was in Spain, I wanted to see Spanish fashions; but what I did see was the fashions of Paris, just as I would see them in London or New York. This beautiful variety is rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth under the pressure of this difficulty even in so light a matter as this of being one's self. I saw in Williams & Everett's picture-store the other day a portrait of a lady, beautifully painted, and I remarked that it was not quite safe to be painted in any fashionable costume, because in a year or two it looked so unlike the prevailing fashion that people looked askance at it. But, when

the time comes round that the fashion is in vogue again, that which is now a "fright" will be beautiful once more.

If in this matter it is difficult, how much more difficult is it in the higher and grander realms for people to be themselves! People are not half free yet. Even here in this city of Boston people are not free to be themselves religiously. I wish to note that as being of great importance. What price did Theodore Parker have to pay for being himself? What was his crime? His crime was that he dared to study history, and interpret it according to the light of the best scholarship he could find. He dared to look over the face of the religious world, and select that which seemed to him to be essential and important, and to speak for it. He dared to give utterance to what we are beginning to recognize as the highest and finest religious ideals of his time. He did it at the cost of being ostracized and outlawed.

Take Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison and their compeers, what was their crime? To look over the face of the world and assert that things were not in the condition they ought to be, that there were certain great evils that ought to be wiped out, that there were certain great moral truths neglected, certain people oppressed who ought to be free; and for this they were in danger of ostracism and persecution of every kind. Here, then, are the difficulties, or some of them, that stand in the way of being one's self in this world. And yet let me call attention to the fact that every step of human progress up to this time has been the result of somebody's determination to be himself. We shall have occasion to note this farther on.

2. I wish now, in the second place, to note the danger in this assertion of individuality. There is a danger attached to it,— not only a personal danger that threatens the one who dares, but a social danger, a danger that in a certain sense justifies the opposition to this assertion of the individual. Let us see the principle that is involved.

In the first place, at any particular stage in the history of world, any person who industrially, socially, politically,

or religiously differs from his fellow-men is likely to be wrong. We have accepted in this country the rule of the majority, because we believe that the majority is more likely to be right than the minority. At any rate, there are more people concerned in having their own way; and we say the majority ought to rule. We concede this principle; and yet, if the majority had always ruled in this sense, we should have had a stagnant world, and not even the dream of a civilization. We must concede the point that the man who rises to tell the world that it is wrong is nine times in ten more likely to be wrong himself. This is historically true, as well as that all the probabilities point that way. I suppose there may have been a good many upstarts in Athens who set forth their own ideas as to how things ought to be, but who were crushed out before the time of Socrates and after his day; and the probability is they ought to have been crushed out. Take it in the case of Jesus Christ. We know that he was not the only one who claimed to be the Messiah or on whose behalf the claim was put forth. There were many people whom we should call cranks, or crazy, in Judea, who claimed to be the Messiah. They made mischief, and disturbed the public peace, and brought the nation into trouble with its Roman rulers. They were nuisances, to be suppressed by the common sense of the majority. So, when Jesus appeared, why should not the people who did not understand him, who had not made a study of his character, have supposed that this was another of these deceivers who ought to be put out of the way? If you find a beaten track or pathway leading between two fields or two towns, and find out that for ages people have been going along that track, and going safely, you would better think twice before you condemn the road. "Speak well of the bridge that carries you safely over," is a wise proverb.

So in regard to industrial matters, in regard to political matters, in regard to religious matters, the man who rises to assert in the face of the world that he is right and they are wrong must remember that the chances are with the major-

ity. The world will remember it if he does not. We must be ready to face this danger,— not only the danger of persecution, not only the danger of being suppressed, but we must remember that he is threatening the public peace and welfare with his new ideas if he be not right; and you see what the chances are when a million is one way and only one the other way. If he be not right, then he is simply a disturber and annoyance and injury. We must remember this: that the majority that oppose what seem to them new and ill-founded ideas have the presumption at the start on their side; and he who faces this must recognize that he is doing something that he must justify or else he must keep silent. No man has a right to disturb the conditions of his time with his whims, his fancies, his notions, his ill-assorted and undeveloped plans. We say we have a right to the expression of our opinion. We have wrought out that political right in the history of the English nation and of the American English-speaking people. We have wrought out that political right; but it is simply a concession of this principle: that there is a wrong to the individual in suppression from the point of view of the individual. But he has no right to disturb the existing condition of things unless he has taken all possible pains to assure himself that the ideas he has come to hold are sound and true.

If a man makes the assertion that I have alluded to, it is apparently an insult to everybody else. It looks like mere egotism on his part. He looks in the face of a dozen men, and says, "I am right, and you twelve are wrong." He would better not make that assertion unless he is ready to demonstrate it, unless he can win over those who are opposed to him, at the first blush, into an agreement with his ideas. The world goes on fairly well under the existing condition of things, politically, socially, industrially, as we say; and the man who wishes to change this condition must show adequate cause, or else he simply endangers the public peace and welfare as well as his own safety and happiness.

That principle is so important that it needs recognition;

and we ought not to be impatient with the opposition that is offered to the presentation of all new ideas. We are accustomed to ridicule those who opposed Darwinism when it was first advanced in Europe and America. We are accustomed to speak with bitterness of those who were opposed to the discoveries of Copernicus and Newton and all the great leaders and thinkers of the world. But we must remember that at first people could not distinguish between these and a thousand other persons whose claims had been proved futile and inefficient. The existing order of things has a right to exist until occasion shall show that there ought to be a change.

3. Bearing this in mind, let us pass to consider not merely the right, but the duty, of being one's self. I said a moment ago that, when one man asserts his opinion against a thousand, the chances are that the one man is wrong and the thousand are right; but yet, if there is ever to be any growth, if there is ever to be any progress in the world, if human society, politically, socially, industrially, religiously, is ever to be any better, it must be that now and then the man who asserts that the majority is wrong shall be found to be correct, because it is out of these variations that all progress comes.

Let us note one or two illustrations in the lower forms of life. Those who have studied in this direction are aware of the fact that all the flowers of the world have been gradually developed as the result of fertilization, of a certain æsthetical choice on the part of birds and lower animals. Flowers have been developed from weeds. If the principle of majority rule had always prevailed, there would have been no flowers in the world. Every new flower that comes into existence is the result of a horticultural heresy. It is an advance, and the triumph at last of a variation.

So all the grains of the world have been developed by variation and change from a few simple grains that were hardly worth the cultivation. So all the fruits of the world, all the fair and beautiful things in the lower world, have

come, not as the result of the principle of heredity, which simply repeats the past, but of that principle which is called scientifically the tendency to vary. This new upstart, this pretender, comes, and proves that he is right, proves that here is a new manifestation of beauty, a higher form; and so it comes to be accepted. It is because of the assertion of individuality on the part of these new pretenders that all the growth of the world has come to pass.

It is the duty, then, of a free man or a free woman to study, to think, to feel, and to speak and act for himself and herself. Truth is infinite. It never yet was all reflected in any one system or in any one brain. We need as many reflections as we can possibly get; and every new idea and every new suggestion is only so much added to the richness of modern thought.

Take the growth of a language. Any one who invents a new and serviceable word has conferred a public benefit. So in regard to theories of the world's advances. Consider our industrial condition. If the present condition is right and permanent, if the relations of employers and employed, of capital and labor, are ideal as they exist to-day, if any change could only be in the direction of something poorer, if the present arrangements work so that every honest man has all that he needs for food and clothing and shelter and for the cultivation of his brain and mind, his heart, his spiritual life,— if this be the real condition of things, then this industrial order ought to be rigidly maintained. But does any one suppose that ours is the ideal condition of things? I do not mean that every man who brings a new theory concerning the organization of society ought to be permitted to try it off-hand, because the chances are that most of the men to-day who are telling us how the industry of the world ought to be reorganized are wrong. But it is only out of the study, only out of the suggestion, only out of the freedom of discussion, only out of gradual and tentative trials here and there, that an improvement in our social condition is to come. It ought to come. I received a letter this last week

from a man living on the Pacific coast. He has been an honest man all his life long. He has been an industrious man all his life long. He has no bad habits, and has never had any. I do not believe he has ever been in possession of a dishonestly gotten dollar. But that man within the last week or two has been obliged to leave a place where he could get nothing to do for which he could receive a dollar, and, on the chance of bettering himself, go to another place; and he and his family are sleeping on a blanket on the floor, because they are not able to get money to bring their household goods from the place of his last home, though he and his boys are ready to do any honest thing they can have an opportunity to do. And they have only a few potatoes in the house, and not a pound of flour. We are not in a perfect condition industrially when things like this can exist. It is time that some one resisted, that some one asserted himself, that some one thought, that some one showed us the way into a better method of living; for it is absurd to suppose that these things need to exist. The earth is capable of producing enough for all. There is enough wealth in the world, or may be; but something is wrong in our industrial condition.

So take it politically. We have reached a point in America where we say we are politically free. Are we? I believe that the grandest duty that comes to any thoughtful man to-day is to be himself politically. We have reached a point where we say we can think as we please and speak as we please and vote as we please. We have two great parties in this country. How free is any one to differ from his own party? He must pay for it if he chooses to do it. He must be sneered at if he is not regarded as a traitor and a crank. And yet the one thing most needed in every city in this nation is enough men who are willing to be themselves politically, to grasp in their hands and hold permanently the balance of power, so that they can say to the leaders of either party, Dare to put up a bad man with a bad record and bad principles, and you are sure of defeat. That is the

one thing that is needed politically more than anything else whatsoever.

And, religiously, are we free? We are free from chains and from the faggot, we are not in any danger of the kind of persecution that used to follow men in the Middle Ages; but how much must a man pay still for his freedom? I have in mind a personal friend who is a year-long illustration. His mother, still holding to the old theological ideas, because she cannot see that her boy has a right to think for himself, is leading a life, and will lead it so long as life lasts, of sorrow and grief that is a bitterness and burden to the boy, because he has dared to be himself religiously and to follow his own conscience. He is surrounded on every hand by friends who think he is trampling on things sacred and holy because he dares to be himself religiously. You still have to pay this high price for religious freedom. And yet who is there that supposes that the world has attained its final and absolutely perfect condition religiously? And, if it has not, then somebody, as the result of free thought and free study and earnest application to the problems involved, must point out the way to take a new step toward something larger, something finer and better.

So in every direction, if the world is to advance, if it is to grow, if it is to become anything finer and higher, it must be because men and women here and there dare to be themselves.

There is one other phase of this that I must touch on for a moment. Is this being one's self religiously, this assertion, egotism? It has been a prevailing teaching throughout the history of Christianity that the finest thing a man can do is to efface himself, to be humble, to be meek, not to be self-assertive, not to have his own ideas, but to obey his superiors, his masters, his bishop, his church; to bow his head in reverence in the presence of the ecclesiastical creed of his own order, to become as nothing in the dust before God, to extinguish self. This has been taught as the ideal of saintliness. I believe that another ideal is to replace this.

There is no virtue in self-effacement. If I am to give myself, let me first *be* something, so that the gift has value. Let me make myself physically all I may, let me make myself mentally all I may, let me be cultured and balanced all that I can, so that my opinions may be of worth. Let me cultivate the artistic side of my nature until I am in love with beauty, and can distinguish beauty from the commonplace and from ugliness. Let me develop my affectional nature until I instinctively turn to all that is lovely and of good report. Let me cultivate myself spiritually, and grow into the stature of a man so far as my soul life is concerned: then, when I am something, when I know something, when I possess power, when I can stand as a unit, when I count one, then I can serve. I can be of no benefit if I have no power. I cannot teach if I am ignorant. I cannot lift another if there is no power of inspiration in me. Let me become, then, all I may. Let me be *myself* to the fullest, and then let me give myself to humanity; and out of this voluntary association of developed, cultivated, rounded individualities we shall at last have a perfect society.

Father, we thank Thee for this power to say "I," to think of ourselves as separate from Thee, as distinct from our fellows. Let us, then, try to become rich in this personality of ours, and then bring all the wealth of health and sanity and education and inspiration and enthusiasm, and lay them at Thy feet for the service of our fellows. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book l ke this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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WHY SHOULD I BE THANKFUL?

"What hast thou that thou didst not receive? But if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory, as if thou hadst not received it?"—1 Cor. iv. 7.

I suppose there are many things in the present condition of this country that at the first blush would seem to excuse a large number of us from any strong feeling of gratitude, and, perhaps, from any expression of it whatever. It has been a year of depression, not only of the ordinary troubles and misfortunes of life that ever come to us, but to many there have come extraordinary troubles, troubles hard to bear. And so, at first, it might not seem to be a good time to discuss the question of thanksgiving. The occasion of the first Thanksgiving in the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts was one of sudden prosperity following poverty, hunger, and threatened disaster of the extremest kind. When we are met face to face by some extraordinary good, long looked for, half-expected, gratitude naturally, spontaneously, wells up in our hearts and springs to our lips; but in the midst of depression and poverty, when the things that we have assuredly looked for have not come, can we then be thankful?

I propose this morning to discuss the question, assuming that you ought to be grateful, and pointing out some reasons why, in spite of those that appear to stand in the way.

In the first place, you ought to be grateful, because the feeling and the expression of gratitude are the fitting and natural manifestation of one who has received a benefit, however slight. Just as we would express any courteous feeling that is fitting and proper, so, when some good has come into our lives, there should be the feeling, and in some way the expression, of thankfulness.

In the next place, the most important thing that we can do in this world is to cultivate and develop our souls, our spiritual lives, into symmetry and beauty. The spirit, the soul, grows by use and exercise precisely in the same way as does any other part of our being. We ought, then, to give expression to gratitude for the sake of the culture and development of our inner being.

In the third place, if you find a heart where there is no thankfulness, you will find one tenanted by a set of guests that ought not to be welcome anywhere, and that ought not long to be entertained. The opposite of thankfulness is frequently discontent, jealousy, envy, a sour and unhappy disposition. Take these away, recognize that they have no place in the soul, and look around to see what you have that is of worth in your lives, and the natural expression of that condition, of that feeling, will be gratitude. So much for proposed hints at the beginning.

Now, I wish to raise a question that I do not believe we consider so often as would be helpful and well for us. Ingratitude and discontent,— I do not mean that divine discontent out of which progress comes,— that sour discontent that simply imbitters and distorts life,— these things frequently come because at the outset we assume a condition of things which does not really exist. We assume that we have a right to things: we assume that we have a claim on somebody. We assume that, if we do not have the things we desire, we have a right to find fault with somebody who has dealt unjustly, hardly, with us. I wish to ask you to consider, then, for a little this question as to how much of the things you desire in this world you have a claim to,— such a claim as that, if they do not come, you have a right to appeal to somebody, as though injustice had been done.

Now let us take it as to those who are nearest to us, the world, society. How much claim have we on anybody? There is a class of persons — and you all know what kind of a class they are, too — who are perpetually talking about the world's owing them a living. Now, I do not know of any

person on the face of the earth to whom the world owes one single mill, in that sense. Generally, those people who say that the world owes them a living are the people who have conferred not the slightest service or benefit on anybody else. They have not established a claim to so much as a drink of water or a mouthful of bread by any service which they have rendered. On the other hand, they generally are persons of such a character and life that the world would be richer and better if they had not come into it or if they would kindly consent to leave.

Let us consider this situation. Take a smaller illustration; for perhaps the world is too large to make the matter clear. Let us take a thriving, flourishing town, containing five thousand people. These five thousand people are getting along very comfortably. They all have fairly comfortable homes, they have enough to do, they are receiving an income, so that they can live in comfort. They are ordinarily prosperous, as we should say. We will suppose that in that community there is no call for another laborer, no need of another store, no need of another lawyer, no need of another physician, no need of another banker, no need of any more people of any kind. The places are filled, and the work that appears ready to be done is being done. Now suppose in the case of a town like this that another man, the five thousand and first, comes. Nobody in town has asked him: he volunteers to come. As he crosses the limit of the city and stands on the sidewalk for the first time, can he honestly say that that town owes him a living or owes him anything? The only way he can establish any claim whatsoever on anybody in the place is by rendering a service. He must render some service that is fairly adequate before he can expect to take anything out of the accumulated resources of that place. Only on that condition can the town ever be said to owe him anything whatsoever.

Now, with this illustration of the town in mind, let us turn to the world for a moment, the larger town, this planet of ours that we call the earth. There are those who think that

it is fairly full. There are persons who talk about the United States being crowded, so that we need to limit immigration. I do not believe in limiting immigration. I only believe in sifting it: that, I think, we ought to concern ourselves about. But, as a matter of fact, every man, woman, and child in the United States to-day could live and get a living in the State of Texas alone, so that there is no danger of our being uncomfortably crowded just yet. But take that supposition. No matter whether we are crowded or not, people feel that there are enough persons. As things are at present organized, there seems to be a superfluous number, because there are so many who do not find any remunerative or satisfactory occupation. Take, then, this little planet of ours. There comes to it a new soul, a new body, a new individual. Can this new person that comes to the world claim that the world owes him a living? It seems to me that there are only two persons who, at the time of the child's coming, owe him anything,— only two persons on whom he has any claim; and those two persons are the father and mother who have invited him here. The world, then, does not owe anybody a living in that sense.

Yet there are thousands of persons who, looking over the face of society, are envious, jealous, discontented; and these are not poor people, people who are in want. They are people whose income is a thousand dollars who are envious of the person who has two thousand; they are persons whose income is five thousand who are angry because it is not ten thousand; or somebody whose income is ten thousand dollars is working, putting his body, his mind, and his soul into the venture, and ready to sacrifice them all, if he can make it a hundred thousand. They are envious, jealous, discontented, angry with the thought that somehow the world has wronged them. There are persons who are imbittered because of their own looks or their stature or some physical peculiarity,— matters such as would make them smile if they looked at it carefully and sensibly. There are persons who are discontented and angry with the world because they are

not intellectually so brilliant as some one else. There are persons discontented for almost every cause imaginable; and they are feeling sore and discouraged on account of that, as though the world owed them all these things that they desire, and was keeping them back.

Now turn and look in another direction. If the world does not owe us all we desire, does God owe us anything? You know perfectly well that there are thousands of people in the world walking through life discontented, unsatisfied, imbittered, feeling no sense of gratitude as they look upward, even if they believe that there is anybody to whom to look up. They have the feeling that they do not owe much in the way of recognition to God, because he has not conferred upon them all their hearts desire. Now have we any such claim?

Let us look at it for a moment. God gives us at least a little, he gives us something. Now, that something, if it is desirable, if we care for it, is a positive blessing and real good. Ought we not to be grateful for so much? But thousands of persons by their characters and lives, if not by words, say "no" because it is not more.

A man who is going to Europe for two or three years out of pure friendship lets me have the use of his estate while he is gone. Perhaps he has a house and magnificent grounds somewhere in the country. He does not need the income, he does not care to let some one whom he does not know occupy it. He lets me use it for two or three years; and I have the benefit of the beautiful home and the pictures and all the accumulations of art that it contains. I have the range of the grounds and the delight of all the trees, the joy in the flowers: all is mine for three years. At the end of the three years he returns; and I move out of his house. Now shall I curse him or call him names, and say he is mean and selfish, because he takes it away from me, or shall I be grateful to him for the positive good so long possessed? It seems to me that a large part of the lack of gratitude in human hearts comes from the fact that they set up conceited and

utterly unfounded claims. They feel, if they do not say, I ought to have so and so: I ought to be so and so; and, if God or the universe does not make me or confer upon me such and such things, then I have a right to feel injured. Now, if God gives the tiniest insect a life as long as fifty seconds, and his life is full of joy, so much good is conferred. And, if he gives some other creature a life of a hundred years, the one who lives only fifty seconds is not injured by that which is conferred upon the other. Neither can the one that has had but a life of fifty seconds say, "I have a right to a hundred years." As a matter of fact, he has no right to anything. We have no *right* to anything: all is pure, free, outright gift. We can have no claim that we can urge.

So, when God gives us something and then it is taken away, instead of being sour and bitter because of its loss, would it not be well to consider now and then the other side, and be thankful for its possession?

If we will remember, then, what seem to me these two incontrovertible positions, that we have no claims on the world and we have no claim on God for that which is not conferred, it will at least put us in a negative condition, which may turn by and by into a positive condition, of gratitude.

Let us turn from this now, to consider a few of the things that have been given to us all, some of the reasons why we should be grateful. And right here let me suggest to you one thing; and that is that, whatever differences there may be among people in this world,—differences in the way of physical beauty, differences in health, differences in intellectual endowment, differences in regard to our position, differences as to property, differences in anything,—whatever differences there may be here, whatever things we may desire that we do not have, one thing is incontrovertibly true. And that is that the best things that this world holds are no monopoly of a class. They do not belong exclusively to the rich; they do not belong exclusively to college graduates, to the intellectually cultured; they do not belong exclusively to the intellectually brilliant of any type; they do not belong

to the few anywhere. The best things that this world has, the best things that God ever bestows, are substantially the common property of the world; or, if they are not, it is not the fault of God or the world, but the fault of the person who will not gratefully enter into possession. You will find that the principal things which I am going to mention this morning as causes for gratitude are things which are open to everybody. I do not agree with the sentiment which seems to be, if not universal, yet a very common one — that many of the things that occasion envy and jealousy are necessarily blessings at all, necessarily things for which one need to be especially grateful. As I look over the world, I do not at all envy those people that we find commonly envied. I question seriously as to whether that is the direction in which we should look for happiness.

Now, what are some of the reasons why we should be grateful? First, I mention this wonderful mystic gift of life, the simple fact that we are alive. Speaking of one pressed hard by misfortune, one whose life had been a dreary career, a friend said to Lucy Stone one day that she thought it was a pity that that person had ever been born. Her reply was quick: "No: no matter what her condition, no matter what her sufferings, she has entered on the inheritance of the immortal career." Such is the marvellous gift of life. If it be true that this life here is the beginning of an endless career, and if by passing through the gateway of death we are to go out into the larger life, to become citizens of this universe,— and this, at any rate, I firmly believe,— if this be true, then this gift of life, even in the midst of poverty, disease, pain, and want of almost all things, and although this should last for years, is a magnificent gift of good. For what are a few brief years of trial and suffering if they lead to that? I am one of those —I do not know that I have a great many companions — who believe that the gift of life, at least ninety-nine times in a hundred, is a good, and would be a good, even if there were nothing beyond. I am grateful every moment of every day that I am alive, no matter what is the

end, no matter how much pain and disaster I may have to bear, no matter if I go into nothingness at the end. Even if these were the conditions, I should be glad that my eyes have opened, even for a little while, on this wonderful scene of the world under my feet and the heavens over my head. I would be glad that I had listened to the tones of music. I have had a half-hour of bird-song in a summer morning that would pay to overflowing for years of labor and pain. If you cannot estimate that kind of measurement, I am afraid that I cannot help you. I shall have to wait till you grow into an appreciation of it. Yes: I am glad that I am alive, no matter what the end is to be. But when I can believe, and believe rationally, that the gateway to the grave leads into the eternal light, then what matters the burden, the sorrow, and the trial here? Be thankful, then, that you have been made the recipient of this marvellous gift of life.

In the second place, be grateful that you have conferred upon you the power to think, the power to study, the power to know; for those who have trained themselves into some little appreciation of what all this means, this ability to study the earth under our feet, to explore the heavens over our heads, have received an unspeakable gift of good. To find out the meaning of a ray of light, to study the process by which it comes to us across these millions of miles of space from the sun, to untangle it, take this white ray to pieces, and see the infinite wealth of color which it contains; to study the flowers, and trace their unfolding from the seed,—to see how out of the earth which we trample under our feet, how out of the power of warmth and light that come to us from the sun, this wonderful miracle of beauty and fragrance that we call a flower is born; to follow these steps, and feel that we are tracing the footsteps of the Creator; to lift the rocky crust under our feet until we can find out how the world is made,—to reconstruct the forms of flowers, of birds, of animals, that have been extinct for a million years, to think them again till they stand alive before us, and we re-create the antique world; to study the ruins of ancient Rome, and dig down

in the dust heap fifteen, twenty, thirty feet deep, and build again that wonderful city; to traverse the literature of the world, and think over again the sweet thoughts of the poets, the profound ideas of the philosophers; to enter upon this realm of human knowledge, and to note that, however curiosity may be piqued in any one of ten thousand directions, no matter how many doors may be closed in our faces, we can still knock till they be opened, and follow through to the beginnings of knowledge,— this world of thought, the wonder there is for any man who will enter upon it, this is an opportunity that is waiting for all. Is not here something for which to be a little grateful and glad?

Then take that other department of human life that is open more fully at present than ever before, open more widely to some than to others, but to which we all have keys, the realm of beauty,— beauty of form, beauty of color, beauty of tone, the whole realm of art. Here is a world of which no one has the monopoly. The peasants of Italy and of France have often a truer instinct, a profounder knowledge in this direction, than many a man who thinks himself cultivated. It does not belong to the rich; it does not belong to the educated, in the conventional sense of that word; it does not belong to those high in social position. Here is a realm of human life which all of us may enter upon, and share in the joy of God over the beauty of his world; for I cannot help thinking that God does experience most exquisite joy over the millions of beautiful forms, beautiful colors, and beautiful tones that make up the anthem of the world's beauty and music. No one who has no appreciation of a rose ever created and tinted it, and gave it its perfume.

Then there is another world, grander still, the world of human love, that is open to us all. Any man worthy of love may find it; for love is that which answers to love, as deep answers unto deep. If I find a man who tells me that he has not a friend in the world, I feel pretty sure that he has not earned a friend. Love, friendship,— is it needful that I speak more than those very words? Do I need to explain

or analyze what is covered by the words father, mother, brother, sister, husband, wife, child, friend? The mystery, the ecstasy, the delight, the permanent and pervasive joy of the world, is here. When a brain or a soul has found a mate, one whose thought answers to his thought, feeling to feeling, hope to hope, and aspiration to aspiration, so that they are sure, whether they travel hand in hand or the diameter of the earth is between them, they cannot be separated,— when one has found this, he has found the meaning of life. And whatever may be the condition of life otherwise, with immortality and a friend, immortality and some one to love, here is all of God and all of heaven. And these are things that may come into the life of any one of us; for they are a part of the inheritance of humanity.

But there appear to be some offsets to this statement. So let me right here raise one or two questions, lest I leave it in such fashion that your mind seems to escape from the necessity of my conclusion.

Suppose you have had property, more than you have now. Suppose you have lost property during the last year, I want you to remember — over and over again let me say it — that, since you had no claim on God for a single penny, the having had it and the use of it for so long a time was itself a positive gift of good. I want you to rise to the magnificent height of that Old Testament hero who said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." If you can get humble enough to understand that the gift was an outright gift, that you had no claim to it, you can at least bless him for the positive gift, though now it is taken away.

Let us turn to something harder yet. All of us at some time have lost friends, all of us who have grown to manhood and womanhood have had some dear one who has died. Some of us have passed through that experience during the year. Shall we therefore feel bitter and hurt and sore? Shall we say, What have I done that God should try me in this way? Shall we point enviously to the home of a neighbor,

and say, Why did death come to my home, and not to that? Let us remember that the gift of these blessed souls to us for so long as we had them was a positive gift of good. Our souls are richer, our lives are fairer, because they have been with us. And I do not believe there is a single one of you all who would say, I would rather have never had this child, this friend, whoever it may be, than to have had him or her, and then felt the loss. I believe you will echo those trite, beautiful words of Tennyson,—

> "'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all."

Suppose you had a friend, a child, one year, two, ten twenty, and now this friend or child has passed into the unseen, and you speak of him as lost. Can you not forget the sense of loss long enough to thank God with all your soul that these rich, sweet, beautiful, blessed years were yours? And, since you had no claim at the beginning, here is only a positive good, and no wrong.

And then remember that these are not all lost. If we have had friends whom we have loved and they have been taken away from us, we must remember that our minds are richer, our hearts are tenderer and truer, because we have had them. If they entered into and became a part of our souls, so that in that sense they are not lost, though they have passed beyond our sight,—if they have become a part of our souls, they are in us springs of good. It is something profoundly significant and suggestive to me, as I travel over this country, to see the rich fruits of these human losses. I was in New Haven last year; and there I saw endowments connected with the university that were the fruit of a loss such as that. A father builds a memorial to his boy or his girl; and the world is richer because this father has been waked up to the idea that he could perpetuate for good the influence of that life that has passed away. In California you know what a magnificent monument was raised by Sena-

tor Stanford to his son. Had that boy not died in his fresh, sweet, promising youth, there would have been no great university there which for hundreds and perhaps thousands of years should enrich the life of the State and of the country. And for those who are taken away from us, who are not able to build and endow universities, how many of the sweetest, finest, highest things in our lives are the outcome of the sacred memories of those who are dead? How many things do we think, how many things do we do, how many services do we render, under the impulses that are born in these secret loves of our souls? We do not speak of them often, they are too sacred perhaps to be put into words; but some of the richest and noblest parts of all our lives can be traced to those things that sometimes in our hours of bitterness we lament as though they were tokens of the unkindness of God.

Let us remember, then, that these great things, while they are ours, are good, are positive blessings; and, in view of the fact — let me repeat it again — that we have no claim, can we not say, "Father, I thank Thee"?

And now at the end there is one thought more. A blessing is granted to all of us that seems to me perhaps in some ways more wonderful than almost any of the others. And that is, we are not only endowed with life, not only have we power to think and know, not only can we see the world's beauty, not only are we dowered with largesses of love, but we are born into a world for which we may be grateful. I am thankful, at least, that I have been born into such a world. A great many people seem to think that the world is so bad that it is hardly worth keeping; but I am thankful every day that I was born into this kind of a world. What do I mean by that? That I am in a world where I can help, where I can co-operate with God in serving my fellow-men, and in building up something grander and finer for the years that are to come. Here we are, in a field where there is wide-open opportunity for every single faculty and power of our natures. If you stop to think of it, you will find that every

pleasant sensation is the result of the exercise of some function, the use of some faculty or power. We are infinitely complex and complicated in our make-up; and there is something in the universe round us that appeals to and is capable of playing on all these ten thousand strings of our nature, and so producing music. We are in a world where we can help God create a better condition of things, where we can serve our fellow-men, where we can put smiles on to human lips, where we can put joy into human hearts, where we can put hope into human lives, where we can put health into human bodies. We are in a world that we can make better, where we can have the satisfaction of seeing it grow better every single day as we work in it. We are in a world where we have an opportunity to give; and that is a thing we very rarely appreciate as an occasion of gratitude. But in the ability to give, to give thought, to give effort, to give enthusiasm, to give service, to give time, to give money, to give anything that helps the world,— in this we are likest God; for God is the Eternal and Universal Giver. He is God because he is the Giver. We are in a world, then, where there is an opportunity for the exercise of all that is highest and best in us.

Now, to whom shall we make expression of this gratitude? I think it is fitting and beautiful for us, if we do not put it into words, at least to look up and *think*, "O God, I thank Thee!" But there are a great many whose theories of the world are such that perhaps they do not find that easy. You will remember, perhaps, that saying of Charles Sumner, who, when he was speaking of the two great commandments, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and thy neighbor as thyself," said, "I do not think I know very much about the first; but I try to keep the second." Now, whether you feel that you can thank God perfectly or not, you can remember that all these things that I have spoken of this morning,— life, the power to think, to know, the power to perceive beauty, the power to love, the power of service,—all these things have come,

mediately, through man. They have come to us as the gift of this humanity, that in turn looks to us for help and service; and, if we cannot in our thoughts climb so high as to thank God, let us begin, at any rate, by climbing up one step of the ladder and thanking humanity, and thanking it in a practical way by helping it, and I have no fear but you will end by thanking God.

Father, we try to thank Thee, not with our lips, but with our hearts, for all the grand things that are ours. Let us try also to thank our fellow-men by rendering them service, by helping them to climb up into that which is highest in themselves. Amen.

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BY

PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR

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DESTINY AND REBIRTH.

TWO DOCTRINES form the corner-stone of the whole scheme of Hindu theology. One is the doctrine of destiny, and the other is the doctrine of rebirth. You have heard of the ancient teachings about the transmigration of the soul. You have also read in your own Bible about foreordination and predestination. Yet these two doctrines, however seemingly separate, are intimately bound with one another. Orientals believe that every man comes into the world with a destiny. I have sometimes described to my friends how on the sixth day after the child's birth the room in which the child was born is semi-darkened, and every one goes away, leaving only the father and the mother present, and writing materials are brought in. In the depth of the night it is believed that the Almighty descends into the chamber of child-birth, and there writes a destiny on the forehead of the new little stranger that has come to this earth; and he is appointed from that day on to carry out this destiny. I will not discuss this doctrine in details; but in its general aspect, I think, we must all accept it.

Every bloom of every flower carries a message; every green grass-blade has a purpose to answer; every atom of the material universe has some object in God's view. Is it possible that the immortal spirit of man, the greatest and chiefest, the first being in the world,—is it possible that it should be without an appointed purpose? If the flowers no longer give their fragrance in spring, if the verdure no longer penetrate through this funereal pall of snow and rain that enshrouds dead nature, how great will be our disappointment! If the sun no longer shines, and the stars no longer march from the eastern to the western heavens, how great

will be our distress! If the grass no longer grows, and the little bird no longer twitters on the branches of the budding tree, how greatly we shall miss it all! All the destiny of all things mingles so closely in our joy, in our knowledge, in our righteousness, in our present and future, that we cannot afford to lose anything or to be indifferent to anything.

Some one asked the Persian poet Hafiz, who apparently seemed to be an idler, why he was born into the world. "Thou art not a courtier, thou art not an office-bearer, thou art neither a teacher nor a mechanic: what doest thou in the world?" Hafiz, at the time holding a little flower in his hand, asked his interrogator, "Why was this little flower born?" The man replied, "The flower came to give its fragrance to man"; and Hafiz said, "I came to enjoy its fragrance."

Everything of beauty, of destiny, of law, of beneficence, has its correlative and corresponding fact in human nature. And when every mean, little humming insect and every minute flower on the hillside have a destiny, a message, a work, a purpose of beneficence to answer, can it be that man only shall be without a message and a work? Therefore, after deep thought, these Orientals believe that every one has a concealed message. He who can fitly deliver that message is a man or a woman. He who has not been able either to see it or to accomplish his destiny is indeed an anomaly and an object of pity. Has it occurred to my friends and hearers that they, too, each of them, bring a great commission from on high? A great destiny is to be gone through, a great truth will have to be illustrated, and a great evidence will have to be borne before man is justified for coming into the world.

It seems to me that the object of all true education is to bring out this hidden message in man's and woman's nature. It seems to me that the same principles of education are applicable in an infinite variety of ways to an infinite variety of human constitutions. Culture to me is only the natural and the divinely appointed method of enabling man to read

the mystic inscription on his forehead about the purpose for which God sent him here. If in early life a young man or a young woman has understood his or her destiny, and made a resolution about it, I have not the least doubt that resolution will be carried out. If a growing young man will say, I am to do this, I shall do this, I must do this, surely he will do it. It is only because man lacks in courage, because he lacks in conviction, because he lacks in encouragement, because he lacks in the love and sympathy which society is bound to show him, that he cannot venture to make such a declaration, and cannot carry it out.

As each man has a destiny, so each nation has a destiny, because a nation is a larger man. When I say a destiny, or a commission, I do not merely mean religious destiny. To me all destiny is divine. To me the inspiration of the poet, the insight of the philosopher, the ideal of the artist, the song of the musician, the aspiration of the devotee, and the great gospel of the Son of Man come from one indivisible, identical source. Everything that God brings, every inscription that he writes, every purpose that he appoints, every message on which he sends men and women, forms to me the soul and centre of genuine, true piety. And it is only because religion has dissociated itself from the arts and industries that in these grand associations of the world religion is orphaned and widowed, stands alone and forlorn and forsaken, and makes no progress. If all destinies of all men, if all messages of all poets, if all great ideals of all great artists, if all the songs of all musicians, swelled the volume and the depth and the soul of religion, true faith should be as inclusive as human nature and as glorious as God himself.

Yes, as every man has a peculiar destiny, so every nation, like a man, has an individual destiny; and that nation is truly glorious which has found out its mission, not only amongst its own people, but among all mankind. David did not sing for the Hebrews alone, nor did Shakspere compose his immortal dramas for the inhabitants of Great

Britain alone, nor did Newton make his august discovery for the few. Whatever is great, good, and true is for all mankind, for all the world, for the present and for the future. Every man or woman who accomplishes his or her destiny weaves that destiny into the history of other peoples. Every martyr that suffers, or every saint that weeps for God's kingdom, invigorates the land and the nation where they are born, and enriches all human nature. When individual destinies are thus accomplished, the nation as a whole accomplishes its destiny also.

But the work of every nation is not the same work. The Greeks came to teach us the models of human symmetry and handsomeness. Egypt came to give us her ideals of august, tremendous, everlasting structures. The Teutonic nations came to teach us models of personal liberty and the constitution of organized bodies. The Orientals, the Hindus especially, came to teach us the heights of spirituality, the depths of communion with God, and that the destinies of all these various nations and all those who make up these nations are united into a great spiritual synthesis, and that synthesis makes the kingdom of God which prophets foretold and about which Christ spoke.

What do we see actually? Though there are these destinies in the case of individual men and nations, yet they are not accomplished. The purpose for which God sent us is not worked out. You have not said, O nations of the West, the great things which you came to say; and you have not attained to the mighty ideals which are written in the invisible books of God for your future. The Hindu says, So long as a man will not work out the purpose of God, he shall be born again and again and again, because the deep designs of the Infinite can never be defeated. What *should* be done *shall* be done, if not in life, in life after life, if not in this birth, in some birth after death; but no one shall violate the purpose for which he was sent on to the earth.

Thus the doctrine of rebirth first arose. If a man is low and mean, he is said to be reborn as a grovelling serpent,

crawling over the filth of the earth. If his passions are raging, if his desires are wild, he is reborn either as a tiger or as a wolf or as a carrion-eating vulture. Whatever a man has done, into whatever moral condition he has brought his nature, into that condition he shall be reborn.

Is this entirely arbitrary? I say, No. When we are in the exaltation of worship and of holy communion in the house of God, we are raised above ourselves, we are raised above the world, our temptations are far away. When the inspiring accents of a prophet fall upon our listening souls, like strains of music from some unknown celestial region, we forget the discords and the jars, the discomforts and the clamors, of our poor, petty, private lives. But as soon as those words cease, as soon as the influences of the house of God are withdrawn, as soon as the aroma of the Divine Providence and Presence melts into the infinite atmosphere, and we come back home, what are we? We are reborn, we are reproduced; we are reborn into the animals which we have ever been: we are either wolves or lions or hyenas or dogs or vermin or crawling insects.

Every time a man does some great work a spiritual exaltation lifts him up: as soon as the effects of that work are exhausted he falls down. The Hindu doctrine of transmigration teaches that no good act is without its consequences, and no bad act is without its effects. You have all heard of the great law of Karma. The word Karma means action. There is a law in every action. Every action that is performed either brings upon your soul the invisible foretaste of Paradise, takes you up into the abode of the angels, or comes down to you like a power from the infernal regions which drags you surely beneath. You cannot reason away the effects of what you have done. You cannot play tricks with the justice of Providence by your so-called schemes of salvation. You cannot delude Omniscience and Omnipotence by your mere theologies. Life is a frightful reality. Righteousness is a tremendous fact; and sin, too, is a tremendous reality. Whatever you do, one way or another,

goes to construct that rebirth to which you must go,— ay, through life as well as in the life to come.

How many of those who are in brilliant garments, political or municipal, religious or fashionable,— in brilliant, flowing, glorious garments,— how many of those are within their souls ravening wolves, men fond of carrion, animals exulting in filth, and full of all those vile, wild propensities which they complacently ascribe to the beasts only! O my friends, thus continually are we being reborn,— reborn either as the children of heaven and the angels of God and as immortals or we are being reborn as demons, as monsters, as brutes, as creeping things.

I do not believe that originally the authors of this doctrine meant that actually men should be unconscious, unremembering animals in this world. At any rate, I do not accept the doctrine in that light at all; but I do accept the doctrine in this light: that often, when this mortal coil is shuffled away, when the instruments of carrying out our evil passions into evil deeds are taken away, when these hands are gone and can no longer do evil, when these eyes are blinded and can no longer cast vengeful, lustful glances, when these ears are deafened forever and can no longer revel in sounds of filth and vice, the accumulated propensities of the mind remain, the degraded possibilities of the spirit are there, and sin and neglected duties and murdered relations follow us, like bloody spectres demanding restitution, claiming justice. And in that condition, when the body and its instruments have gone, and the soul remains in its raging, feverish, wild propensities, how can a man be likened, and unto what, but unto the animals, unto unreasoning beasts, unto wild brutes, impotent to still the consuming fires of a degraded nature!

I say again the Hindu doctrine does not teach that a man shall suffer this always, nor does the Hindu doctrine teach that a man who has done a little good action will enjoy heaven always. The doctrine is that as soon as the extent of your good actions has been reached, as soon as you have gone, so to say, to the end of your tether either in vice or in

virtue, another kind of life sets in. If you have allayed the fever of passion, all the holier impulses of worship and service to God begin to work again, because, bear me witness, a propensity can be governed only by a propensity, an impulse can be only overcome by an impulse, a desire can only be ejected by a desire. You cannot possibly extinguish those instincts which God gave you. But if the instincts for vice in you are turned into instincts for virtue, if instead of loving the vanities of the world you love the glory of God, if instead of looking upon men and women like animals you look upon them like angels, why all those propensities, those desires, those impulses, which erewhile led you to do evil, now lead you to the gates of Paradise. As soon as the fever of evil has run its course, the calmness of God descends as a benediction. As soon as the thirst of wicked pleasure has been removed by the practices of virtue, the waters of God's grace flow abundantly. And so, as soon as the slender effects of your righteous life are over, temptations again assail you.

How are these two doctrines reconciled? When, by the pressure of continued rebirths, a man has become tired of all animalism, when the constant fevers of successive excitements have prostrated him, when the repeated loathsomeness of vice has disgusted him, then he invokes the great Eternal to come down and make him one with his holy nature. And when man becomes one with God, when man attains the supreme Brahma, when man has accomplished his destiny, when man has gone over the preordained course which he was to run, these births cease: the spirit of man in its original divinity returns to the spirit of God in its original, eternal blessedness. The son is reconciled with the Father, the spark mingles with the conflagration, the drop gives itself up into the sea; and henceforth man enjoys blessedness unutterable.

My friends, each one of you, realize the great destiny you came to accomplish! Each one of you, give unto us the message which is concealed in the depths of your bosom! Give

unto us, each of you, the fragrance of heaven which lies enfolded in your nascent, unopened faculties. Each man and each woman stand out unfolded, shining, full of lustre, full of purpose, full of achievement! And may all returns to vice and wickedness cease! May all recurrence of animalism go, and all feel one with God; and may the destiny of the nation be accomplished in the destiny of individual lives!

O Thou, from whom we came "like trailing clouds," and to whom we are travelling as our goal and the end of our pilgrimage, be Thou with us. Give us to read the inscription which Thou hast written on our souls. Give us to discern the purpose for which Thou hast sent each one of us, old and young, rich and poor. Give to us the power to achieve all the work which Thou didst give us to do, whatever that work may be, great or small. And, O God, if it please Thee, keep us from the recurrence of that animal nature, from the repetition of those propensities and desires which alienate us from Thee and from each other. As Thy creation is reconciled to Thyself, as the glorious immortals are at one with Thee, so may we be at one with Thee in life and in death and hereafter! Amen.

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BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

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IV. FINDING ONE'S PLACE

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FINDING ONE'S PLACE.

"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" — ACTS ix. 6.

THESE words, as doubtless you all remember, were those that fell from the lips of Saul, as the story is told us, on his way to Damascus. Starting to persecute the Christians, feeling that that was his life mission, he is met by this vision, which puts an end to what he had intended to accomplish; and, recognizing this for a higher authority, he asks, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

If we could ask some competent authority and have a definite answer, it would make the problem of our lives comparatively easy; for I take it, if we were only *sure* that we were in our right places, if we were sure that there was any definite, right place for each of us,— in other words, that there was some divine plan touching our lives, of which our lives were a part,— then, I take it, we should be willing patiently to occupy those places, whether they were very humble or whether they answered the purpose of our ambitions. Certainly, if I could be sure that a great, wise, loving God had set me a task, and told me that that was the only thing he wanted me to do, whether it took me to the centre of European culture or into the midst of African barbarism, I think I could be content to stand there and fill that place. I think any of us could, if we were sure God meant that, and that the outcome was therefore to be the highest and best. Of course, we would be willing to fill any position.

"Something to do, some one to love, something to hope for," — these, according to the great German, Immanuel Kant, are the three conditions of a successful and happy life.

The last two will not concern us this morning; but the first — something to do, finding one's place in the world — is what we are seriously to consider.

I suppose that there are not many among us to-day who so interpret that Providence which oversees the affairs of men as to feel in any degree sure that God has given him his position, that God is desirous that he shall stay where he finds himself placed. This was an easy faith in the old times. It is a faith that finds itself still incorporated in the English Prayer Book. People are expected to be content in that place where Providence has put them. This is a very comfortable doctrine for the people who occupy the best places, and wish those who are out of them to be contented where they are. It is a comfortable doctrine for those who regard themselves as being in the higher classes in dealing with those whom they regard as the lower classes. But let us touch, first, this simple, straight question, Ought we to be contented in the place where we wake up and find ourselves, whatever that place may be? We must frequently answer, No, we ought not to be contented with anything short of the best. All our hopes of human growth, all our promise of human progress, are based on the supposition that people are not content. If a plant could be conscious and be content before it had got half its growth, there would be none of this restless yearning and striving, this ever reaching up after a fuller and completer development. We ought not, then, to be content. But this statement needs to be qualified, and qualified in a very serious manner. We ought not to be discontented in the sense that we are unhappy, that we are bitter, envious, or jealous, or in any way have the sweetness and the beauty taken out of our present life. I have said more than once in this place that the greatest happiness-killer of the world, even worse than the anticipation of evil or some overhanging calamity, is this kind of discontent that makes one perpetually thinking, When I get there, when I have accomplished this or that, when I have reached such and such a place, then I am going to be content, then I am

going to be happy, then I am going to lead an unselfish life, then I am going to do this or that or a thousand things for my fellow-men! I have talked often with business men who have set a figure beyond which they do not propose to save a dollar. They say, when they get so rich, they are going to begin to be generous; but I have never known a man to get to that point, when he had set it very much ahead of his present position. I never have hope of any man's generosity who is going to *begin* to be generous by and by. I have no hope of any man's unselfish love who is simply going to begin to be unselfish next week or next year. We ought not, then, I think, to be discontented with the place where we find ourselves in such a way as shall prevent us from looking round and finding all the happiness there is in that place, all the good there is, all the opportunities there are offered of making other people happy, all the chances of doing something for the rest of mankind.

And now we are face to face with the second question. Do men generally find the real place which belongs to them, which they ought to fill? I have not had time to read Mr. Mozoomdar's address of last Sunday; but I am told that he outlined the belief of the Hindu world in a destiny which rules and determines the lives of men. I do not think we are accustomed to believe in that kind of destiny here; and yet, now and then, you will hear people say of one who has failed, it was no fault of his condition, of his circumstances: there was some weakness in the man himself. I remember some years ago reading an address by the late President Garfield, I think, which was given before he became President. Referring to the difficulties and struggles of a great many men, and of the obstacles they have to overcome, he expressed to the young men who heard him the belief that, if there was anything in a man, it was sure to come out. In other words, personality was almost always mightier than condition, and, if a man had it in him to be great, he would be great; if he had it in him to be a poet, he would be a poet; if he had it in him to be a soldier, he would be

a soldier. If that principle be allowed anywhere, it must be a universal principle. If we really believe this, there would be no very tender sympathy in our hearts towards those who fail. We should feel that people had got all they were capable of getting, that they receive all that belongs to them. But I do not believe that this is true. I do not believe that people, in spite of conditions and circumstances, find their places, that they always have opportunities or are capable of making opportunities to show all that is in them. I rather believe that it is a common and melancholy truth which Gray has given poetic expression to in his great "Elegy." He tells us, as he looks over the graves of the weary peasants, the people in the main unknown who are buried in the churchyard, that probably

> "Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest."

He talks about hands now turned to dust,—

> "Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
> Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

I believe that this is one of the saddest truths of the world. And right here is one of the things I hope to see in some other life. I hope to see the out-blossoming, the out-flowering, of thousands and millions of souls into greatness and beauty and glory in this direction or that, who had no opportunity here even to put forth a bud.

Take, for example, a life like Keats. Keats died at an age when a good many men who have become famous had not begun their life-work. What might he not have accomplished, had he not inherited the seeds of disease which took him prematurely away? Take, again, a case like Arthur Henry Hallam. You are familiar with "In Memoriam," and know those three initials A. H. H., which head the great poem which was written by Tennyson in memory of Hallam, his schoolmate and friend, who died when he was about twenty-three, leaving the promise behind him of a power and

a fame equal to that of his master and friend who has sung of him.

Take other illustrations, one or two that have been used in this way before, but that are so striking as to determine the answer to our question. I have a personal friend who in the years before the war had occasion to visit St. Louis on a matter of business. He wished to find out some facts concerning a certain piece of real estate, and he visited a real estate office. The man in the office did not seem in any way striking or remarkable. He did not seem especially interested in the matter of the real estate about which they were to speak. My friend got very little satisfaction in his conference with him, and soon left. Some years afterwards he met him again as the great general of the modern world and as president of the United States. Now, suppose there had been no war, where would the manifest greatness of Grant have been? And yet if he had lived through a time of profound peace, and wasted the magnificent energy of his brain in the real estate office, yet in potency, in possibility, he would have been as great as the world acknowledges him to be.

So take Lincoln. Suppose, again, there had been no war, suppose there had been no slavery agitation: it is probably true that Lincoln would never have been President. He might have distinguished himself locally as a lawyer; but the chances are that in popular estimation all over the country Douglas, who was the incarnation of smartness, would have been regarded as the greater man of the two. And yet, with no opportunity to manifest what was in him, he still would have had the possibility in brain and heart and soul of reaching that towering position of the highest and grandest American who has ever lived.

I do not believe, then, that all men find their places, find their level, or show what is best in them, or that they get the best opportunities of showing what they are capable of doing. I believe there have been thousands of poets who have never sung, thousands of musicians who have never

written, thousands of generals who never handled a sword, thousands of statesmen who have never taken part in a debate or framed a resolution, thousands of men in every department of life capable of the highest and the finest and best, had there been a fitting stage and a stimulus to call them forth.

Let us note a few of the difficulties that stand in the way of people finding their places. I was asked only this last week to give my opinion concerning the question of human freedom and of responsibility in the kind of lives we lead. If you look over the matter carefully and candidly, I think you will agree with me that we must limit this responsibility in the most serious way. Apply it this morning to this matter of finding one's place in the world. We are born without any consultation as to where we shall be born, whether in Africa or Boston; whether white or black; whether our parents shall be ignorant or educated, vicious or virtuous. We are born; and that, in the main, determines all that follows. Then during our youth the question as to whether we shall be properly educated or not, whether we shall be trained into fitness for this thing or that or have a bias implanted in some direction,—all these things are determined before the question of the freedom of our own wills has any chance to assert itself. Here, then, is one of the great difficulties that stand in the way of finding one's place.

Then, to note another thing, there is the prejudice, the persistent bias, of parents and friends. I have known many cases where the unwise determination of the father that a boy or a girl should be this or that has practically stunted or ruined the life. As personal illustrations perhaps carry more force than general statements, let me give you one or two.

When I was a young man, I had a friend with whom for a time I was quite intimate. His father was a clergyman, a doctor of divinity; and he was determined that his son should be a clergyman. Nothing else would satisfy him, nothing else would he even for a moment consider. But his

boy was a born mechanic, having a perfect genius for mechanism. When still a boy, he had whittled out a pianoforte with his jack-knife, complete in almost every part. The one thing he longed for with his whole soul was to go to some place where he could study machinery, and devote himself to it as his great life-work. So strong was this impulse that he broke away from his father for a while to study it; but the father at last prevailed. I do not know what great service this young man could have rendered to the world if he had been permitted to be a machinist: he might have given us inventions that would have enriched civilization. I only know that at last his father had his way, and crowded him into the ministry, and that he has never been heard of from that day to this. Whether he has rendered anybody any service I do not know.

I had another friend, when I was a young man, whose father was equally determined that he should be a minister. But the boy in this case was too strong for his father; and so he broke away, and resisted in spite of bitterness, and became the one thing he had dreamed of ever since he was a boy. He followed his bent, went to Europe, became wealthy, and is one of the most marked successes in his particular line that I have ever known.

Here, then, are these things that stand in the way of people finding their place.

There is one other thing that I wish to speak of in this particular; and that is one which the most of you will be surprised to have me class under this head. I think one of the most serious things in our modern world that stands in the way of any man's finding his place is being born of parents who happen to possess too much money. I believe that this is as serious, and sometimes more serious, than any of the causes that I have had occasion to refer to. I know young men by the score in the great cities of this country,— in New York, in Boston, in Washington, in Baltimore, in New Orleans, in Chicago, in St. Louis, in San Francisco,— young men who will never find any place that is worthy of a manly

man's ambition, who have not waked up to the idea that it is important that they should find any place, simply because they can say as they are growing up, Father has money enough; and it does not make any difference whether I become anything or not. I think that is a very serious danger that men with money specially need to guard. For the young man who thinks that there is nothing more for him to do in this world except to get rid of the money that his father has earned is one of those that we can spare with the least conceivable amount of loss. He is worth nothing to the world. I have had to watch and guard many a time in dealing with young fellows, when I have seen that they were looking to such young men as examples, who were considering that the position which they occupied was one to be envied. They have thought that it was fine to be thus set free from any responsibility, from any necessity of doing or caring for anything or any one but themselves. When a man reaches this position, there is very little chance of saving him in this life; and there is very little in him that is worth saving. And yet in them, as in all others, there is the germ, the possibility, of the highest, the noblest, the truest manhood; and the one blessing that could come to them would be to have these artificial supports rudely torn away from them, bringing them face to face with the absolute necessity of creating for themselves a place to stand, in which they can be compelled to render some service to their fellow-men. In this way only is there any hope of developing the possibilities of manliness which may be hidden within their loose and irresponsible lives.

Let us turn to one other phase of this matter of finding one's place. I wish to consider a few of the motives which govern people in this seeking for a position.

What is it that men desire most? What is it that they are looking for, as they are looking for some position that they may occupy in the world? Of course, this matter is determined in different ages of the world by what is the dominant tendency and trend of the world's civilization. There have

been periods in the history of the world when the only avenue to that which an ambitious person might desire was through the Church. All worldly motives conspired to turn him, at least in appearance, away from the world. There have been other times when the ideal of chivalry was the dominant one; and he who wished to be great, to be famous, to rank high in the opinion of his fellow-men, must become a knight or a warrior. What is it to-day that most men care for? In this country, at any rate,— and it is coming to be more and more true in Europe,— the one great thing that people long for and seem to care for, and which seems to promise the most, is, of course, money. I said this is coming in Europe. It has not come yet, because there is still a remnant, in England and in France, and other parts of Europe, of the old days of chivalry, when nobility meant something, and when to belong to an old and honorable family was the one greatest thing that a man could boast. In these conditions, to belong to the nobility or to come under the shadow of the nobility, to become associated or allied with it in some way, means more than money; and money by comparison is regarded as vulgar and poor. But in this country, where we have no nobility, where we *say* that one man is just as good as another,— though we do not believe it,— in this country the one great thing that seems to promise most, to give a man position and power and all the things that he desires, is money. So, when a young man is looking round for a place in the world, the one thing which is uppermost in his mind is the opportunity, the promise, in that place for getting rich: how much money is there in it? The position may be a poor one, may have some servile aspects about it at first; but is there an opportunity to rise, to get near the firm, to perhaps get into the firm? Is it a business that will reward one who faithfully devotes himself to it with a large amount of money? This is the great motive.

You know my position in regard to this; and I do not need to stop long to repeat it. I do not believe there can be any too much wealth in the world. I do not believe that men

can ever have too much wealth, or can create too much wealth, provided they master it, and put it beneath their feet, and make it minister to their manhood. But, when we put it as the dominant motive of our lives, it is one of the poorest, meanest, most selfish, least worthy motives that we can conceive.

There is another thing that men desire. They desire power. From the time when the boy likes to be strong and admires an athlete up to the time when the man looks out over the world and sees higher and higher manifestations of force, there is in all an honest admiration for power; and many a man who is immensely wealthy, if you could analyze his real feeling, cares not so much for the money itself as for the power that is in it. He loves to organize those far-reaching combinations, and to show himself a king in his particular financial realm. So many a man who is looked upon as simply a money-getter is really ambitious for power. And here, again, it is well: power is a magnificent thing, if magnificently used; but it means either selfishness, cruelty, despotism, or it means service. If you seek it for the one end, you will become mean and undeveloped in your manner; but, if you seek it for the other, you may be among the grandest of your kind.

Then there is still another motive that leads men to seek for their place; and that is ambition, the desire for fame. I remember once seeing a little boy highly excited over the fact that his name was actually in print. It was only among the arrivals at a summer hotel, but it did not matter, here was the first touch of fame. Here was something that other people would read. They would see his name in print; and this is something that appeals to and touches us all. We love to be of reputation, we love to have our names and our doings in the mouths of our fellows. If we can get a reputation that reaches beyond our town, over the State, and beyond the State limits, or across the sea, there is a swell and impulse of pride and satisfaction in having attained this reputation in the minds of men. And here, again, if one wishes

to be known merely as a feeder to his vanity, it is a very small and poor concern indeed. But, if one wishes to use this as a power for spreading over the world an influence that shall teach, that shall enlighten, that shall lift mankind, then indeed he may forget himself in view of this help; and he may become noble, unselfish, grand in the type of his manhood here as well as in other directions.

But let us go one step further, and find the highest motive of all. The grandest men of the world have not been those who have desired power, they have not been those actuated by a desire for fame. Take one illustration, the supreme one of all. For we, all the more because we believe he was a man, the outcome of humanity, its blossom, its glory,—we all the more can afford to pay our reverent regard to the grandest soul of the world, the Nazarene. He had nowhere to lay his head, he sought not money, he never desired power; and, when some of his disciples came to him, anxious for places in his kingdom, he said: You do not know what manner of spirit you are of. The princes of this world desire power, that they may exercise their lordship over their fellow men; but it is not to be so in this kingdom that I wish to establish. He that is great among you must be of service, and great only in his service. You are not to lord it over others: you are not to call yourselves father or rabbi, for you are all the children of one Father in heaven.

I think perhaps the grandest thing ever said about a human soul is that which was said of Jesus concerning this other matter that I have referred to,—"he made himself of no reputation." There was no anxiety on his part to be known by other people, no anxiety to have any saying of his written down, no hint anywhere of a desire to be lifted up above his fellow-men. And, if we are to hope that the dreams of the world may come true, those dreams which are in so many hearts to-day, that the world is to rise to the highest level of human civilization, we must expect more and more to find men who shall be willing to work under the impulse of the highest ideals.

It is said constantly,—and here is the point I wish to have clearly in mind,—by those who do not believe in the highest possibilities of civilization, You cannot get people to work or to devote themselves to a cause except on the basis of the lower motives. It is said by those who oppose civil service,—you will pardon me for being enough of a politician to refer to that by way of illustration,—That is a high and fine dream that certain reformers cherish; but, if you expect men to work for a party or a cause, you must pay them for their work. I do not believe it. If the dreams that we cherish of the highest civilization are ever to be realized, we must find men who are willing to work, even if they do not get paid in cash for it. We must find men willing to work without regard to the power that men exercise over others. We must find men willing to devote themselves without desiring anything in the way of fame. We must find men, like Jesus, who make themselves of no reputation. And they *are* being found every day by the hundred and by the thousand. There are any number of men—let me say it, for I am proud of the truth—in Boston to-day who are willing to give a large part of their best services without compensation, and who are giving it,—men who are turning away from opportunities to make money, that they may serve public and noble causes. There are men who are not working for power, who are not working for selfish ambition, men who are working for humanity. And more and more, as the love of humanity grows, will this type of men come to the front, till by and by they are going to hold the destinies of this old planet in their hands; and we shall have a type of civilization finer than any for which we have dared to hope.

One point more must I refer to. You might think, perhaps, from what I have said that I should advise you to be very humble and to take a small place. Men are anxious for a large place; but the fault I have to find with most men—pardon me for using that word "fault"—is that they do not seek for places that are large enough. I find a man who is willing to have a place that is not big enough to hold him

and his conscience at the same time. He is willing to go into a place and leave his conscience outside: there is no opportunity in there for his moral and spiritual nature. I have heard a great many persons in my life say that it was very fine-spun as a theory, but that it would not work in practice; that, if you are going into business, you must fight with business methods, that business and religion are two things, and should be kept as much apart as religion and politics. The more religion you mix with a certain kind of politics, the worse it will be for the politics, I know; and, if a certain type of religion be mixed with business, it will be worse for the business. But a man cannot afford to go into a business that is not large enough for the free play of his moral nature, for all that is highest and best in him as a man. In other words, in seeking for a place, do not be content or long engaged in any business that would better not be done. Do not be content with being engaged in any business the general outcome of which is an injury to the world. Get a place large enough for your conscience.

Then get a place large enough for some degree of your intellectual life. Only a little while ago I referred to this in a sermon; and so I will not extend what I have to say touching it beyond narrow limits; but a man cannot be a complete man unless he cultivates to some extent the intellectual side of his nature. I know men with an intellectual taste and love for literature who deliberately, for the sake of the commercial advantage, go into an office where they know that it has got to be stifled. It seems to me that a man ought to find a place large enough for the expansion of his thought, so that he can live an intellectual life within certain limits.

And then find a place large enough for your affectional nature, for your generous impulses, that bring you into touch with your fellow-men, and make you feel that you are a part of a world-wide humanity.

And then, above all things, find a place large enough for your soul, large enough to lead into the divine life, so that

you can rise into a conception of yourself as a child of God, the Infinite Spirit, so that you need not cramp down and shut in your life. In other words, do not fit yourself into your place, and let that shape your manhood. Keep your place flexible, and compel it to adapt itself to your manhood.

In order to do this, you do not need to have so very large a place, according to the ordinary standard of the world. Look over the history of the great, and see what they have accomplished. Let me give you one illustration. Take the case of the famous philosopher, Spinoza. Suppose he had said that the circumstances of his life made it impossible for him to live out the best in him. Suppose he had said, I must have money and time and power and fame; and, when I get these, I will do my work. What did he do? Outcast by his own people, persecuted, in danger of his life, he fled to a place where at that time a man could think, and still be free. He devoted himself to the manufacture of lenses for telescopes and microscopes enough hours a day to get himself something to eat and something to wear; and then he lived his magnificent life and wrote his magnificent works. He did not sacrifice himself to a place, but took the place where he could live, where he could root himself, where he could feed the necessities of his lower nature, and at the same time live a manly, intellectual, ethical, religious life; and so he made himself one of the great names of all time.

This is what I would have you do. Make your place subordinate. Remember that your manhood is worth more than your condition, more than the house you live in or the street on which it stands, worth more than the position you occupy. Remember that your manhood is the great thing. Put that first, make that dominant. Be somebody, do something, devote yourself to the highest thoughts in you, and you have made yourself a place where you can render service to your kind and where you can fulfil the highest possible destiny.

Father, we thank Thee that we may trust that, if we are true to ourselves in this life, we may be sure we shall find place to expand and grow. Let us at least do what we can where we are; and we know that Thou wilt ask no more. And by and by Thou shalt recognize us; and we shall find in loving and serving Thee our sufficient reward. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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WHAT SHALL I GIVE?

"And he said to him also that had bidden him, When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, nor thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors; lest haply they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But, when thou makest a feast, bid the poor, the halt, the lame, the blind: and thou shalt be blessed; because they have not wherewith to recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed in the resurrection of the just." — LUKE xiv. 12, 13, 14.

THESE words I have chosen as my text for the principle that they embody and illustrate.

I know full well that I shall be in danger of saying things this morning which I have said before, and said more than once. I shall not, however, be daunted by this danger, but shall speak very simply and frankly concerning the principles underlying this question, which seems to me to be the secret of all true life.

It is not yet Christmas time, but the Christmas suggestion, the Christmas spirit, are in the air; and all of us are looking forward with anticipation toward the Christmas day. I wish, in passing, merely to call attention to one peculiarity of this anticipation, one thing, very simple, yet so weighty in suggestion that I marvel that people forget it so easily, and that it has so little influence over our lives. I take it that I may say, to the credit of the nature of all those persons to whom I speak, that the one thing which makes the blessedness of their anticipation of the Christmas season is the thought that they are going to make somebody else happy. I do not believe that the most of us are specially interested over the thought of what we are to get. We are anticipating the pleasure of giving something and of seeing the happiness of those to whom we are to give. The essence

of the Christmas season is right here; and I know you will bear me witness that I speak the truth when I say that, in this fact of making others happy, we ourselves are finding the deepest, purest happiness of our lives. Why, then, I wonder sometimes, cannot people see the meaning of this, and extend the spirit and principle of Christmas beyond the holidays? For generally, although we have found that we have been happier in making other people happy than we ever are in merely seeking happiness for ourselves, the minute the holidays are over this spirit is put behind us, and we are engaged all the rest of the year in the selfish striving to *get*. So much by way of hint as to the essential lesson of the Christmas time.

Perhaps you will not thank me for any hints as to what you shall give to your friends or to the children; but I am going to take the liberty of making one or two commonplace suggestions in regard to the matter. The one thing,—and this is in accordance with the statement which I have just made,—the one thing that is capable of spoiling the Christmas season, if it betray itself in any marked degree, is the selfish, the calculating, the commercial spirit. And that it does manifest itself more or less is, I think, often clear to us. Only the other day, for example,—and that, perhaps, has put it into my mind,—I stepped into the store of a friend, and the keeper of the store said to me: "It seems to me that the Christmas season is in danger of being spoiled. From things that I see I judge that people are calculating as to how much they ought to give to this person or that, and as to how much they are likely to receive in return,—whether there is to be a balance of the giving and the getting." It seems to me that, whether we have any influence beyond our own families in this thing, we ought, at any rate, in dealing with our children to jealously guard this whole matter of the commercial side of the giving and the receiving. Train the children to think that there is something deeper, higher, sweeter, in a gift than the money cost, whether it is a gift that is made or a gift that is received. The whole signifi-

cance, if it is to have any at all, lies in the fact that it means something in the way of friendship. Its value is in the sentiment, and not in what it cost at the store.

Then let us, in giving this year, remember that there are special needs, special calls, as there are not every year, for our means; and let us cut off, if we must cut off, in the matter of giving to those whom we have been accustomed to remember, that we may have something left for the great needs that are crying out to us on every hand.

There is something else that we can give the children which is of more value than any present they may receive. Let us give them, not alone at the Christmas time, but all the year round, the memory of happy homes. I speak of this now, because the idea of giving and what to give are in the minds of you all. And I wish this morning to broaden this topic out beyond any money consideration, although what I say will include money. Let us give the children and all the inmates of our homes happy, blessed memories, as the richest inheritance that they can receive at our hands. And let those of us who have children give them the kind of training springing peculiarly out of the Christmas season. Let us give them the idea that the one great thing which they are to do in the world is to become dispensers in some direction, and that their entire value to the world is in the fact that they shall be dispensers. They are of worth only through what they radiate as they go through life. The man who simply becomes the centre of the eddy round which everything circles, and by which everything that comes within its reach is sucked down, is not a help to the world: he is an injury. It is only those characters who are centres of radiating influences, who are givers, that make the world happy, make it richer and better. Let us give to our children these happy memories, and this kind of training as to the significance of life.

Before I deal more directly with the practical aspects of my theme, I wish to ask you to go with me a little more deeply into the principle that underlies the matter of giving.

And, note, I am not speaking of money-giving merely, though it includes money and everything else. It is a scientific and philosophic truth, a truth self-evident if you will only carefully consider it and get its meaning, that a person, a thing, possesses only what he or it gives. In other words, in order to have anything, you must give it.

Let me take one or two simple illustrations from the inorganic and organic world. Here is a particle of musk. How do I know that it is musk? I know it only because it is constantly giving off particles of its own substance that affect my senses in such a way that I perceive its quality and know that it is musk. If it had the power of volition and should make up its mind to become a hoarder of its qualities, to save and keep them, and so should decline to give off any more, not only should I cease to perceive that it was musk, but it would cease to be musk. The musk quality that makes it what it is is inherent in its continuous giving of its substance. Take a grass blade, which appeals to another one of my senses. The musk appeals to the sense of smell. But here is a grass blade. How do I know it is a grass blade? How do I know that it is green and fresh and living? I only know because it is of the nature of the grass blade constantly to reflect the wave motions, or what we call light, in such a way that they are translated through my brain into my consciousness as green. If it should cease for a moment these reflections, this giving off these constant radiations, I should not only cease to know that it was a grass blade, that it was green, it would cease to be a grass blade and green. It would cease to possess this which I call color. And so in any department of life the same principle holds.

Let me take one more illustration, an appeal to another of my senses. Here is a piano. I say, or the maker does, that it has a very fine quality of tone. How do I know? Touch it, and it manifests itself to my sense of hearing, through that marvellous mechanism which we can trace, but cannot understand, as a beautiful tone. But suppose I touch it, and it does not respond, is silent. Suppose the piano, being con-

scious for a little while, should conclude to keep its fine tones to itself, it would cease to have fine tones. It would cease to be a piano in the sense in which we understand it, if it ceased to respond to my touch by giving those tones which appeal to every passer-by who has the ability and ear to comprehend. And this principle is just as true of money as it is of anything else.

Let me illustrate here what I mean. I had a good deal of talk with a friend during the last summer, one of the kindliest, most gentle, loving, most generous friends I ever knew. He had attained a peculiarity in the use of words which was very striking and somewhat unusual, and yet which I believe to express the profound truth that I wish to give utterance to. Whenever he heard some one say, Such a man is rich, he would ask: What do you mean by rich? Does he do anything with his money beyond keeping it and using it in his business? How much does he give a year for the welfare of the world, for the cause of humanity? And if one answered, Very little, practically nothing, then he would say: Do you call that man rich? I should say he was very poor. Does he possess money? What does it mean to possess money? If a man simply hoards money, takes it out of use, out of relation to the welfare of the world, it ceases to be money for the time being. Money is money only when it is convertible into good, into service, into help. And that this is not merely the notion of a minister who is out of business, let me read a brief extract which I clipped from a paper only last night. It is from one of the millionaires of the world. You may have your own opinion about him; but that does not make any difference.

Before the Congregational Club in New York City recently, Andrew Carnegie, the millionaire steel manufacturer, made an address on wealth and its obligations, in which he said: "We know that men use wealth in three ways: First, they hoard it. The truth that can be said, and the only truth, of their class is that they don't own their millions at all. Their millions own them. There is another use of money equally bad by those who hoard it, and that is the bequeathing of it *en masse* to their

need, then, at the outset to think carefully, to try to study the problem and find out what really needs to be done.

Then we need not only to give money. We shall have call enough for that in dealing with this subject. But we need to give something else. We need to give neighborliness. Who is my neighbor? There may be nobody in your street, nobody in your ward, that needs help; but you must have lived a very isolated life, indeed, if there never reached you from some far-off part of the town a knowledge of people who are temporarily distressed and in want,—people who are not paupers, people who do not come to your door with appeals of want and sorrow, people who are as proud as you are, as self-respecting as you are, people who just at the present time are pressed to the wall, and do not know which way to turn. Go to these, then, not with a gift flung from a distance: go to them with a hand-clasp of neighborliness, of brotherliness, of sympathy. Let them feel that you know it is an exigency, and not a normal and general condition of affairs. Let them feel, if they will, that it is not even a gift that you bring, but a little temporary help to tide them over. Put it in any tender, gentle, helpful way you can. But go as men, not as bestowers of charity; go as women, not as those who merely give cast-off clothes that are of no more value to themselves. It seems to me that the time is coming when this sort of spirit is going to be very important in the development and the unfolding of the industrial and social life of this country. I do not believe that it is wise to do certain things that have been loudly recommended in the papers. I speak of this to put myself on record, and that it may be understood what seems to me wise in the matter. I do not believe that the city should encourage any needless work merely to furnish labor for the unemployed. To do that which does not need to be done, simply comes back as a tax upon the city; and it creates what I believe to be, at least in this present stage of our social evolution, a mischief and an evil,—the idea that it is the business of the city government to furnish work to people. It is no more

the business of the city to furnish work for the unemployed than it is my business. It is the business of a city to carry on the work that needs to be done. Perhaps it may be wise to forestall matters a little. If certain work needs to be done any time within a year, it may be well to do it now, in order to meet present distress; but it is not the business of the city to furnish work beyond this. Let us, then, try to comprehend the situation; and, when we have found out the way, let us meet it. It may be that we shall have to engage in large, wide-spread, public charities this winter. If so, let us treat them as matters that are only temporary. Let us not get into the habit that some of the cities of the world have fallen, which have, somehow, a sort of misunderstanding as to what the function of a city is. They have got into the habit of looking after people until the people feel that they are dependants upon public bounty, and have a right to be. Let us make it a matter of individual assistance, of individual help.

One further thing I wish to say, because I wish you to give serious consideration to the matter. We are apt to think that the present social and industrial condition is the natural, normal, and permanent one. I suppose, if a man had been born into the feudal system, and had never known anything else, but had grown up in that system, that feudalism would seem to him natural and permanent; and it would be very difficult to imaginatively comprehend any other. But I wish to call your attention to what I believe to be the fact,—that we are to face in the immediate future some great social and industrial changes that will mark an epoch in the development of the world. I do not believe that the present order is the final or permanent order. There is wrong about it somewhere. Just consider. The ability of this planet of ours to develop wealth, and all that humanity can possibly need, is practically unlimited. The control by civilization of the resources of the planet, is practically unlimited. And yet here we are face to face with a condition of things where we see large numbers of rich people, on the one hand, who

have more than they can use or need, and, on the other hand, thousands of people who would like to work, but cannot find the way. Certainly, a condition of things like that cannot be regarded as a permanent one. The air is full of discussion and hints of change. I only wish to say that I hope you will give earnest, serious, careful consideration to these great problems. One difficulty about this is that the people who are comfortable are apt to drift, not to think, not to foresee. What was the condition of affairs preceding the French Revolution? The nobility were rich, careless, self-indulgent, thoughtless, until the earthquake came, which might have been forestalled, might have been foreseen. There is no need of these great upheavals of human affairs. But there is distress, there is complaint, there is discontent, there is murmuring, in the great mass of what we are accustomed to call the lower strata of society; and, unless the wise and the comfortable heed this condition, give at least sympathetic consideration, try to find the solution, and help the world up and on, let me remind you that we have no guarantee whatever in human nature and in human history against more earthquakes. I ask you, then, to give earnest thought to this condition of affairs.

Now, I am going to speak of some of the difficulties in the way of giving; and, first, let me speak of the difficulty that attaches itself to the owner of wealth. One of the most generous men that ever lived in the city of Boston, not a great many years ago, made an address to a meeting of young men on the subject of giving. He had learned to give himself: he had trained himself until he was one of the most generous givers in the city. But he confessed with modesty and shamefacedness to these young men that he was not naturally generous, and he had not found it easy to give. He said: "When I first began to give, I would put my name to a paper, and, then, the very next impulse that took possession of me was to wish that I had it back again; but I trained myself until I overcame this disposition. I compelled myself, as a matter of principle, to give." And his advice to the young

men was that they should train themselves in the same way, and not wait until the disposition to hoard had taken too fast a grip upon them. For you will note how perfectly natural it is that the thing which we do over and over again, by the year, becomes a fast habit. A man in business puts money away year by year, until one day he wakes up to find that he is rich. But he has never trained himself to part with his money, if he can help it; and he then finds it one of the most difficult things to give, though he knows that he can afford to give, and that he ought to. It is not my business to single out any person, and tell him that he ought to give or how much he ought to give; but I remember the case of another man, who made a subscription to a benevolent object, when a friend said to him, "You ought to give twice as much." And he said, "I know I ought: I am abundantly able; but I have not got in the habit of giving, and it is hard work." You will remember that I quoted some time ago the saying of a millionaire, one of the closest men I ever knew, who frankly confessed to an intimate friend, "If you knew how it hurts me to part with a dollar, you would pity me." This is the condition of things that any number of rich men get into; and it is only natural they should. Therefore, train yourselves to give.

Then there is another difficulty; and this applies to the objects of our beneficence. I think that Boston could very easily take care of its deserving poor if it could only find out certainly who the deserving poor are. I find it difficult, one of the most difficult of things. As an illustration, a man came to my door the other evening just at dusk, perhaps calculating on that fact, knowing that nobody would look him up that evening, at any rate. He looked me straight in the eyes, and told me a pitiful story of how he had been engaged as a driver of a dray, but had lost his employment through hard times. He said, with the hint of a tear in his eye, that he could bear it himself, if it wasn't for the wife and the little ones at home, and begged me to give him money to help him over night. I did it. I do not do it

often. I also took his address. He said, "I will be glad to have you go or any one whom you choose to send: go to my neighbors, ask about me, find out what my life has been." The next day I employed one of the wisest women in this congregation to go and look him up at that address. There was no such person, there never had been. Now here is the difficulty that comes in the way of trying to help people. Do not misunderstand me. I do not excuse myself on account of cases like that; and I do not wish you to excuse yourselves. Do not let the deserving poor suffer because there are impostors and scoundrels in the city, and do not say, Because I cannot be certain that I am not giving to an impostor, I will give nothing. Remember that one of the most difficult things, as well as one of the most necessary, is to give some personal attention, some study of individual cases. Do not refrain from giving because there are impostors, but give thought, give time, give investigation. I know it is difficult. I am not asking you to do anything easy. This same man of whom I have spoken, one of the wealthiest and most generous men that I ever knew, gave what was more than money, personal time and attention; and he had a business at least as large as that that any one in this congregation has to look after. But he did find time, he made time, to look after the charities that he was interested in, to see that the money went in the right direction.

Learn, then, to give your own personal consideration, because, after all, if you look for nothing except your own content, your own self-respect, your own happiness, if you can find that you have really helped one deserving case, if you have helped a man on to his feet, helped him stand and fight his battle for his wife and little ones, you will find infinitely more satisfaction and happiness in it than you will in earning a thousand extra dollars.

One other difficulty stands in the way of giving; and that is the misconception of the people whom you wish to help, their unwillingness to take the best things that you would like to give them. This may be illustrated by the passage

that I read as my lesson this morning (Luke xiv.). The poor, the outcast, the tramp, the beggar, those that seem to us hopelessly lost when we try to help them, to lift them up to the level of humanity, do not want to take that which will make them men. They do not want to take those things that are essential to the bringing out of the best possibilities of their nature.

As my closing word, let me link the end of the sermon to the beginning by merely suggesting to you that this principle and this habit of giving — giving of money, giving of time, giving of thought, effort, enthusiasm, of all that is best in you — is that wherein life itself consists. It is the process through which manhood and womanhood are cultured and developed. It is the means, if you choose to look only at the selfish side, through which come to us the richest blessings of our lives. It is only thus by giving that we help the world, that we help ourselves, that we develop our own nature, and become linked with the divine.

Our God, down from whom comes every good and perfect gift to us, let us open our hearts to receive and to partake of Thy bounty. And, then, let us be like those luminaries in the heavens that receive light only to reflect and give it out again, and so become partakers of his life, who is the Eternal Life. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

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GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1893

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WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST.

"Now while the Pharisees were gathered together, Jesus asked them a question, saying, What think ye of Christ? Whose son is he?"—MATT. xxii. 41, 42.

I TAKE it for granted that most of you, at any rate, are familiar with the fact that this celebration did not originate with the birth of Jesus, but it is far older than Christianity. Perhaps no one special feature of the day's celebration but has come to us from some outside source. We can trace the hope that this day gives expression to back to the very twilight of human history. But that does not take away from the fact that to-day, with all the dwellers in Christendom, our thoughts turn to the Nazarene, and that Jesus is the central figure of our Christmas thought and of our Christmas celebration. This question that I propose to ask, and as briefly as may be to answer, is a crucial question. The answer to it determines the place where we stand, the point of view from which we look out over human history, in the light of which we interpret the past and look forward to the future.

Nearly nineteen hundred years ago a little babe was born in Nazareth of Galilee. His father was Joseph, the carpenter: his mother's name was Mary. He was taken to the temple, according to the ordinary Jewish rites, and received his name, and an offering was made,—an offering of redemption, as it was called; for the first-born, according to Jewish custom, belonged to God, and, if he were not offered to God in his own person, some offering as a substitute must be made. We suppose that this little boy grew up quietly in his home, like any other child of his age and time, educated, perhaps, in such Jewish schools as there may have been in

his village, accustomed to attend the service in the synagogue on the Sabbath day. We get a glimpse of him at the age of twelve, as he is taken up for the first time to Jerusalem to visit the temple on the occasion of one of the great national festivals. Then all is silence concerning him until he appears, an enthusiastic young man, at the baptism of John, ready to cast his influence in favor of the new kingdom of God, whose expectation was in all the air. Then a brief life follows after the death of John has thrown the leadership into his hand; and he preaches throughout the cities and villages and along the ways of Galilee, telling those wonderful stories that we call parables. He faces the high priest and the elders of his religion in Jerusalem, and flames against their abuses and their wrongs, and plants the seed by his teaching of a wider outgrowth and farther spreading religion than any of which these people had ever dreamed. He becomes the radical leader of his time, the lay preacher, the one in whose words there is promise for the future. At the last, and, as the result of his word, uncompromising, earnest, spoken as he believes, he comes into conflict with the authorities of his time, and is put to death. Such, in a few words, is all we know about the history of this man who has occupied a larger part of the thought of the civilized world than almost all others put together.

Let us, then, this morning, the morning when we celebrate his advent, ask the question which he himself asked of the Pharisees,— "What think ye of Christ? Whose son is he?" On the answer to this will of course depend the relation in which we stand toward him, what he shall be to us, and perhaps largely what we shall be to the world.

When Jesus himself asked this question,— it is well for us to note in a brief consideration of the text,— he had nothing whatever in mind corresponding to the meaning which attaches to the question as we ask it to-day. It was merely a question as to the popular opinion of the time concerning the Messiah, as to whose son he was to be. Jesus in the words that he utters does not claim to be the Messiah him-

self. He is talking with the Pharisees about the Christ in a purely impersonal way. He said to them: "What do you think about him? Whose son is the Messiah to be?" And they answer, "The son of David," because this was the popular tradition of the time,—that the Messiah was to come of the line of David, and restore the glory of the old Davidic kingdom. And Jesus argues against that idea, taking those words that he quotes from Psalms as the authentic source of authority, and asks, "If he is the son of David, how does David himself call him lord?" He puts himself, so far as this old Jewish argument is concerned, on the side of those who claim that the Messiah need not be the son of David. I speak of this merely to indicate the outlook and the meaning of those words which I have taken as my text.

Let us now come to the modern explanation of those words. And, in the first place, I wish to run over a little what has been thought of Christ in the past, some phases of that thought, and then come to the position which we occupy here to-day.

What think ye of Christ? Whose son is he? What does Mark or the author of the Gospel of Mark think about it? So far as we can find by a careful and critical study of that Gospel, it had never occurred to the author, whoever he may have been, to suppose that Jesus was the son of any one except Joseph and Mary. There is no hint of anything else; and that is the oldest Gospel that we possess. There is no trace of any other thought about him on the part of any of his immediate circle of friends, his disciples, or the apostles. Mary, for example, in the chapter in Luke which I read this morning as my lesson, seems to have heard these words about the wonderful nature of the child in surprise; and, it is said, she took them and pondered over them in her heart. If she had known all about it beforehand, this would hardly seem to be the way in which it would be referred to. The author of the Gospel according to Matthew knew nothing about any father and mother for Jesus except Joseph and Mary; for the cycle of tradition concerning the wonders

of the birth were of later origin, and belong to another time.

Let us trace, then, some of the steps by which the thought about Jesus grew until it culminated in the dreadful conception that dominated the world during the night of ignorance, cruelty and darkness that we are accustomed to call the Middle Age.

The first thing that people thought about Jesus — and this came late in his ministry — was that he was the Messiah, the Christ. This did not mean that he was to be anything but a man; for the majority of the Jews, when they looked forward for this divinely sent leader, did not expect him to be anything but a man. 'He was to be born in direct descent from their most illustrious king. He was to sit on David's throne, and rule as his lineal successor. The first step, then, was Jesus as a Christ or a Messiah. Next we find that they began to think of him as the new head of a new and divinely appointed order of humanity. He is spoken of as the second Adam; and, as Adam was the head of the fallen, the corrupt, the dying, the sinking humanity, Jesus, as Christ, was to be the new spiritual Adam, the second Adam, the head of the new divine and spiritual order of humanity. There was to be a second coming of the Christ, who was to appear as a new Adam, the new head of the kind of humanity that would have peopled this earth if there never had been any fall. The world was to be such as it would have been if the conditions of Eden had been undisturbed. There was to be no more death, no sorrow, no crime, in that new kingdom of which the new Jesus, the new head of humanity, was to be the leader.

Another step by and by in the progress of speculation was taken; and Jesus became the first-born of every creature,— that is, he was a supernatural being. He had lived in heaven before he lived on earth. He was the first being that God had ever created, the great archangel, the leader of the angelic hosts in heaven. And this is the conception of him that you will find in many of the teachings of Paul.

He had lived before, and appeared here as an angelic leader. He had put off the glory which he had with the Father before the world was, and come down here to be savior, leader, teacher, of mankind. But you will note — and this is the point I wish you to get clearly in mind — that there is no trace or touch in this conception of him of equality with God. It was inconceivable on the part of the Hebrew race that any one should approach the lone, awful magnificence of the Godhead. However high a creature might be lifted in honor or power or glory, the Infinite must ever be at an infinite remove above and beyond any creature however exalted. It was Gentile speculation out of which the idea of the deity of Jesus sprang. It never could have entered the Hebrew mind.

The next step is the identification of Jesus with the *logos*. And what was the *logos?* We find the *logos* in Plato as one of his speculations; we find it in Philo of Alexandria as one of his speculations. That is, the *logos* played a very important part in the theological ideas of the world long before the Gospel of John was written, in which it is declared that Jesus was the word, our English word being simply the translation of the Greek word *logos*. The *logos* in this old speculation played this part: God, the Infinite, removed from the thought, from the knowledge of man, could not be approached, could not be known. Any thinking about him must be false and imperfect thinking, because the finite cannot think correctly of the Infinite. The Hebrews went so far as never to speak his name, thinking it a profanation to attempt to utter it. Philo went so far as to say that any words spoken about the infinite God must be so far wrong that silence was the only reverent religious attitude. The *logos* then came into speculative thought as a means of revelation. It was God's word, God's utterance, God's manifestation to man, so that the Infinite and the Unknowable might be brought into relations with finite creatures. This *logos*, then, existed long before the Gospel of John. But after a time in Christian speculation they began to say that Jesus

was the *logos*, that he was the incarnation of this word. But, you will see — and I wish you to note this — that this is far, far away from any doctrine of the Trinity, any identification of Jesus with God. God might send the first-born of every creature, send an angel, send any being he pleased as his messenger, his manifestation, the utterance of himself to the world; and yet he should be different from God.

By and by, after the conflicts of ages, Jesus became "the only begotten son" of the Nicene Creed. But the Nicene Creed, which was formulated in the year 325,— that is, in the first part of the fourth century,— was not properly Trinitarian. Jesus was exalted to be the one only begotten son of God; but there was no Trinity yet. Later, in the Athanasian Creed as it is called, but which is nobody knows how many years older than the time of Athanasius, and which Athanasius himself did not write,— in that creed we find the full blossomed doctrine of the Trinity, three personalities, each eternal, all equal, all having the same Godhead, the same power, the same glory, all to be equally worshipped. But the progress of human thought in answering the question, "What think ye of Christ?" was not through even then. Jesus became lifted up as pre-eminently the only known God, and the judge, the terrible judge, of all the earth. So terrible did he become, so far removed from human sympathy, from the sympathy of those with whom he used to walk the earth here, that Mary is seized upon by the tender needs of the human heart; and she herself is made divine, and lifted into the heavens, that she may stand with her woman's heart and woman's tears, pleading with her own son on behalf of poor, weak, sinful humanity.

Then he becomes not only this, but throughout the Middle Age he ceased to be the one to imitate, almost ceased, perhaps I would better say, to be the one to love, the one to obey. He is the mighty king, the leader of the carnal, rich, selfish, dominant, tyrannical Church on earth. He is the one in whose name Jew, Moor, and Saracen are to be hated and put to death, the one in whose name the rack and

the thumb-screw and the fagot and all the tortures of the Inquisition are to be brought into play to crush the right to think or to have an opinion. He becomes the horror, the tyrant, the bugbear, of the world; and in his name thousands and thousands are tortured and slain, perhaps more than in the name of any other man who ever lived.

Now I wish to note — and I must do it only in a word — the part he has played in Protestant theology. Here, again, the question, "What think ye of Christ?" is the great question. God has been supposed to be angry, and to be willing to forgive men only through the infinite sorrows and sacrifices and death of Christ. A great governmental scheme has been maintained that God was not able to forgive people only, as the theologians said, when justice had been satisfied, when some one had suffered as much as humanity would have suffered in the torments of hell throughout all eternity; and the terms of this were supposed to be accomplished in the death and torture of an infinite being.

As the age softened, under the teaching of men like Dr. Bushnell, they began to have a different thought about Christ. He was the manifestation of God's justice and love. He invites the world to be reconciled to God. Now, on the part of those who are called liberal in the old churches another grand stride has been taken toward the point that we occupy. Jesus, according to Dr. Lyman Abbott,— I speak of him as a typical example,— is a revelation to the world of the divine love, who comes to tell us what God is, to show to us what we are ourselves. He manifests the divine love, he is our brother, our spiritual leader and helper; and Dr. Abbott tells us that he is of precisely the same nature as we are, because we are of precisely the same nature as God. He says there is no difference between God and Jesus and man except a difference of degree. Man is God minus infinity: God is man plus infinity. Jesus is only a man with so much of the divine in him as a man is capable of holding and manifesting.

Now I will answer briefly the question, as though addressed

to myself: "What think ye of Christ? Whose son is he?" As leading to that, I wish to call your attention to what you all know; but sometimes we know these things without making the application, and so do not see their force. I want to call your attention to the revolution wrought in the modern world by the revelation of God that has come through science. We are in another universe from that in which these old speculations found their original and legitimate play. In this world that has come to be what it is through the process of evolution let us see where God is.

God is the power in and through all things. God was in the fire-mist. God was in the material that globed itself at last as our planet. God was the creative power in the primeval waters. God, as much of him as it can hold and manifest, is in the stone; as much of him as it can hold and manifest is in the grass-blade; as much as it can hold and manifest is in the fish; as much as it can hold and manifest is in the reptilian order of life; as much as it can hold and manifest is in the birds that fly between the earth and the heavens; as much as they can hold and manifest of God is in the animal world before man appears. God, working through all these, at last blossoms out into man; and in the first men, savage, barbaric, ignorant, cruel, as much of God as they could hold and manifest is there. And so through every grade of life as you climb until you get up at last to Jesus.

"What think ye of Christ?" As much of God as he could hold and manifest was in Christ. As much of God as we can hold and manifest is in us; and there is no line of de marcation or distinction except one of degree. We believe in a larger, grander advent,—a larger, grander incarnation than the world has ever dreamed of before. God did not need to come to the world eighteen hundred years ago: he has never been absent from the world. It is one, age-long advent from the beginning until now. We do not believe in Jesus as appeasing the divine anger, because we do not believe in a divine anger that needs to be appeased. We do not

believe in Jesus as the satisfaction of God's justice, so that he might be able to forgive, because man has never been in this fallen and ruined condition, and God's government has never received a shock that needed to be adjusted by any such supernatural scheme. We do not believe in Jesus as a bridge, half-human, half-divine, to span some supposed gulf that separates God from his world, because there is not and never has been any gulf of separation to be spanned. God has been closer to the world than the very breath of life from the beginning. Jesus stands at last on the crown and summit of his age by no supernatural process, but only as the natural outflowering of the divine in his age and time. And a like advent has been outflowering in every age of the world, blossoming into justice and truth and love and nobility and beauty and self-sacrifice in all his souls under every sky and in every epoch of the world.

It seems to me that the old conception of Christ empties his life of all wonder, of all beauty, of all significance, of all power. Had he been God, and so able to work a miracle, there would have been nothing very wonderful in any process by which he might have come into the world, because all things are supposed to be possible to the Omnipotent. If he was God, there was nothing very wonderful about his having uttered some remarkable sayings, having taught some spiritual truths that were above the level of the old ideas and thoughts of the world. What would you expect of God walking about in a human body but that he should say some things that ordinary men would not have thought of? If he were God, there was no great amount of self-sacrifice in his not having where to lay his head for a little time. It seems to me, if he were God, that there was nothing marvellous about his being able to face death, even the death on the cross, when it was only brief pain, with the throne of the universe clearly in sight. O friends, it seems to me that this whole conception of a being who is neither God nor man, God on one side and man on the other side,— on the one side ignorant as a man, knowing everything as a God,

capable of suffering as a man, not capable of suffering as a God,—this conception turns him into a monstrosity that is neither one thing nor the other, and puts him out of all tender and sympathetic relation with our poor human life.

But suppose him human. Such a man in such an age was, indeed, wonderful and divine. That such a man for his truth should be willing to sacrifice home and wander in the streets and the fields of Galilee without where to lay his head, shows, indeed, consecration to his convictions of truth. If he was man, to give up popularity, to face the anger, the hate, of the leaders of his people, is heroic.

If he was man, to face the garden scene in Gethsemane, to sweat great drops of blood in agony and fear, and yet neither shrink nor flee from his purpose, is divine. If he was man, that scene on the cross was one of the most magnificent in all the history of the world. A man fainting in pain between the earth and the heavens, begging for the forgiveness of the howling mob at his feet, tenderly saying, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do"; for a man to have it sweep over him, even for a moment, that he might have made a mistake, that perhaps he was flinging his life away for nothing, that perhaps God was not behind him as he had believed, that perhaps, however eagerly he stretched out his hand, he might not be able to reach the hand of his Father; the cry that shows that he thought for a moment that he might have been forsaken of God himself; if he was man, and yet did not shrink, but stood faithful to his truth till he swooned into the arms of the Unseen,—then, I say, there is nothing more magnificent in the history of the world than that. If he was not man, then it is a cheap and tawdry spectacle, with no meaning in it.

What think ye of Christ, then? I believe he was God's son, as we all are. I believe he was my brother and your brother. I believe he was one of the most heroic souls that ever lived. I believe he is capable of being the spiritual leader of the world, an inspiration to all those who can catch the meaning of his attitude, the significance of his life.

"Mere man"! There is no such thing as mere man. Are you mere man? Am I a mere man? These words have no meaning. That which is spirit and life in us is of God; and we are all God's children, as he was. And there comes to us the call as it came to him. He accepted it. Let us see that we accept it, too, and be divine, because we are children of the Highest.

Let me here read to you a remarkable sonnet by Matthew Arnold. The negative side of the sonnet is extreme. I cannot accept it. But note the force and power with which the poet speaks from the point of view of that great and cold negation.

> Long fed on boundless hopes, O race of man,
> How angrily thou spurn'st all simpler fare!
> 'Christ,' some one says, 'was human as we are.'
> No judge eyes us from heaven, our sin to scan.
>
> We live no more, when we have done our span?
> 'Well, then, for Christ,' thou answerest, 'who can care?
> From sin, which Heaven records not, why forbear?
> Live we like brutes our life without a plan!'
>
> So answerest thou; but why not rather say:
> 'Hath man no second life? — *Pitch this one high!*
> Sits there no judge in heaven, our sin to see?
>
> *More strictly, then, the inward judge obey!*
> Was Christ a man like us? — *Ah! let us try*
> *If we then, too, can be such men as he!*'

I do not believe, as you well know, that this life is all. I do not believe that there is "no judge in heaven, our sin to see." But I do believe that Christ was son of God and son of man in no sense that may not be true of any one of us. But, being such, our brother, our friend, let us claim him. He belongs to us; for he was the great radical leader of his age. Let us claim him, take him with all his inspiration, all the beauty of his life, all his self-sacrifice, all his nobleness, all his devotion to truth. Let us take him as the

promise of what the world may be, and what we can help make it be some day.

Father, we thank Thee that we can believe in Jesus as Thy son, our friend, our brother, and can believe that all the spiritual inspiration of his life is not too high for us, but that we can live as he did, as Thy children, even here and now. Amen.

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BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

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WELLSPRINGS IN THE PAST THAT WATER THE PRESENT:

A Sermon for the Old and New Year

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GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1894

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ERRATUM.

In sermon, "What Think ye of Christ?" on p. 8, 15th line from top, the word "older" should read "later."

WELLSPRINGS IN THE PAST THAT WATER THE PRESENT:

A Sermon for the Old and New Year.

"Passing through the valley of weeping, they make it a place of springs."— PSALM lxxxiv. 6.

"For they drank of a spiritual rock that followed them."— I COR. x. 4.

As we look with a superficial view, it seems to us sometimes as though the past is nothing. We talk of all-devouring time, as though time left no remains, or only the crumbling ruins of the past. And yet, if we consider the matter in a very profound sense, we shall see that it is true that time devours nothing, that nothing is past, that nothing is lost. Emerson hit a magnificent truth in those words that have been quoted so frequently: —

> "One accent of the Holy Ghost
> The heedless world hath never lost."

As we study the evolution of the planet, we are aware of the fact that we have beneath our feet to-day a record of all that has been. A competent scientific mind can read the rock leaves, and resurrect and make alive again before him all the things that have been. Every plant, every tree, every animal, every bird that has beat the air with its wings, all the creatures that have ever trodden the earth, have left their record in such a sense that for all vital purposes they live still.

When we come to note the past of human history, we

sometimes hear people talk of lost arts, lost civilizations, lost libraries, the records of human thought; but, in any sense which is important to us, these things are not lost. All that the past has tried to do in the way of thinking is stored up as result, as creative product, in the brains of living men and women. All the experiments of the past in politics, in the science of government, in the way of industrial civilization; all the religious yearnings, enthusiasms, strivings, aspirations; all that man has thought and done,— are alive; and the world is what it is because the past is living in it to-day. And while we may regret as we study much of the past, while we sometimes read with a shudder some terrible chapter, even these things the wise philosophic student does not dare to forget. These are a part of the tale that tells us what humanity is; they have helped to make the humanity of to-day; and they are a power in the world for that which is to be. So that these things that we talk of as in the past are wellsprings that water the present. They are not devastating floods to sweep it away. Neither are they springs that have grown dry, cisterns broken that hold no water.

Before I come to deal, as I shall, with the past of our own individual lives as the principal part of my theme, I wish to show you the significance of the passages which I have taken as my text.

This verse from the Psalms shows the pilgrims on their way to one of the great festivals at Jerusalem. They are seeking God in Zion. But on their pilgrimage they pass, not only along by pathways through green fields and over high hills, but often in desert places,— places of hardship and trial. But the singer of this Psalm — we do not know who he may have been — tells us that, passing through these valleys of weeping, those with true intent and purpose in their hearts are able to make them places of springs where they may drink and find refreshment, waters to make glad the heart and to make green the banks.

The other passage is more significant still. The legend tells us,— and we need not trouble ourselves about it here

any more than as poetry,— the legend tells us that, when the children of Israel were in the wilderness, they came, as they naturally would, to places where there was no supply of water; and the people began to suffer from thirst, they and their children and their cattle. And they came to Moses, whom they seemed to hold responsible for everything that happened, and cried out against him, asking why he had brought them out of Egypt, where they had at least supply for their physical wants, that they should perish of thirst in the wilderness. And then, the story says, he carried his case to his God; and he was told to take his magic rod and smite a rock in Horeb, and out of it waters would gush forth. This place of strife, of temptation, of trial, became then a place of wellsprings of supply. Then there was a story among the Jews,— it has no warrant, so far as I know, in the Bible, except this one passage that I have quoted from Paul; and Paul uses it in an allegorical and spiritual sense purely,— there was a story among the Jews that after the water gushed out of this rock as a stream of ready refreshment and supply it followed the people in all their after years of wandering until they reached the Holy Land. This spiritual rock, Paul says, followed them.

Taking a hint, then, from the opening words that I have spoken of the living past in to-day, and from these beautiful, poetical figures from the Old Testament, I wish to discuss with you for a little while the fact, profound, significant, one of hope and comfort, that we carry the memories of our past, and not the memories only, but the living past itself, in us,— wellsprings of water, sources of refreshment and comfort, life-giving and hope-reviving,— and that these are in us as permanent springs that shall not go dry this year, but that shall run on with us into the next.

I shall not go far afield nor seek for things strange or startling, but shall talk to you of the simplest, commonest experiences of our lives.

Let us note, then, a few of these wellsprings in our past that water and vivify and beautify to-day.

We shall not find all of them pleasant or sweet; and there is the peculiarity of the text which matches the peculiarity of our experience. It was the valley of weeping that was made a place of springs. It was the place of doubt and wrong and strife which was the source of that living rock that is said to have followed the wandering people on their pilgrimage.

First, let me call your attention to one of the simplest things in the world,— the great truth that the pleasant places that we have seen in the past are alive with us and in us, sources of rest, of peace, of comfort, and of help to-day. We look back over the past; and some of the things seem shadowy to us. We wish that we could go back to them. We talk about them as though they were wholly gone. And yet conceive for a moment that our past might be wholly blotted out, and we not have one memory of anything longer ago than our waking hour this morning. Think what a desolation would come to us! We should then, indeed, have lost our inheritance, lost the mainspring and the motive force for to-day and all the future. But they are not shadowy: they are really in us. When I am worn and weary sometimes,— and I speak of myself, knowing that you will match my experience with your own,— I go back to my boyhood; and I live it over again. I am lying under an apple-tree when the blossoms are out in the spring, and the air is trembling with the music of insect and bird, and life is so intense round me that I almost imagine I can hear the grasses growing. I see the blue sky above me, and the clouds like ships sailing out of the unknown, and bearing messages to some far and magic land. And I am rested and made strong because of this precious, mysterious, wonderful power. I know not what it is that keeps for me these blessed, sweet pictures of the olden

am on a hilltop looking over the river, and away to
h, where the mountains rise round the lakes, and I
aming of childish excursions over the fields and

through the woods or on the waters; and, as in those days, after hours of weary wandering, I fell upon my face and slaked my thirst out of some limpid spring under the branches of the trees, so now I fall once more in reverent, glad memory, and drink from these full springs, and am refreshed and made strong again.

Then how precious are the memories that we carry with us of the magnificent scenes that we have been able to see in the journeys we have made! Some of you,— I wish it were true of you all; for these are not indeed mere pleasures, they are sources of life,— some of you have wandered by Como or Lake Geneva, have seen the Alps crowned by Mont Blanc, have seen the ruins of the old palaces and convents, or you have been across the Mer de Glace, or in the Highlands of Scotland you have caught through the breaking mists a peep at some beautiful landscape of heather and tarn; and these pleasant pictures of the past rise as memories and sources of joy and inspiration to-day. Or, if you have not been abroad, you have heard the marvellous organ music of the waves on the beach, you have seen our mountains rise, you have had a glimpse of some magnificent landscape, you have tasted the meaning and the mystery of Nature at her best. Here, then, is one of the wellsprings of the past that water the present.

Then there is another, more wonderful even than this; and that is the pleasant memories that we carry with us of the people who have lived and that we say do not live any more. I am not speaking now of our personal losses, but of the pleasant memories of the people we have met. I should count it to-day one of my richest treasures if I were able to remember having seen and heard Theodore Parker, for example. And those of you who did see him and hear him and did know him are stronger, finer, nobler, better men because of that living image of a grand man who walks by your side still. For we must remember that it is not the people who are in the flesh who are the most alive. I have by my side, sometimes as daily companions, people whom no

one sees, but who are more alive than the people I meet on the street, more alive to me, more a part of the life which I daily lead. I did not see Parker, but I have precious memories of Wendell Phillips, of Garrison, of Lowell, of Longfellow, of Herbert Spencer, of other great men of this country and abroad; and out of these memories which I carry about with me I gain in my hours of thinking inspiration and strength. And I thank God, in the words of Chadwick, "that such have been, although they are no more." "No more," that is, in the popular sense; and yet I would rather say, I thank God that *they are.* They are to-day my companions, my inspirers, my helpers, living and bubbling springs in my brain and heart and soul.

Then there are other memories,—the things that we have done that we like to remember, the successes, and above all, I think, the services we have rendered. I do not think it is well for us to be over-humble in the sense of depreciating ourselves perpetually. If we have attained some success, if we can look back to something we have striven for and have reached, if we can think of some grand thing we have done, it gives us courage, because we have learned something of the possibilities of our being. We have set a standard for ourselves. It is high-water mark: we have been so high. It is a challenge to us: we are not to be content to be less than that. We can do so much; and the memory of that is a mighty power over the life of to-day. We say we will try to live up to what we have found to be possible in us.

And so, if we have rendered some great service, have helped somebody, no matter whether in a conspicuous way or not; if we have found some one bewildered, wandering, perplexed as to the way, and have been able to be a finger-post to him, so that he has sent back word that that was the turning-point in life, and that he has now found the right path; if we have found some one in trouble, engaged in some enterprise, hardly knowing how to get through, and you have been able to help him out, to show him the way, and he s come to you or written, saying, "I owe you much for the

service you rendered me"; or, if you have found some one in physical need, old and poor, friends all gone, left alone, waiting to die, and you have been able to minister to such a one, to make smooth the last little part of the pathway down to the hour of rest,—if you have done some of these things, I think it is legitimate for you to cool your parched lips at this upspringing well of memory, and be encouraged because you have discovered that you can be of service to the world.

There is another kind of experience that we remember. I have here on my finger a scar. I was hurt, I hurt myself, when I was a tiny boy. I carry the scar throughout life. I do not know how it may be with the rest of you; but I have a good many scars that are not visible. I have hurt myself a great many times in my life,—in my mind, in my heart, in my conscience, in my spiritual nature. I have not only made mistakes: I have done wrong when I knew it was wrong, and could have done better. What about these memories? I think, friends, that, if we do not call those things which are evil good, but recognize what they are,—if we do not blur the distinctions between right and wrong,—we may have a right some time, if we have not attained it yet, to be thankful even for the wrongs we have done, if they have taught us what kind of people we are; if they become for us lessons, backgrounds, against which to see our good; if they have taught us the difference between good and evil; if they have made us love the good and hate the evil, as perhaps we should not have done. They can teach us, if I have not entirely mistaken the meaning of such experiences, tenderness, charity, that we are made of the same sort of stuff that other people are made of, that we are made of the same kind of stuff that compose the wrecks that are cast out on the rubbish heap. We are made of the same kind of stuff as the vicious and the criminal; and nine times out of ten the difference between us and them is a difference of circumstances, a difference of opportunity, a difference in the way of being born and trained, and not of our own tendency. Search

out a little boy in one of the slums of the city, ignorant, vile, vulgar, foul-mouthed, thievish, and then ask carefully what were the chances for him to be anything else, and perhaps your soul will be filled with a great desire to help him, instead of giving him an additional kick adown the pathway of ruin. Let us remember our past failures and wrong-doings, and let them, too, become a place of springs,— let them become waters of refreshment that follow us through life, waters of sympathy, of patience, of tenderness, of courage. And, though you are familiar with the words, let me enforce this lesson by a few sentences from one of Longfellow's poems: —

The low desire, the base design,
  That makes another's virtues less;
The revel of the ruddy wine,
  And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
  The strife for triumph more than truth;
The hardening of the heart, that brings
  Irreverence for the dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
  That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
  The action of the nobler will,—

All these must first be trampled down
  Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
  The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
  But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
  The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
  That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen, and better known,
  Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

II

The distant mountains, that uprear
  Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
  As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept
  Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
  Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
  With shoulder bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern — unseen before —
  A path to higher destinies,

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
  As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
  To something nobler we attain.

I come now to speak for a moment of another phase of the past, best expressed perhaps by the two words *our dead.* All of us who are along in life have them. It is a father, a mother, children, brothers, sisters, perhaps husband or wife; and we talk about these in our common speech as "the lost." Are they the lost? Let me suggest to you one or two ways in which they are the dearest possessions of our lives. I do not believe there is a person here, or who will read what I say, who would take back any experience of this sort, who would be willing to go without the friend who has been lost. We would rather have had them and lost them than not to have had them. But they are not lost, I say, in the real and deep sense of that word. I think, if we will look over our daily lives and analyze carefully our experience and the motives that make us what we are, we shall find that some of the tenderest and finest thoughts, some of the noblest impulses, some of the mightiest inspirations and aspirations of our lives are streams fed by these springs of loss. Through the valley of weeping we have come; but we have made it a place of springs, and we drink at these

springs to-day. In one sense, the water is bitter; but it becomes sweet in our mouths as we swallow it. It becomes sweet as we look forward with hope toward the future; and it becomes sweeter still in the consecration of our lives to the beauty and patience of which they are the cause.

Note that in one sense, and a very important sense, these friends are not lost. If we have lived by the side of some friend for years, and learned to love that friend, our brain, our heart, our conscience, our spiritual nature, our whole lives, have been shaped by this experience. We carry these lost friends, as we call them, with us, because they have entered into us and are part of us, and the noblest part, perhaps.

And, then, if we dare cherish that magnificent hope that they are only invisible, and that we shall find them again, we shall cease to think of them as lost at all. It is of these things as main-springs and motive forces that I wish you to think to-day. And here I will take the opportunity to read to you some verses which I know I have read to you before, but which perhaps express better than I can in other words the thought I have in mind: —

Up on the hillside, far away,
  There is a hidden spring,
That never sees the light of day,
  And where no bird doth sing.

It darkly wells, 'mid rocks and moss,
  Lost in the thicket deep;
Above it, trailing creepers toss,
  And dripping dew-drops weep.

But, down below, its waters run
  To feed the roots of flowers;
Where bright birds glitter in the sun,
  And sing through happy hours.

It makes a brook where children play
  It clothes the fields in grasses;
Its path is beauty all the way,
  As down the vale it passes.

The mill-wheels hum along its side
  It builds the busy town;
And deeply, in its glassy tide,
  The sweet stars look adown.

How many noblest deeds of men
  Flow from the hidden springs,
Shut all away from human ken,
  And kept as sacred things,—

The grief-fed springs within the heart,
  All clouded o'er with doubt,
Where death our treasures smote apart,
  And healing tears gushed out!

The graves of loved ones far away,
  Up the dim track of years,
Still nerve the purpose of to-day
  To rise above our fears.

Oh! many a tender word is said,
  And gentle deed is wrought,
In memory of the cherished dead
  That live still in our thought.

The orphans, that the mother-love
  Of childless mothers saves,
May thank the grief that bends above
  The newly sodded graves.

And many a man, whose noble fight
  For truth has lifted men,
Knows some dead loved one's deathless might
  His motive power has been.

O tear-fed, hidden springs that well
  Up from the heart's great deep,
The world its debt can never tell
  To those that work and weep,—

That work out in the open day,
  That weep when none are nigh,
And only by sweet deeds betray
  The heart's sad mystery.

I think the time will come, if it has not come yet, when we shall learn to think of death not as an enemy, not as an

invader, not as some unfriendly power that has come to devastate the earth, but as God's gift. We shall recognize the fact that out of this sad experience and from the valley of weeping there come the wellsprings of the finest and sweetest and noblest things in our lives.

There is one other thought that I wish to suggest. Not only are these memories of the past wellsprings of power, of refreshment, that strengthen us to-day, but we ourselves,— so is humanity linked together,— we ourselves in the past, in what we have done during this year and the preceding years, have become wellsprings of motive force for others. Here is a point that we too frequently forget, that we ought to cherish with the greatest care. We cannot separate ourselves from the friends, the neighbors, the people, who are about us; and they to-day remember us as we remember them. We think of our memories of other people, of pleasant places and scenes; but how often do we stop to think of the way in which we have spoken, the way in which we have lived, the deeds we have done, the patience or impatience we have shown, the qualities of character that we have manifested in our relations with them? How often do we stop to think that we are springs of good or ill in all these other lives? This thought is uttered by Emerson in words which I will read: —

> Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
> Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
> The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
> Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
> The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
> Deems not that great Napoleon
> Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
> Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
> Nor knowest thou what argument
> Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.

Here is the point that I wish you to remember. There is somebody in the world to-day who is remembering each one of you, perhaps thinking of you at this hour, remembering

you with gratitude or with regret,— which? Perhaps it is some one that you did not think of: you spoke under certain conditions, you did something, you took such or such an attitude in an argument, you expressed such and such an opinion without stopping to see or care who was looking on or who was listening; and that has become a part of the memory, has entered into the life of some one, and is making it easier for that person to believe in truth, making it easier for that person to believe in goodness, or it is a weight to carry, it has touched springs of doubt, it has made that person feel that humanity is less to be trusted, that it is less real, that there is less of goodness in the world than he had supposed. Somehow, it has entered into the lives of others.

Let us, then, not only drink from these sweet springs of refreshment that still follow us, rich streams from the past, but let us carry with us the consciousness that we are making the stream that others drink either sweet or bitter; and, as we face the future, thankful for these streams that come to us from the past, let us remember that to-day, and to-morrow when it comes, and each day of our lives, we are making these influences both for ourselves and for others,— that this stream never ceases running, ever grows more full, and that everything we do and think, all our fears and hopes and aspirations, are paying tribute to it, and that this stream of refreshment and hope, if we choose to make it so, shall run on with us into the future.

Our God, the giver of life, our comforter and our helper, we give Thee thanks for the past and all that it has been to us. And we ask Thee to be with us to-day, to help us to have such trust in Thee and in our fellow-men and in the future as we have never had before, and so gird up ourselves to renewed effort to see to it that the inheritance of to-morrow shall be richer because we have thought and lived and labored. Amen.

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A MAN IN THE FAMILY.

THE family, in some form, is the oldest association on earth; for in all its essentials it existed in the pre-human world before man appeared. And in all its essentials it exists to-day in the sub-human world. There is the father, the mother, the child; and these constitute this most primitive of all living associations.

It is the oldest society. It is also the oldest form of industrial organization; for here is a co-operative association, each member of which, according to his or her power, is contributing to the general support. It is the oldest religious association. I wish to dwell for a moment on these last two aspects of the theme.

In the earliest ages, in the lowest forms of human life that we can trace, the first political association, the first form of government, was the family. The father was despot, the king; and all others were subjects. And this condition of things lasted when the family grew to number in its organization hundreds and thousands, and sometimes hundreds of thousands of individuals. For through the patriarchal period, during the tribal organizations of the world, it was always maintained that those who were under the fatherly headship were by blood and kinship of one family; and in this way alone was found the reason for the bond that held them together. Even when the tribe had grown into the city, — as, for example, in the case of ancient Athens,— still it was true. The voter, if voting was allowed, the men who were really citizens of the city, were supposed to be members of the one widening household. They belonged to the family; and if any outsider was introduced into the city, if he had the freedom of the city, if he gained the rights of citizenship,

it must be through a process of adoption; he was made a member of the family. So that for ages and ages, thousands and thousands of years after men appeared on the planet, the only form of government recognized was the family government in some larger, wider sense.

I wish now to note — because it is important, and we find the traces, the reminiscences, of these things surviving still among us — that the same was true in regard to religion. The father was the priest by virtue of the fact that he was father. The god who was worshipped was almost always supposed to be the forefather of the family, the tribe, the city. They worshipped the unseen and mighty spirit who was, when on earth, the founder of the tribe. And this lasted for thousands and thousands of years, even down to the time of the highest civilization in Athens, to use the same illustration. The religion was the family religion, it was a Greek religion. It never occurred to the Greeks that it was desirable or even proper, in any sense, that an outsider should worship their gods. They were family gods, belonging to them. Those religions were not missionary religions. The only way by which a person could enter into the religion of the Greek was through the process of adoption. He became a brother of the people, he became a child of the fore-father of the tribe. In this way he was admitted to the sanctities and the rites of the family worship, and became one of those whom the family god cared for and protected.

I am speaking of these things because, as we shall see very soon, traces for better or for worse of these ideas remain in the world even until to-day. And there are conceptions of loyalty and disloyalty which spring out of such conditions of things which have no relevancy or meaning in the modern world.

It is natural and fitting that we should note how our wider sense of human brotherhood and divine Fatherhood are only the expansion of this old idea. The first being that man ever loves beyond himself, the being that stands nearest to himself, is the wife, the mother of his child. And at first this

is a purely selfish love: it is only loving another and dearer self, and another person that, in a certain sense, and particularly under those old ideas, had become a piece of property which he owned. And when the child appears, and, being grown, enters similar relations and becomes a parent in turn, the circle of sympathy begins to widen; and here is the point of departure for all the altruistic, unselfish affections and relationships of the world. Yet many thousands of years had gone by before these old tribal feelings began to be modified. At first it was a virtue to love only those who were of your kin. It was an equal virtue to hate those who were beyond the limits of this relationship. But by and by it began to dawn upon people, as they caught a glimpse of a higher theism, a conception of one God, one Creator, one Father, that all people were made of one blood for to dwell on all the face of the earth.

But that is only a widening of this process which began with the first love of the wife and child, and which has come at last to embrace in its wide arms the entire race, until we are beginning to feel that we have one Father in heaven, and all we are brethren. Beginning, I say, because I do not count this world as very old in this matter. This humanity of ours is very young yet on the planet. We have not yet reached evening; we have not reached mid-afternoon; we have not reached noon. I do not believe that, so far as the history of this planet is concerned, we have got to the middle of the forenoon yet. We are only in the morning; and over a large part of the world it is morning twilight, and the sun is hardly up. We still have our narrow conceptions of relationship. Not that we should overleap those who stand close to us, to love those who are far away better: it is fitting that the love should spread first to those close to us, and then to those farther away. But we are not completely civilized until we recognize the universal and equal brotherhood of man.

Come now to consider the position, the rights, and duties of man, *a man*, in the family.

A man, if he live out his full life, if he develop all sides of his nature, all the possibilities of his being, stands in at least a threefold relationship to the family: he is a child, he is a husband, he is a father. And no man has completely rounded out his being unless he does fulfil this threefold relationship.

I do not wish you to think that I have forgotten that some years ago I printed a series of sermons on "Man, Woman and Child." Do not think I have forgotten what I said in the course of those sermons. I shall not, however, be over-careful in regard to repeating myself concerning some of those thoughts this morning, because there are some things that need to be said more than once. I get hints constantly from some of the thousands of readers beyond the range of my voice that certain things need to be said, perhaps, over and over again.

Let us, then, first consider man as a child, as a son in the family. What ought to be his attitude towards father and mother? From the hints that I have given of the unfolding of the family it was natural, you see, that there should be great emphasis laid on honor to father and mother, reverence, obedience. Shall we lay any less stress to-day, in the light of our present civilization, on the feelings of the child toward the father and the mother? In one sense, no. In one sense we should increase that emphasis. But I think there needs some modification of the interpretations that are made of that relationship. There ought, indeed, to be gratitude and love for the gift of life, no matter how poor a life the child may have come into; for, if our great hope be true, and this is only the beginning of an eternal career, then the child owes to father and mother the fact that his feet are placed on the lowest rounds of a ladder that reaches to the very foot of the throne of God. You will remember that the other day, in speaking of Mrs. Lucy Stone, I quoted the fact that some one said to her, referring to some poor and miserably born persons, that perhaps it would have been better if they had never been born, and Mrs. Stone quickly replied,

"No, at least they have had bestowed upon them the mysterious, infinite gift of life." However poor the beginning here, there is the possibility of infinite unfolding.

But I do think it may be a question sometimes as to the degree of expressed gratitude that children owe to their parents. The gratitude may at least be modified according to conditions. If my experience and observation are worth anything, it is those fathers and mothers that have given their children the least occasion for gratitude who frequently make the largest claim.

What ought to be the attitude of the child towards the religious, the political opinions and occupations of the father and mother? In other words, ought the reverence that we pay to father and mother, ought the loyalty we owe, to carry us so far that we should feel bound to repeat the life of father or mother over and over again? I have read to you this morning as a part of my lesson some Chinese and Buddhist sayings on this subject. But you know well that the Chinese kingdom to-day is a living — you can hardly call it living — illustration of the evil of carrying this reverence for parents too far in practical affairs. It is the religion of the Chinese to reverence and worship ancestors, the king, the father, the mother, the ancestors of the people, the old ideas, the old customs, the old ways. These are the things that are impressed upon every child; and, just as the child's feet are shaped by external pressure and forbidden to grow beyond a certain size, so the burden and the weight of the traditions of the past press upon the brain and heart and sentiment, and they have kept the Chinese empire stagnant for a thousand years.

It is very curious to me to note the extent to which this matter is carried frequently in the modern world. I know a case here in Massachusetts of a young man who changed his political ideas from those of his father; and the expressed resentment in many quarters carried with it the idea that there was something somehow disloyal, dishonoring, in the act, that the son had hardly the right to look over the political condi-

tion of things for himself, and choose his own course, no matter what the age at which he had arrived. I suppose that, if the question were bluntly put to any particular man, he would hardly make the claim; and yet there was the feeling in this way. It is this which I had in mind in saying that there are traces of the old-time thought lingering in the present where they do not belong. I have changed my political ideas, so that they are not those of my father. I do not feel, therefore, that I have dishonored my father. I honor my father most, it seems to me, by playing the part of a free thinking, earnest, honest man in the midst of the conditions in which I am placed, not by repeating, parrot-like, certain ideas which seemed clear and important to him forty years ago, in conditions of life which do not now exist. Those people who think that loyalty to father and mother on the part of a man means that he shall not change the ideas which he has inherited commit themselves to a course which would stop the growth of the world. All progress means change, and all change means differing with some one in regard to old ideas; and unless change, unless this difference, be allowed, then the world simply stands still. And at any particular epoch in the history of the world, if this principle had been dominant, there would have been no possibility of any farther advance.

Precisely the same is true in regard to religious ideas. Henry Ward Beecher on a certain occasion, when he was asked if he were a Calvinist, said, "Yes; that is, I believe just what John Calvin would believe if he were alive now, and saw things as I do." That is the only way in which a man has any right to be an adherent of the religious ideas of the past. There is hardly a single point in matters of religion at which I am at agreement to-day with those that were held by my father. Should I therefore consider myself disloyal to him? Since my father formulated his religious ideas, discoveries and advances have been made that have revolutionized the thought of the intelligent world. Shall I take no account of these? My father was loyal to the best light

he knew. I am loyal to him, in the only sense in which loyalty is a part of manhood, by being the same, consecrating myself to the highest and finest light which I can discover in the world in which I am living to-day. Let us, then, honor father and mother, let us occupy this attitude of grateful, reverent love; but let us feel that we are doing them the highest reverence by seeing to it that we help to secure the highest and finest things for the world as they would help, were they here in our places. So much for a man in the first relation, as child.

Come now to the second point, a man as husband. In the olden time, as you know,—and it is true over a very large part of the world still,— a man had no choice in the matter as to who his wife should be. Many and many a time the first glimpse he had of her was when she was brought home as his wife. There are in the modern world, now and then, what purport to be scientific suggestions as to methods of deciding what persons ought to marry. I believe, however, that no way has been discovered as yet which is better than perfect and simple freedom. When there is genuine mutual attraction, and after time has been allowed for adequate acquaintance, I do not believe that there can be found any better method than that. After there has been time for adequate acquaintance I say. I believe that many of the evils of married life have their source right there. There has not been time or opportunity for adequate acquaintance. I believe that instead of forbidding divorce, under all and every condition, that many of the evils of the world would be better solved by making it a little more difficult to enter the state of matrimony than it is to-day,— not prohibition, but make it difficult enough so that there is adequate time for thought, for acquaintance, for something in the way of knowledge as to what is being done.

But, when a man has chosen and taken some woman to be his partner for life, he has voluntarily taken upon himself the most sacred obligation in the world. Whatever he may be, whatever he may do, at any rate, his

highest and grandest duty is to see to it that the happiness which she has intrusted to him be preserved and perpetuated. This, it seems to me, is the most sacred of obligations.

And how in regard to the government, the management, of the household? This may seem to you a simple thing; but I do believe that some of the matters which I propose to touch upon lie at the base and are the cause of nearly all the unhappiness that destroys the peace of so many homes. Is there any head to the family, or ought there to be any head? Shall the man in the family arrogate to himself the right of king, of dictator? In the olden days the family, so far as any powers or rights were concerned, was the man. I have occasion to refer again to my sermon on Mrs. Lucy Stone. I read to you a part of a protest which Mr. Blackwell and Lucy Stone drew up as they entered upon this sacred relation,— a protest against common customs, some of them incorporated as laws, some of them only public opinion. I believe that in every single point against which they protested they were right; and yet, to emphasize that which I said a moment ago, as to how little progress we have made here in the freest nation of the world with the highest human ideals, this protest was received with almost universal ridicule and contempt. And yet it was only an attempt to express what seem to me some of the simplest ideas of justice, equality, and right. I believe that in any true marriage, if it is a marriage worthy of the name, there is no head, there is no king, there is no despot. If there is anything approaching mutual respect and confidence,— and, if there is not, it is not marriage,— then the relation is pure democracy. A husband has no right to control over the wife except that which comes through mutual respect and confidence and love; and even by these channels he has no more right of control over her than she has over him. It ought to be a pure bit of democracy, the purest that the world has ever seen. It is a contract the essence and binding part of which are mutual love and respect.

Let me indicate one or two matters falling under this, and showing the extent to which I would carry this principle.

In the first place, the wife should have absolute and life-long control over her own person. Anything else is despotism, cruelty, bestiality.

In matters of money, what? You know what my views on this matter are. I will speak of them again, however; for, however far advanced *you* may be on this subject, I know that the world has advanced but a very little way in this matter. Most husbands,—and it was a legal right until within a very few years, and it is more of a legal right still than it ought to be,—most husbands assume that the property of the family, unless the wife has inherited some which has been settled upon her independently, belongs to him. I say, No, not one farthing of it, in that sense. It is an equal partnership; and the husband has no more right to dole out the money to his wife in small quantities, and demand of her that she shall keep account of what she does with it and report to him, than the wife has to dole it out to the husband and demand that he keep account of it and report to her. I should be ashamed of myself, and hold myself in day and night long contempt if I ever asked one question concerning matters like that. And I hope the time will come when every man will learn to be ashamed of it. The wife should have as absolutely free and unquestioned control in matters of that sort as the husband has; and, if she be a wife worthy of the name, she will not abuse her power. She will be all the more considerate and careful if taken into confidence in this way and made to feel that she is free. I know wives, I could find them all over this country, who are compelled to resort to duplicity, to subterfuge, to falsehood, to every petty and mean thing you can conceive, merely to get a little money. And the husband is to blame where a state of things like this exists.

The wife should have unlimited freedom in regard to her opinions, just as the child should when he is grown,—religious, political, what not. Encourage freedom of thought and

diversity. Let the wife lead her own life. Let her study. She has the same right, if she pleases, to belong to a club that a man has, to follow her intellectual and artistic bent that he has, the same right to lead a full and rounded existence. And, if she be true and there be mutual respect and confidence, the home is made only the richer by this living out of the full life of both the husband and the wife.

Here, then, is the principle: you can carry it out in other directions in as many ways as you please, but here is the essence of the relation,—love and respect; and, where these exist, the richer and the fuller and broader the lives, the better for both.

Come now to note the third relation in which a man stands to the family,—the father. Of course, what I say here will be only the obverse side of some of the things that I hinted when speaking of the child as related to the father. Yet there are some points that need emphasis over and over again. I have seen it in so many homes, I remember so many cases in the homes of other boys when I was a boy, it exists all over the world,—this condition of things which is still on the very verge of barbarism. The world is half-civilized in regard to the relation of the parent and the child. Let me note one or two points by way of illustration and emphasis.

First, what claim has the child on the father, and what right has the father over the child? A child does not come here by its own will. It comes because invited. And the first right that a child has is that it shall be born of free will and into welcoming arms. It is the most unspeakable outrage when a soul is invited out of the infinite into a home where there is no welcome, invited by accident, and not wanted. Think what it means that an immortal soul, a child of God, should cross the threshold of your home, and be at your mercy! The first great duty, then, that devolves on every man in regard to the child is that there shall be loving, tender welcome awaiting its advent.

And, then, as the child grows, I believe that the most im-

portant thing is that which we the Puritans and we children of the Puritans have been traditionally accustomed to overlook,—that the child's home shall be made happy. I do not believe anything in the life of the child is quite so important as this. A man may grow old; and, as he grows old, he may come in contact with such sides of the world that he loses faith in almost everything. He loses faith in every man. He loses faith in business, in the industrial condition of the country. He thinks that the universe is out of joint; and he may lose faith in God. But, if, away off at the beginning there is a picture that memory calls up, of a happy home, if his father was just and kind, and did the best he knew, and, above all, if he can remember the tender, cherishing, brooding love of his mother, there is something still to which you can appeal, there is something still which can be saved. Too much cannot be said about it. I know orators have dwelt on it, and poets have sung it in all ages; but there is nothing quite so wonderful in many ways as this home mother love. There is no other love so unselfish, there is no other love that will bear so much neglect, so much abuse, that is absolutely incapable of forgetting. There is no other love like this; and, if the mother can bathe the life of her boy in this love, and let him carry it with him as an atmosphere to breathe from that day till his death, she has done more for him than in any other possible way can be accomplished.

Then the next thing a man should do as father is to see to it that his children are educated and trained in the best possible way for the work of their life. It is very difficult sometimes to find out what a boy or a girl is specially fitted for. There may not be any particular bent to determine the matter. But if a father can train the child, educate him in general ways, make him intelligent, educate hand and eye and ear and brain so as to fit him to cope with the conditions of life, whatever they may be, then he has bestowed upon him the ability to be a man.

I believe also that he should train him into independence of thinking. Here is the obverse of what I said in regard to

this as related to the father. The father should not attempt, as though he were infallible, to engraft his own opinions, intellectual, political, or religious, upon his child. The only true education that any man can have in this regard is a fitness to think, to observe, and to make up his own mind intelligently. I should consider that I had rendered my children a very poor service, indeed, if I had simply stamped them, as though they were wax, with my own ideas. I believe in my own ideas with all my soul: if I did not, I should not hold them; but I would rather have my children differ from me and depart radically from any and every one of my opinions than simply to take them on authority from me. I do not believe the father has any right to impose himself as an authority in any direction on his children. It is his business to train them to be free, to be intelligent, to be independent, to look over the world, and walk the ways of the world for themselves.

And let us not be afraid of our children getting beyond our reach too soon. I know so many cases where fathers and mothers absorb the children, hinder their free and full development, try to make them mere adjuncts and accessories of their own lives, instead of training them into freedom as soon as possible. You do your children a radical and permanent wrong, if you attach them in this way to yourselves. A father has no right, merely because he wants his daughter in the house and enjoys having her there, to frustrate or interfere with her prospects in life, keeping her selfishly instead of fitting her to be the woman that she is capable of becoming. A mother has no right in this direction. It is our business to train the boys and girls both into independence of us just as rapidly as possible. And, if we do that, holding them and trying to hold them only by free bondage of love and gratitude, we shall find that we have them closer to us than as though we treated them in the other way. I have not noticed such a thing since I was a boy, and do not know how prevalent it is in the country still; but, when I was a boy, I remember many boys whose lives were held by legal

bonds to the home in such a way that they learned to hate it, and would run away from it at the very first opportunity. I have known boys who would buy their time of their own fathers because they were tired of staying at home, and wished to have an opportunity of living a life of their own. You know it is the law that a father can hold the services and take the money of his child until he becomes of age; and I have known farmers to take that advantage of their boys until, instead of loving, they learned to hate the home. Hold your children, but hold them by bonds of love, and love alone; and then you will have a tie that time nor distance nor even death is capable of touching.

And now one brief point at the last. You noticed in the inscription from the old Egyptian tomb that I read this morning that it praises the man as almost the highest culmination of his virtues, in that he "never left his home in a bad temper." I wonder how many of us could have that on our tombstones? I would add to that, Never enter your home in a bad temper, and never have a bad temper between the time of entering and of leaving, if you can possibly help it. In other words, one of the most important things in regard to the happiness of the home is the atmosphere, that intangible something from which we cannot escape. You know what it means. You know that sometimes in the home it is sunny and sweet and peaceful and restful, and that again, though nothing may be said and nothing done, there is neither peace nor rest. There is something in the air that disturbs and chills: the mercury falls, and it is cold. I believe — and here I am preaching to myself — I believe that a man has no right to take his business worries and outside cares into the home. I am preaching against myself, I say, for I know I often do it; but I still say I have no right to do it, and no one else has any right to do it. Let us, if we cannot control the weather anywhere else, keep one spot over which no clouds hang, one spot where the sun shines, one spot where all can sink down with a sense of perfect restfulness and peace.

Let us live out then, so far as we may, the ideal of a man in the relation which he sustains to the family, as child, husband, father. Let us try to-day to forestall the future and to create such conditions as will some day be universal.

Our Father, O blessed word, in Thee we find rest and peace and refuge. Give us strength, and let us try in our relations to be perfect, even as our Father in heaven is perfect. Amen.

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VI. A MAN IN BUSINESS

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A MAN IN BUSINESS.

"Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" — LUKE ii. 49.

I PRESUME that you have not been accustomed to find anything in these words of the young boy of twelve from Nazareth that even suggested to you the ordinary meaning of the word "business." And yet I take it that, when the world becomes purely civilized, all the occupations of the world will be recognized as only parts of the Father's business. This great truth I shall hope to suggest at any rate to you before I am through.

The business of the world may be summed up, I suppose, in two words, production and distribution: it is the creating and the distributing of those things which the needs or the wishes of the world demand. Ordinarily, a very wide divorce is recognized as existing between business and religion, between that which is looked upon as the purely secular side of life and that which concerns the ideal, the spiritual nature of man. When a man goes into business, he is apt to think that he is engaged in something that does not necessarily take him very near to the divine, but into something in which perhaps he feels he must leave the divine ideals and the divine presence very largely out of account. In other words, I think it has been too common on the part of business men to depreciate their business, or not sufficiently to honor it, not sufficiently to appreciate the human, the divine, side of the occupations that engage their attention.

I wish to suggest this truth, and to start your thoughts along certain lines in that direction, after calling your attention to some things which business has done and is doing for the higher sides of human life.

In the first place, let us note how much business has done for the physical man, for the material side of our civilization. The difference between the lowest type of man and the highest type may in one way be regarded as the difference in the number, in the multiplicity, of his wants. The more things a man wants and the higher the things that he wants, the more he is a man. If you wish to sum the whole thing up in a word, look at a barbarian in a hut, scarcely needing clothing, supplying himself with such food as he can get with the simplest efforts, without anything that can be called a house, only the roughest, rudest kind of shelter, and with none of those things that suggest what we mean by human wants, and then place beside that man and that hut the completest home that you have ever seen. The distance travelled between the hut and the home suggests more than almost anything else what the business of the world has done for man, looked at almost entirely on his animal side.

The business of the world suggests new desires. It goes on to supply those new desires, and out of the habits thus gained there is a constant widening, deepening, heightening, of human wants; and so man, looked at purely on the material side, becomes more, deeper, broader, loftier in his stature, more and more *a man.*

Let us turn from that, which I only throw out as a hint, to note what business has done for the intellectual side of life. We sometimes trace a contrast between the business man and the intellectual man; and it is quite possible that a man should so narrow himself, and become so absorbed in his special line of business, as to neglect the larger intellectual life. It is possible that he may stunt the intellectual faculties that might be called into play, and so create an intellectual antagonism between business and the intellectual life of the world; and yet, when I am done, I think you will see how large an intellectual debt the world owes to the business enterprise of men.

I merely call your attention to — I cannot stop to catalogue them — the innumerable evidences of intellectual inge-

nuity, acuteness, invention, and discovery which constitute the material civilization of the world to-day. Note there, again, the contrast between the barbarian, almost entirely without intellectual curiosity, who stares only with a sort of ox-like wonder at anything which is unfamiliar to him, to whom it hardly occurs to ask questions, to search for causes, to discover methods,— contrast, I say, that man with Edison, with the type of the alert, the inventive, the constructive, the creative genius of the world! Think what a stimulant business activity, business invention, has been to the intellect of man! for almost all the things that have been created and that make up what we mean when we say modern civilization have come as the result of the business ingenuity, activity, inventiveness, and enterprise of the world. Recollect that the brain of man grows in power, in weight, in complexity of structure, to keep step with the thought of man. I will not raise the subtle question as to whether thought creates brain or brain creates thought. I am inclined to think that, just as it is breathing which adds to lung power, so it is thinking which adds to brain power; but the two grow together, and keep equal step in the advance of mankind. As, then, when man desires something new, he faces obstacles and invents something to enable him to accomplish the end he has in view, so the intellectual power of man becomes more keen, acute, mighty, masterful. Take, for example, the mariner's compass. Take all that has followed after that. Or you may go back farther, if you please, and begin with the human discovery of fire, with man's ability to smelt and recombine the metals. Take any step you please in civilization, and you will find either business ingenuity or business inventiveness, business enterprise, the business hunger of the world, as the mainspring and motive force of the intellectual uplift and onlook.

Then, to turn to another phase, take the discoveries of the world, the knowledge that we have attained concerning this little planet on which is our home. We owe this knowledge of the world to the business enterprise and hunger of

men more than to anything and everything else. The first hint that we find in classical antiquity or in the traditions of nations of the far-off voyages of the world, they were business enterprises. The search for the Golden Fleece, the fleets hinted in the Old Testament in Solomon's time,—what were they for? They were after the gold of Ophir. They were for bringing back from far-off lands the spices and different things that people in their little higher type of civilization had come to desire. Almost every voyage of the ancient world had the business instinct of man as its mainspring, its motive force. And, when we come to those larger enterprises, what was the voyage of Columbus for? He did, indeed, have as a personal secret, hid away in his own heart, a religious desire. He hoped he might find somewhere traces of the earthly paradise, of the Garden of Eden. And, when he became rich enough, it was his intention to equip a magnificent army, and take possession of the Holy Sepulchre, ridding it once for all of the infidel. But that which inspired Ferdinand and Isabella, the backers of Columbus, to furnish him means for his voyage, was that they might find a way to the accumulated and fabulous riches of India. It was business which led to the discovery of America. So almost every voyage that has been undertaken since then. The enterprise which has led to the exploration of the most distant parts of the earth, which has opened up the secrets that have been hidden for centuries in the heart of the Dark Continent, which has led to the sources of the Nile, which has made Africa a known territory after being a mystery for thousands of years,—all this has been accomplished by business enterprise.

Let us take a step further, showing how in many unexpected quarters the business inventions of man have led to an increase in the world's knowledge. When the great East India Company was organized, it was for business, and business alone. There were no religious yearnings, no humanitarian impulses, no conscious desire to better mankind or to add to the world's knowledge; and yet the

scholarship of the modern world owes almost more to the enterprise of the East India Company than to any one other thing that can be named. This power that took possession of India for the sake of the pounds, shillings, and pence involved led to the discovery of the old Hindu scriptures; and this to what? It unlocked the secrets of the old classical mythologies that the world had never comprehended before. It unlocked them so that we could come near to the sources, and see these things growing, in process. Before, they had been a mystery, and we were not able to understand their significance. This carried us toward the fountain-head of the world's religious life, the world's records of that religious life, its hymns and bibles; and, as a result of it, we have modern criticism. We have the science of comparative religion. We have discovered religions in their formative stage. We have seen their birth and growth. We have seen the elements out of which they sprang. So a light has been cast upon the origin and the growth of Christianity, and of the Hebrew religion, and of all the other religions of the world, such as could not have come from any other source. All this we owe to the business enterprise and the successful carrying out of the business inventions of man.

Let us turn now, and note some of the things that business has done for the higher life of man, what we are accustomed to call the moral and spiritual life. Has business done anything for this? People have been preached to a great deal as to what religion has done for business, or what religion ought to do for business. It is not often, I think, that the matter has been turned round, and people have had an opportunity to find out what business has done for religion. Let us note two or three points.

One other distinguishing characteristic of the modern world, one of the most hopeful phases, is a growing sense of human brotherhood,— the sense that man in every stage of his development, under no matter what form of government or whatever land, is still human; that he is the child of the one Father, and that we all are brethren. I am per-

fectly aware that some of the religions of the world — not all of them — have been preaching this doctrine for a great many years. But that which has made it effective, that which has done more than all the bibles, more than all the religions, more than all the preachers put together, has been the development of the world's business. Consider what I mean. You separate people and keep them apart, and it is very easy for a misunderstanding to spring up between them. Take it in so simple a matter as the conduct of your daily business. You send a messenger to a man instead of talking with him, and he may misunderstand that messenger. Or he may wish to ask a question to make the matter a little clearer, and not be able to get his answer from the messenger; and the misunderstanding increases. You may try to straighten out the matter by correspondence; but any letter that was ever written leaves room for questions to be asked, little points to be talked over, so that your letter may not mend the matter. But let these two men meet face to face, and look each other in the eyes and talk it over, and the chances are that a natural and easy solution may be found for the difficulty. But the moment you put an obstacle between people that keeps them apart you create the possibility of misconceptions that lead to enmity, to a sense of alienation, and that may end in hatred and outright warfare. The world from the beginning has been kept from being civilized because of the difficulties of bringing different people into communication with each other. They have been separated by almost every conceivable barrier,— barriers of language, of mountain chains, of rivers and oceans. As individual misconceptions spring up when people are kept apart, so the conception of human brotherhood grows when people are brought together. Now, what is it that has made the peoples of the modern world flow together to so large an extent as they have? It is this mutual acquaintance. It has given a sense of reality, of human brotherhood, of human relations. It is the business enterprise of the world, more than all other forces combined. It

is this business enterprise that has bridged the oceans, tunnelled the mountains, broken down barriers, and brought people together in spite of political and religious antipathy. Beneath all these things there has been revealed a common heart of a common humanity.

Note one other thing, what business has done for the religious and moral nature and welfare of the world. Some of you will be surprised, perhaps, that I mention this. It is a common charge that the business world is made up of dishonesty, a lack of truth between man and man; yet right here I wish to say — and this contention can be maintained against all comers — that the business of the world has done more to create and maintain a sense of truth in the world than everything else put together. If you will study those peoples who are isolated from the business world, that are not yet in accord with civilization as to their business wants and business activities, you will find that such a thing as truth is hardly a recognized quality. As a matter of fact, there is an outcry against defalcation, against dishonesty, against untruthfulness in business, not because they are common, but because they are uncommon,— relatively, I mean. As a matter of fact, the business of the world could not be carried on a day unless mutual trust and truthfulness were the very corner-stone of business, as it is. It is the necessity of business that men should tell the truth; and so, as I said, among the great business peoples of the world you will find to-day a higher and more general regard for truth than you will anywhere else on the face of the earth. And this has sprung up out of the fact that, if men are going to do business together for any length of time, they must trust each other. And you know they do trust each other,— trust each other to the extent of fabulous amounts of money. And you know that it is only now and then that a trust like this is betrayed; and, when it is betrayed, it becomes a matter of news, and is bruited all abroad over the world, as I said, because it is uncommon.

Then take another service which business has rendered to

the higher life of the world. We have not yet reached it; but we are approaching an age of human peace on earth and good will towards men. We are nearer to it to-day than we ever were before. Study the condition of primitive man. It is a condition of universal and almost perpetual warfare. To-day the world is comparatively free from war, wars that mean much, that are extensive. Wars are getting to be so expensive, and they interfere so with the carrying on of the world's business, that they are generally very sharp, short, and quickly over, because the business of the world will not back them up or support them or endure them for any longer time than is absolutely necessary. Business has done more to help on the age of peace than religion has. By religion I mean this technical talk of religion; for you will remember that I think religion and business are one. There never has been a war since the beginning of the world that religion or the priests or the ministers of the particular country in which the war was waged did not find some way to justify. Religion has preached against war, has decried it when it concerned some one else; but the moment when any particular people entered upon any war the constituted religion of that people has backed it up, and indorsed it. But the business of the world cannot endure this perpetual warfare; and it is the business interests of the world that by and by will bring about the long-desired reign of peace.

One more count let me make. What has religion done for the higher interests of the world? Out of the successful carrying on of business have blossomed all the higher and finer and sweeter aspects of human life. If men must use all their endeavors merely to exist, they remain animals. They *must* remain animals. There is no time or strength, and there are no faculties, to be devoted to anything else. But, just so soon as a successful carrying out of the business of the world is able to sustain the world without an absorption of all the higher intellectual, moral, spiritual faculties of mankind, then a certain quantity of these are set free, released, and are able to engage in those things which are on

a higher level than where we are accustomed to place these business interests. So out of the successful carrying on of business have blossomed architecture and art and music and poetry and literature. It is among those peoples that have been the most successful in their business relations, who have accumulated wealth, who have been able to create leisure on the part of those who are capable of devoting themselves to these higher interests,— it is among these peoples that we find the highest and finest outflowering of these higher, spiritual qualities of men. So much, then, as a suggestion along a few lines concerning what business has done for the higher life of the world.

I wish now to turn and set this ideal man that I have been trying to create in your imaginations by this course of sermons,— I wish to set him face to face with the practical aspects of business life, and find out what kind of a man he will be in these things. Some things he will do: some things he will not do. Let us note how he will do some things, and how he will not do some.

In the first place, then, *a man*, being all that those two little words imply, will not be engaged in and will not countenance the conduct of any business the very existence of which is an injury to the world. You know there are businesses like that. You know there are people enough still found to carry them on, who take advantage of the lower, depraved, degraded desires of the world. *A man* will not engage in a business like that. He will not countenance nor support it.

In the second place, a man will not lie in carrying on his business. In his definition of the word "lying" he will not merely make it square with the statutory laws as to perjury. He will have a sensitive conscience as to what lying means, deception in business. *A man* will not lie.

In the next place, he will not steal. He will not keep simply within the statutory law. You know perfectly well that there are men occupying positions of prominence in this country to-day whose property represents nothing else in

this world but stealing. In other words, they have come into possession of this property without paying anybody, the person who previously held it, any equivalent for it. They have not earned it; they have not paid for it; they have not inherited it. But they have got it; and it is stealing. By and by,—you know I have told you that we are not very far along towards civilization yet,—by and by the conscience of the civilized world will be such that a man like that, though he have stolen millions, will be an outcast, even if there be no law against it. To-day the man who steals a little we take care of. We have not yet become strong enough in our consciences and in our law, in our public indignation, so that we can handle one of these bigger thieves. When I was a boy on the Kennebec River, I used to go out, with some cousins of mine, drifting with a long net for the catching of fish. We could manage the little fish well enough; but now and then there would come a sturgeon, six or eight feet long, who would plunge straight through the net, leaving a hole large enough for a man to follow behind him. That is the condition of things to-day in regard to these bigger thieves of the world. They are strong enough to go through our nets and escape, leaving wrecks behind.

Another thing that *a man* will not do in business: he will not treat those whom he employs as mere counters, as though they had neither brain nor heart nor soul. You know that there are men who, in the management of their concerns, treat these people simply as "hands," as we call them. So many "hands" are employed; and the employer is apt to forget that they are men or women that he is dealing with. He is apt to forget, in the narrowness of his own selfishness, that, in the long run, the business prosperity of a city or a State or a country depends upon the prosperity of the "hands," the common people, the workers, upon the general well-being.

Then there is another thing. I think that, when the world gets civilized, the true man will not fight his competitors as he does now. There is a curious distinction that I wish to

make as real to you as I can right here. It springs out of the fact that we are only partially civilized, that people do not see or draw this distinction, that they almost universally overlook it. We have become elevated morally to such a plane that we do not allow a man merely because he is physically strong to rob another who is physically weak. We have got so far. In the old days they did that. The man who was the strongest took whatever he could put his hands on; and there was nobody to hinder. The old robber barons of the Middle Ages are good examples of it. They swooped down on every passer-by, took what they could get from them, and retired to their castles or robber dens, and snapped their fingers in the face of the world, and asked what anybody was going to do about it; and people could not do much about it. We have got civilized past that now. We would not allow a man like John L. Sullivan, merely because he was stronger, to club a man in the streets and pick his pockets and walk away unmolested.

Now note the distinction. Here is a man who may not be physically any stronger than his competitor; but mentally he is a giant, and mentally the other is a weakling. Now, I beg you to tell me, if you can, where is the distinction in the essential inhumanity and brutality between a man's knocking a weak man down with a club and picking his pockets and an intellectual giant knocking his intellectual inferior down with an invisible club and emptying his pockets. When we get civilized, we shall put our ban on that just as surely as we have put it on the other. Merely because a man is endowed with an intellectual power greater than his competitor, has he a right to knock him down, crush him, walk over him, utterly ruin his business, his prosperity, and leave his wife and children poor?

I have in mind a man — I will not name him, not in this city, I am glad to say — who was distinguished all his life long for just that; and he was looked upon as smart. He was a Napoleon of finance, he was brilliant, he was a successful "operator," he was a mighty man in the markets. No mat-

ter how many people he knocked down and trampled underfoot and utterly ruined, so long as he did it with an invisible club, he was applauded. I say a man who crushes out another, ruins him, destroys his business and his possibilities of life, merely because he has greater intellectual power, is as much a brute as he is who does it merely by sheer physical force. There is no more humanity in the one case than there is in the other. I know that is not a popular doctrine yet; and very likely a great many of you who are listening to me now have never had it suggested to you before, and will not be ready to agree with me at the first blush. But think it over a little. I would as lief be robbed by physical force as by any other force: the essence of it is in the fact that I have been robbed.

Pass to another phase, a point I have spoken of a good many times; and I presume I shall speak of it a good many times more if I keep on preaching. *A man* will not make his business the end of his life. He will make it a means to an end: he will make manhood the end.

There is another thing that the higher type of man will do. He will recognize the ideal side of business. He will realize the fact that I have been outlining: that this business of the world is a part of the network that links humanity and all its interests and its hopes together; and, no matter what little part a man play,— it may seem small and of slight account,— he will go about his business with a sense that he is a child of God, engaged in keeping up and helping on the civilization of the world merely by doing his little part in the place where he finds himself.

And now, here, at the end, one other point which seems to me magnificent in its importance. I said near the beginning that men are accustomed to divide their lives into two parts: here is business, and here is religion; here is the secular, and here is the sacred side of life. Did it ever occur to you that, when you are engaged in your business, you are engaged in the most important part of your religious life? The man who measures an honest yard or weighs out an

honest pound, or conducts any business transaction in a manly way, remembering that every honest business transaction implies the mutual well-being, the benefit, of all who are concerned,— the man who does this is doing a thousand times more for the world than a man who merely prays, merely attends church, merely reads the Bible. A man may do that, and be intensely selfish, of no practical benefit to the world. But a man cannot fill his place in the conduct of the world's business affairs, and fill it well, without being a part of the universal harmony of the world's civilization.

Then did it ever occur to you that, as man grows, as he lives higher, gets more of the divine in him, he sees more of God and of the divine everywhere? I find myself, the older I grow, growing more and more religious in the attitude I take towards the common things of the world. I feel like bowing in reverence in the presence of a flower. If I could explain the mystery of a grain of sand, I could explain the universe. God fronts me there. So there is not a fabric or material with which you deal that has not about it a touch of the very presence of God, the mystery of matter, the mystery of all the elements that compose it.

And, then, think what we are doing in the business world, when we are getting control, as we say, of natural forces. It is God who is at work for you at every turn. Go into your factory, and hear the hum of your thousand spindles, and know that it is God ceaselessly toiling that is turning every one. Go to your brook-side, where you get your power for your mill-wheel or your electricity, and know that it is God who, in all the circuit from vapor and rain and snow and water, is keeping up for you this ceaseless round out of which you get your force. It is God who drives your mill, who fans across the ocean every ship with his winds,— God in the steam, God in the electric power. I feel like falling on my knees sometimes in the presence of an electric car.

Stop, and think what it means. Your business, then, if you have eyes to see, if you have ears to hear, brings you every day into the presence-chamber of the Eternal; and by

for every man to be true. We are trying to establish such conditions as shall enable men to live out their free and full individual lives. For the work of government is to protect persons and property, and enable the individual to be free, and by combination to make common property, so far as we are able, the result of the world's civilization so far attained. If we know what we are doing, we are trying to build the kingdom of God here on earth. Dream as much as you please of the kingdom of God in the skies; but it is our business, as men in politics, to do all we can to realize the kingdom of God right here and now.

Father, let us realize how solemn a thing it is to have in our hands the power that touches the welfare of our fellows, and let us, in the light of the Eternal, try to be true in the exercise of that power. Amen.

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A MAN IN REFORMS.

A MAN will always be a reformer; that is, a full, complete man, conscious of his position and the relation in which he stands to the past, the present, and the future, will always be engaged in some direction, in some department of life, in helping the world to be better, in helping to reform, remake, existing things into higher and finer things. This necessity, the necessity of all true men being reformers, is found in considering two great facts. The first of these is that humanity starts in feebleness, in ignorance, with almost no consciousness of its own nature or powers, with very little knowledge of its conditions, and with almost no power of control over these conditions. And, starting thus, human history represents an advance, a gradual growth, new steps taken towards the attainment of better things. And since humanity is growing thus, as the world goes on, you will see that there lies in the very fact of this statement the necessity for constantly making things over, reforming things, disturbing old conditions, bringing the actual facts of life and of the world into accordance with higher thoughts, with truer ideals of what is just and right, into clearer accord with human love. And the other fact, and one which I shall have to deal with considerably more at length, is the tendency of humanity, at any particular stage in its history, to pitch its tents with the desire to stay there,— an unwillingness to move.

I suppose that this grows partly out of the fact that the advance of the world is necessarily so slow. People get the impression that things have always been about as they are now, and that there is no use in expecting to make them very much better. They get into the mood of the old

writer of the Book of Ecclesiastes. He said there was nothing new under the sun: whatever is now has been of old; and we cannot expect the future to do anything more than to repeat the past and the present. The life of a man, the life of any generation of men, is, of course, only a moment in the life of the race; and just as a child, who sits and watches the hour hand of a clock, does not see it move, and wonders whether it will ever reach from one figure on the dial to another, so people who do not study, and become familiar with the tremendous changes that have taken place in the past, become somewhat sceptical of the possibility or the necessity for changes. And there are several characteristics of the human mind that tend to bring about this condition of affairs. I wish to refer, to make the matter clear, to some of them.

The ideal, of course, would be that there should be no reform in the sense of tearing down and rebuilding. Human institutions of every kind, if we could only reach the ideal, would be flexible, and would grow like a tree. The late Walter Bagehot, in a very remarkable book called "Science and Politics," deals at length with this question as it concerns the matter of human government. He takes a tree for his illustration. A tree, being a living organism, at least up to a certain period in its development keeps its bark flexible, so that it can expand from within, become larger, put forth new twigs, new branches, and at the same time keep its old form. That is, it is the perfect ideal of a balance between the conservative and the radical forces that underlie the life of the world in every one of its departments. There must be enough of the conservative to keep the form, to hold the order of things; and then, if you could have this conservatism flexible enough to make way for the radical force of growth, then you would have, I say, the ideal condition of affairs. But this has almost never been attained in the history of the world. It is rather true, in a general way, that the conservative forces forget that there is any place in the world for the radical, and do their ut-

most to keep things as they are, until the tide of this new life gets so strong as to sweep away all barriers; and then there is revolution and what we call reform.

Now let us note a few of the human characteristics and tendencies that help to bring about this condition of affairs. In the first place there is in all of us a natural reverence and love for that to which we have become accustomed, for the old. It is a sentiment every way fair and sweet and beautiful, if only it keeps its place. Take it, for example, as bearing on the tender memories we have of the old homes. We go back to the places where we were born, and seek for the things that we remember: and they are not there,—the atmosphere is changed, the whole condition of affairs is changed. And yet there is that tender, reverent love for the old home, the old fireside, the old faces, the old landscape, the old ways, that holds us in a sort of loved and pleasant bondage. This, I say, is well, when it is allowed simply to play its part as poetry and sentiment in our hearts. We love old churches: we go abroad, and we can enter into the feeling of the people in England, in France, in Italy, as they look upon the parish church, gray, moss-covered, hung with vines that cling to it in every picturesque fashion. And we can begin then to appreciate what a tremendous power this sentiment of old association is in hindering even ever so desirable a change. People do not like to see these memories touched, these old places, these old scenes, interfered with. And so the tendency always is for the world to become dominated by the past, to be ruled by the dead. I am not saying now as to how much good or how much evil there is in this. I am simply pointing this out as one of the things that stand in the way of the world's reforms.

Then there is another thing: this, of course, applies especially to the matter of religion. There is the sense of loyalty to what, for one reason or another, a person has come to regard as infallible truth. We are familiar with the fact that the last thing that people are willing to touch and change is their religion; that is, as a general truth. And

this springs out of a perfectly praiseworthy motive. People have come to believe that the truth of their creed, the order of their service, the nature of their institutions, whatever touches and makes up their religion, has been revealed from God, or has at any rate come to them in such a way that they are persuaded that it is the finished and final truth. As an illustration of what I mean, take the saying of Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn. A few years ago he said that such a thing as progress in theology was absurd on the face of it, because the main doctrines of theology were God's revealed truth, and could not be touched or changed except to make them less true, and so to their injury and to the injury of the world. And when people become persuaded that they have the fixed and final truth of God, and, furthermore, when they take the next logical step, and believe that the welfare of mankind in this world and in the next depends on loyalty to this revealed and finished truth of God, then you see that there is a barrier raised up, against any suggestion of change, that is mightier than any other of which we can conceive. Here are earnest convictions of truth, here are loyalty to God, here are faithfulness to the welfare of mankind,—all these engaged in keeping things as they are. And, if it were true that the world had received an infallible and finished revelation of divine truth from God, why, then, this course in regard to it would not only be perfectly logical, but would be the highest and supremest duty of every true man. But we know that there are so many of these infallibilities in the history of the world that they cannot all be true. For at every single stage of human progress, from the lowest barbarism with which we are acquainted up to the last great council of some important church, the same claim has been made, the same attempt has been entered upon, to bar the pathway of human growth in the supposed name and on the supposed authority of God. This is so natural to human nature that it is not confined to any of the churches. We can see it and feel it in some other religion than the Christian, in some other denomina-

tion of Christendom than our own; but the same tendency comes out in the freest and most liberal church in the world. There are persons in our Unitarian body who are ready to invoke the name of Channing against any further advance. They call themselves "Channing Unitarians," assume that Channing got through, that he found all the truth that was needful for the world; and, in the name of Channing and the older Unitarianism, Theodore Parker was barred. But Theodore Parker's next becomes a name to conjure with; and there is danger that the followers and lovers of Theodore Parker may repeat the same tragi-comedy, and forbid the world to differ with him. And so the same thing goes on age after age,— people assuming, without the slightest shadow of a shade of a right to assume it, that they have attained all the truth that is necessary for mankind; and so they are ready to fight against any reform which threatens to touch the order of things which they have established.

Then there is another thing that stands in the way of reform, and this not only in religion, but in the industrial world; and that is self-interest. Men and corporations and institutions of one kind and another get so linked in with the existing order that it is for their interest to maintain that order fixed; and so they are ready to oppose anything that touches it, no matter how large may be its promise for the development of mankind. Recall that old scene in Ephesus, the story of which is given us in the Acts of the Apostles. Some of the disciples had come, with their new truth, to this Grecian city; and the people having seen what was coming, those people who were interested in maintaining the worship of Diana of the Ephesians,— especially those who had been engaged in manufacturing shrines, little images of the goddess, and had found it a very profitable business,— these people roused the whole city, and they got the crowd so excited that they rushed into the market-place, and for two hours together, it is said, shouted, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and were ready to put down and persecute and cast out anything which touched or threatened this order on

which depended the prosperity of their business. I take it that a large part of the bitterness in ancient Jerusalem against Jesus had its root right here. He had prophesied the passing away of the temple. He had said that the time was to come when the true and exclusive worship of God was not to be found there, but that people without the temple, anywhere, who were true-hearted, could offer acceptable worship to God, the Spirit. But the city of Jerusalem was a great, important, glorious city, chiefly on account of the temple. The hundreds and thousands of those connected with the temple worship found their business threatened; and all the pride and glory of the Jewish race felt itself insulted, threatened, impugned, by the promise of this new truth, which was to make the temple of no importance to the life of men.

In smaller ways in the modern world the same spirit manifests itself. I have one illustration which flashes into my mind. It has its humorous side; but it is so true to human nature! A Congregational minister in the West some years ago, when some freer and larger ideas set forth by Dr. Bushnell were being discussed, said in the presence of my brother one day that he was inclined to think that these new ideas were right, and that he thought he should probably accept them. But, after thinking the matter over a little while, he shook his head, and said: "No, I cannot do that. If I accept these new ideas, I shall have to rewrite every one of my sermons, and begin all over again." Too much labor, too much thought, too much trouble involved: the personal equation comes in, and turns the scale in favor of the old and the established ideas. What is the condition of things in England to-day, in any country where there is a nobility? I presume, if I had been born a duke or an earl, I should share the sentiments and feelings of my class, my order. But think when any question of reform comes up in England,— any question touching land tenure, touching the powers and privileges of the common people in the way of the ballot, touching the question of changing the present

order in favor of something that shall confer larger and more general rights on mankind,— think of the tremendous bribe of the position which these men of power occupy, think of the overmastering influence of self-interest that is involved!

And, then, there is just one more thing that I must touch on. We are naturally lazy. There is a tremendous power of simple inertia in us,— the inertia of the comfortable people, the people who are fairly well off, who are getting their living and finding life generally comfortable in the present condition of things. They do not like to be disturbed. They do not want the trouble of thinking things over, of reconstructing the world. Even though there may come to them the faint, far-off cry of the thousands, the millions perhaps, who are not so well off as they, it is so easy to sit still; and it is so difficult, not only to consent to be disturbed, but to become one of the disturbers yourself! I wonder sometimes, when I look at the tremendous nature of these forces that are naturally arrayed against anything new, that the new ever gets a hearing, that a step forward is ever taken.

Let us turn now, and note some of the difficulties — the dangers, rather — in this work of reform. There are dangers both ways,—touching the people that are to be interfered with and touching the agitator as well. In the first place, the professional reformer, the man who becomes in dead earnest to bring about some new order of affairs, is in great danger of exaggerating the evils that he attacks. He must impress the world with the great necessity of having this particular thing done. He paints the condition, therefore, in the blackest colors. He is apt to set forth his belief that this one thing that he desires changed is the most threatening, the most dangerous, the most serious evil in all the world. And he is generally inclined to carry the implication by his argument that, if only this could be attended to, the world would be fairly on its way towards the millennium. I have noticed this so many times that perhaps it has made me now and then shrink back from putting myself in the position of an aggressive reformer as often as I felt inclined

to do so. Take, for example, the matter of temperance. God forbid that I should underrate the evils of intemperance, or that I should in any way hinder the work of those who are engaged in temperance reform! But I have in my mind one book. The author of that book believes that all the evils that afflict the world find their root right here. He believes, further, that intemperance is increasing, and getting worse and worse in every country, in Europe as well as throughout the continent of America. And, on the basis of an appeal like this, he frantically calls to all mankind, as though it were the first and only duty pressing upon them, to engage in his particular style of crusade against this great evil. Now, it seems to me that it is possible to carry this matter so far as to discourage the world. If I believed that, after nineteen hundred years of Christianity, the world, in any direction, was unspeakably worse than it ever was before, I should have very little heart to undertake to cure it. I should feel as if the universe were against me, and that the best thing I could do was to make myself and my friends as comfortable as I could, and let things go. I say, it is possible to carry this matter of exaggeration, of misrepresentation, so far as to discourage the world, and create an air of pessimism which makes people believe that very little can be done. One of the worst evils, I think, of the present condition of affairs in the world is the prevalence of this discouraged kind of pessimism. We have become so sensitive to evils, and we have talked about them so much, and we have engaged in reforms to such an extent, that we have forgotten that this sensitiveness is a hopeful fact; and we are discouraged because we find so much that is awry.

Then there is another danger: there is the danger that the reformer will misunderstand and misrepresent, and so malign the character of those that differ with him, those that are associated with the old order. I find myself perpetually calling myself back into an attitude of tenderness and sympathy towards those who are on the side of what seems o me to stand in the way of the growth of the world. And

yet we know perfectly well, if we study carefully, that the men who have been trained to look at a problem from the side that is opposite to that on which we stand, who occupy an entirely different point of view from ours, may be as gentle, as true-hearted, as true lovers of their fellow-men, as faithful in all the relations of life, as loving, as we are ourselves. It became the habit, for example,— to make perfectly clear the principle I am speaking of,— it became the habit of the old Abolitionists, and of the North generally, to look upon the men and women of the South as if they were conscious antagonists of God and of all good. And yet every man who stops to think of it knows that the main body of the men and women of the South were as true, as loving, as gentle, as faithful, as honest, as earnest, as they were themselves. There is no sort of question, I take it, as to which side was in the right, so far as the great forward movement of humanity was concerned. But we must learn to separate between the great underlying principles and the personal characteristics of the persons themselves who are involved. I came across a saying in one of James Russell Lowell's letters, the other day, to the effect that there never was a man, who was a leader of reform, who was not at the same time a blackguard. That is the rough, strong way of expressing what all of us must recognize as a fact,— that there is this tendency to misunderstand, to misrepresent, to malign, the people who do not agree with us, who are sure their reform is the most important thing in the world. There is this danger, therefore, that this saying of Lowell's leads me to note, of becoming narrow, becoming sour, becoming bitter, feeling that it is we and God against the world, and that there is nobody else in all the world that sees things clearly, that stands for the truth, except ourselves. You remember the old prophet who, when he had fled from King Ahab, and was in the wilderness, cried to his God that he was the last one who was true, that he was all alone, he the only one who was really serving Yahweh. And the voice came to him, rebuking his conceit, and telling him that there

were at least seven thousand other people who had not bowed the knee to Baal. And, then, we need to remember that the people who are diametrically opposed to us on even the most important questions in the world may be personally sweet and loving and true. Fight the evil, fight for the principle; but let us beware of hating the men.

Then there is the danger to the reformer himself, the great price that he has to pay. This does not discourage any true man. I think there is something of the heroic in us all, so that, if you point the pathway of honor, you need not hide the difficulties. Appeal to the heroic in men by telling them it is difficult, and that which is godlike answers to the call. Out of this misconception, out of this misunderstanding, out of this love for the old, this belief that we stand for God, for the welfare of man, this self-interest, this inertia,— out of all these things have sprung the necessity — human nature being as it is — of the great tragedies of the world. It is pitiable that the world cannot learn to get ahead after any other fashion; but it has been true in the past that the man who dared to question the public institutions, the industrial order, the religious beliefs of his time, the ethical judgments of his fellow-men,— that this man has had to do so at the price, not only of liberty, but of life itself. I want to read you again what I have read to you a great many times, and what you are perfectly familiar with, one verse from Lowell's "Present Crisis," to illustrate the eternal principle that all of us must recognize and stand for if we wish to help the world: —

"By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever, with the cross that turns not back.
And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
One new word of that grand Credo which in prophet-hearts hath burned
Since the first man stood, God-conquered, with his face to heaven upturned."

From the very beginning of human history until this century in which we live it has been true over the main part of the

world that the men who have been willing to see and to speak for some new, high, grand ideal of human life have had to pay for it by persecution, and frequently with life itself. Here in this country we have left that behind; but it is only a few years since men were arrested and imprisoned, even here in Boston, for their opinions. And, though we are not arrested and imprisoned, those who wish to stand for the great reforms of the world, no matter in what department of human life, must be willing to pay the price. In another one of Lowell's letters, which I was reading yesterday, I came across this kind of price which he was paying. He started in life poor, he married with very little to marry on; and for the first few years of his married life he was always in debt for necessary expenses, hoping continually that his income would increase. And he writes to one of his friends, and says, I might have had money enough if I had been willing to write "hymns to Baal instead of to the one God." In other words, if he had been willing to take the popular side at that time instead of committing himself to the great movement of reform, he might have had a large market for his wares, and obtained almost any price for his services. You must pay this; but there are harder things than money to pay. If you wish to stand, even to-day, for some unpopular reform, some new movement which the mass of the people does not believe in, you must pay by being misunderstood, by being misrepresented, by being thought a little weak or warped or one-sided. One of the Harvard professors said to me a year or two ago, "Savage, suppose you and I should come to believe in this [a certain thing which we were studying] it would only be a couple more cranks." You must pay that danger: you must pay the price of being misunderstood by those who stand nearest to you, frequently those that you have trusted as your personal friends, the members of your own household. Not long ago I had occasion to refer here to one of my ministerial friends, who is carrying a lifelong sorrow for his faithfulness to his convictions, because of the heart-break of a mother who thinks

he is untrue to God and to his fellow-men, and is injuring his own soul and the soul of everybody with whom he comes in contact. You must pay the price of being willing to walk your way in life alone. Let me read you two or three verses as illustrating that point, which seems to me one of the saddest things in all the world: —

'Twas ever so, that he who dared
To sail upon a sea unknown
Must go upon a voyage unshared,
And brave its perils all alone.

He who from Palos toward the West
Sought for a new world o'er the sea
Sailed forth distrusted and unblest,
While e'en his ship hatched mutiny.

And he who, not content to sit
And dream of far-off shores of truth,
Watching the sea-bird fancies flit
And wavelets creep, through all his youth,

Must sail unblest of those behind,
And bear e'en love's reproaching tone.
Only the guiding God is kind
To him who dares to sail alone.

I wish now, at the close, to make a few suggestions concerning what is possible and practical generally in the way of reform. If we look deeply into the matter, we shall find we are not able to do much. If we look deeply into the matter, we shall feel obliged to do this little. For the world grows by little increments of the better, year after year, and age after age. If you wish to work a reform, do not be afraid to go out. Almost never in the history of the world has any great reform been wrought by those who were inside. Political parties, industrial organizations, institutions of every kind, have so much at stake in keeping things as they are that you must not expect them to reform their own abuses. Generally, it is the Pilgrim, who leaves the old church and goes out and organizes a new, which stands as a challenge

and protest and ideal, to compel the old to conform to it, to come up to the new and higher position,— it is these men that work out the reforms of mankind.

There is another thing: you must remember how it is that the world grows. I think one of the most discouraging things is what I alluded to a little while ago,— that people get the idea into their heads that, if they can only carry a particular thing they are engaged in, all will be well. They carry it, and they find all is not well; and they lose heart. They have expected too much. They have expected more than it is reasonable to expect. You cannot take any one side of human nature, and carry that on to perfection alone. For example, I do not believe that you can abolish, say, intemperance,— abolish it completely,— and leave humanity just where it was before in regard to everything else. You cannot abolish impurity all at once, and leave humanity where it was in regard to everything else. You cannot abolish lying all at once, as a distinct and definite crusade, leaving the rest of human nature just where it was before. Humanity goes on together; and particular reforms are best attained by the general improvement of mankind. We think, for example, that we have abolished slavery. Have we? We can abolish an institution that depends on a statute law by abolishing the law; but how much have we done then? Have we carried the matter very far when we have enacted or changed a law? The evil of slavery was not in a constitutional enactment that permitted it. The evil of slavery is in the ignorance, the degradation, moral and physical, of a great race. It is in the temper and spirit and character and method of life of the owners of the slaves. Slavery is something more than a legal thing. It is the characteristic and the danger of a great civilization. And the evils of slavery will exist in this country still for a hundred years, five hundred, perchance. No one can foresee when we shall have outgrown them. Do not think, then, that you have accomplished a reform when you have passed a law or when you have abolished a law. And do not, I say again, delude yourselves

with the idea that you can perfect human nature in some one department, leaving the rest where it was.

What shall we do, then, to help on the world's reforms? Each one of us can see, as clearly as possible, the evils that exist. Each one of us can stand, and be true and loyal and faithful, living out the ideal where we are, putting just as much of the human into our shop, into our office, into the relations that we sustain to our fellow-men, as possible. We are serving the world, the growth of mankind, the reforms of the world, best of all by living the true, manly, honest, ideal life right where we are. Then, if you see any particular thing this way or that, any condition you can correct or improve, help it on, by all means. But remember that humanity's reforms are best wrought out by the growth of humanity, that naturally sloughs off these partial conditions, and leaves them behind.

I hope the day will come when we shall get over these delusions as to infallibilities, when we shall throw off this sluggish inertia, when we shall become unselfish enough not to fight for a social and industrial and political and religious condition merely because it serves us, when we shall recognize the welfare of the world, and shall be willing that the world should grow steadily, little by little, year by year, century by century. We may get over the revolutions and technical reforms when we reach that condition of affairs. But now the stream of the world's life is like a river. It appears to be for the interest of this institution or that class of people to dam the river and stop it where it is; and they succeed for a time. But the waters rise, and by and by things break down, barriers give way, shores are flooded, crops destroyed, trees uprooted, homes swept away, by the flood; and we begin over again. Conditions are a little better, and we have a finer state of affairs for a time; but the process of staying the flood is undertaken once more, and so it is a series of devastations. If we ever get wise enough to recognize God's order of steady growth, then the peace of the world shall flow like a river; and the growing

beauty and plenty of the world shall adorn its banks, and be reflected in its peaceful waters.

Father, may we look up to Thee, and look beyond our own personal feelings and personal interests, and strive to co-operate with Thee in this matter of lifting up and leading on the condition of the world day by day, and so help its growth toward Thee. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism·

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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A MAN READING.

"For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he."— PROV. xxiii. 7.

I DO not feel at all sure that the meaning which this text suggests to me, and which I propose to place in the forefront of my discourse this morning, is the exact meaning which the author of this old proverb had in mind. And yet I think it must have been. It expresses in the most admirable way that combination, or union, of feeling and thought, or intelligence, which constitutes wisdom, if it be rightly directed, and which determines the character of the person feeling and thinking, either for bad or for good. The profoundest thing in man, the deepest thing, is feeling; and, if you will stop to think of it a moment, that which distinguishes the non-living from the living is primarily and chiefly sensation,—the ability to feel. The most important thing, then, in a man is feeling. But next to that, and of scarcely less importance, is intelligence, or thought. A man had better, indeed, be governed by good feeling than to be led by clear thought, if his feeling be not good. And yet you will see, by the most superficial examination, that feeling alone, however good, however noble, however lofty it may be, may be the means of no end of evil. For feeling is simply force: it is power, it is motion. But, unless feeling be intelligently directed, unless the force be intelligently guided, the movement that results may as easily be in the wrong direction as in the right; and it produces more harm than good. Indeed, a little study of the course of human history reveals the fact that it is feeling not intelligently guided which has been the cause of the cruelties, the persecutions and tragedies of all the past.

What we need, then, for a complete man is that there should be strong and tender and right feeling, intelligently

controlled and guided; and this makes up the ideal man. We are to consider, then, this morning this matter of the practical use of our intelligence as the guide and inspiration and comfort of our lives.

The complete man of course will manifest himself in all the natural directions that are indicated by the multiplicity of his faculties and powers. A complete home will have the kitchen wisely arranged and ordered. There will be the sitting-room, the family home and place of rest. There will be the parlor, the emblem and scene of hospitality, the relations in which you stand to your fellow-men. There will be the oratory, the place for the devotional and aspirational side of your life. There will be wide-opened windows in the upper stories, giving an outlook all over the world. There will be also the library, in which the man will use this intelligence which distinguishes him so above all the other creatures that live, in order that he may find out the answer to the thousand practical questions on the decision of which depends the course of his life. As we step, then, into this world-library in which are all the resources inherited from all the past, let us stop a moment near its threshold, pick up and open the first book that comes to hand, and pause long enough to note the infinite marvel of this fact that we can read.

We talk of this world's being a commonplace world. We talk, perhaps, of fairylands in the realms of the fancy, and wonders of the "Arabian Nights." We talk of the poetry of the antique world. A man like Wordsworth sings of the old time as full of mystery, though at the present we are living in the midst of "the light of common day." We talk of miracle as though that were wondrous. And yet I do not know of anything, in all the range of the world more wonderful and more mysterious, more utterly inexplicable, than this fact of a man reading. Consider for an instant: I pick up my book, and there on the page are certain marks, written or stamped, made of ink or any coloring material whatsoever,—certain arbitrary marks. I look, and that rapid glance is, in

some way that no wise man is wise enough to explain, translated here in my mind into a thought; and straightway, where am I? I am with Homer, perhaps seeing the movement of those old heroes around the walls of Troy. I am in ancient Mexico, noting the cruel ceremonies with which they celebrated their worship of the sun-god. I am with Shakspere as he delineates the terrible tragedy of "Lear." I am in the hells, the purgatories, the heavens, of Dante. I am seeing the war in heaven that Milton depicts in his "Paradise Lost." I am tracing the pathway of human history, the long procession of kings that have defiled before the imagination of the historian as he resurrected the life of the past. All these wonder-worlds open to me merely by means of an arbitrary black line on a piece of white paper,—translated somehow into this wonder-world of thought as I sit, a man, reading.

I do not know of anything more mysterious than all this. Say, is it not true, what I have said to you a thousand times, that, if you live in a commonplace world, it is because you yourselves are commonplace? If you live in a world without poetry, it is because you yourselves have grown dull of hearing and dim of eye, and do not see the glory nor listen for the music. All that the past has thought, all that the world has done, is at our feet, ready for us, through this marvellous magic expressed in the simple fact of a man reading.

Now, what shall a man read, and why? I think a man ought to read, if for nothing else, merely for the sake of assuming his voluntary control over that which makes him a man. Have you time to read? This point I have discussed with you in the past more than once. The busiest man, if he be in health and have eyes, has time to read. We all of us know that we have time for the things that we really love, that we really desire. We either have time or we make time for the things that we will do.

For what, then, should a man read? In the first place, a man should read for the sake of general information. Gail Hamilton said some years ago, wittily and wisely, too, though

it appears superficial, that, if a man could not be well-read he could at least be well smattered, and that that was the next best thing. Some one else has said that every man ought to know all about some one thing, and a little about everything. Of course, it is apparent to the most superficial thought that in this busy, modern world, where so much is to be thought of and so much is to be done, we cannot even know all of any one thing. If any man claims to know all about any one thing, you may feel pretty sure that that claim is unfounded,— that he is either mistaken or a conscious impostor. It is impossible for any man to know all about any one thing. But we should know as much as possible about some one thing,— that which we chiefly care for, that which we live for. And, then, we need to read in order that we may have a general knowledge of whatever is going on in the world. And this does not take very much time. Just conceive for a moment the wonder of this modern world in which we live: on your breakfast table is placed, for two cents, a brief *résumé* of all that happened in the world yesterday, and perhaps up to twelve o'clock last night. All that happened, I say,— all that was special, all that was striking, all that was out of the ordinary, all that would particularly attract the attention of those whose business it is to gather the news. And here note, just in a phrase in passing, what I have also had occasion to tell you a great many times, but which we need to remember for the sake of keeping heart and hope in us. Remember that the accidents, and the crimes and the unusual and striking things *are* unusual and striking, and not common; that crime is not common, that insanity is not common, that evil of any kind is not common, in this sense that it becomes news. So, when we see the account of something that startles us and seems to indicate that the world is all wrong, let us take heart and hope rather because it is thus singled out for mention as news. If it were common, it it would not be news.

We need, then, to read for general information. But here let me say, friends, concerning this matter of the time

you have for these things, that most men who think they have no time for reading waste more time than would be required to become fair scholars over the daily newspapers. I read the daily papers; but I can tell in three minutes, and so can any ordinarily intelligent man, whether there is anything in the morning paper that requires more than a passing glance. Generally, there is not. But the paper is worth to me all that I pay for it several times over, merely to tell me that there is nothing of importance that I need to spend my time on. Read your paper, then, glance over it, find out what has happened in China or in Japan or in Hawaii or in Washington or wherever; and then put it one side, and have ever within your reach, if you have a few extra moments, something that is worthy your attention.

I speak in no slurring way of the newspapers. I do not believe there is a man that values them more highly. And the newspapers are generally as good as people want them to be. I should like to say just here that you have in your own hands the matter of determining as to whether the newspapers shall continually grow better or worse. The publisher of a newspaper is engaged in a business enterprise, not in a philanthropic affair. If you want an ideal newspaper, it must be subsidized. There must be a fund for its support, so that it can afford to publish the finest and best thing, whether the papers sell or not. I had a conversation some years ago with one of the leading and most successful editors in this State, now out of the editorial chair. He said: "I should be glad to publish finer and better things than I do, but my paper would not sell. If I should publish a new essay by Emerson that should be discovered, I should sell five hundred extra copies. I publish an account of some recent athletic contest, and I sell twenty-five thousand extra copies." It is you yourselves, then, that can lift the level of the newspaper, and make it a nobler and finer thing than it is.

But, when you have read in this cursory way to keep yourselves familiar with what is going on in the world, then a step beyond that. And here, friends, I come to something that I

regard as a fact of the very highest importance. I have had occasion to tell you more than once that most people have prejudices, most people have notions, most people have what they call opinions; but few people have what they have a right to call by the name of convictions. And yet consider what kind of world this is in which we have found ourselves as actors. We can read, from the far-off beginning thousands and thousands of years ago, by what slow and tentative steps humanity has climbed up to this present position. And the best part of our hope lies in the fact that we are as yet at the beginning,— that the things we call evil are to be outgrown and left behind. How are they to be outgrown and left behind? How have the evils that have been outgrown been left behind? It has been as the result of intelligent reading, intelligent study, intelligent thought, on the part of men of feeling and power. It has been because people have seen that every question, as it presents itself to the world, is a two-sided question,— that one side of it means the past, reaction, a lower thought, and that the other side means the future, progress, higher thought, a better condition for men.

Now take it, for example, concerning the industrial condition of the world, questions of sociology and government, questions of law, questions of religion. How many men are there in this congregation to-day, how many women, who are where they are as the result of earnest thinking that has persuaded them that they ought to be where they are? How many of you, if suddenly called upon in your political views, in your industrial opinions, in your religious ideas, could really, in the words of the apostle, "give a reason for the hope that is in you,"— give an intelligent reason for the position you occupy? I trust there is a large number of those that I address who could stand this test; but take it in the city of Boston, the State of Massachusetts,— how many persons are there? I believe that every man ought to ce this question, with this thought in mind. In religion, example, one set of ideas means a forward movement

and an upward lift for mankind: the other means reaction, simply a remnant of the past not yet outgrown. Now, which one of these means the higher hope and the better future for the race? This is to be discovered by thought, by reading, by making yourselves familiar with the principles involved, with the past condition of man out of which the present condition of things has sprung. I think there is something grievously wrong here even with our Unitarian men and women. For every little while some one, who ought to have been trained in the modern thought of the world, merely as a matter of whim or fancy — because he has been pleased by a ritual, or because he has happened to be attracted by a man, or because he has been impressed by a bit of architecture, because he has fallen under the spell of what he thinks of as antiquity — goes back, commits himself to that which represents the past, and not the present and future of the world, showing that he has not been trained in his Unitarian home to have any convictions or to understand the reason for the position which he ought to occupy. These things mean more than matters of taste. I have no right to be influenced merely by a matter of taste, when a matter of principle, a matter of freedom and hope for man, is involved. And these questions, though we now have happily outgrown the era of persecution and suffering and death,— these questions involve the liberty that has been wrought out in the midst of fire and tears and anguish and death.

We ought, then, to read and study these matters until we know where we are, and why. And so take the question of the industrial condition of the world,— the great battle that we have got to face very soon, the battle between some form of socialism and the order of the past. I am saying nothing — for it is too large a subject even to enter upon — as to where the merits of this controversy will lie. I only indicate to you that we are on the threshold of a controversy that we cannot escape. Principles are involved, the future happiness and welfare of the world are at stake. It is our business, then, not to be dragged at the wheels of one movement

or the other merely as dead lumber: it is our business not to be swept this way or that merely by passionate feeling and prejudice. It is our business to understand and to take sides for God and man. And we can do this only through thought, through reading, through study.

To carry this matter a little farther, the world is perpetually making mistakes, blundering in dealing with the greatest problems of life, merely for lack of knowing the history of the past. They are perpetually trying over experiments that have been tried a thousand times and proved to be impracticable, merely because they do not know that they have been tried. Congresses and legislatures are perpetually attempting things that cannot be done, merely because they do not know that they cannot be done, which they might know by reading, by studying the attempts of mankind in the past.

We need, then, to read for the sake of placing ourselves in relation to the past efforts of man in the matter of civilization, knowing where we are and which direction we are to take, in order to be sure that we are in the forward movement, and not merely wandering aimlessly about or travelling towards the rear.

Then, I think, business men ought to read for the sake of getting into the ideal side of their business. Note the principle I have in mind right here. The difference between the artisan and the artist is that the artisan is engaged in mere drudgery, a round of toil, so much labor and sweat for so much bread; while the artist mingles thought with his labor, so lifts it out of the region of drudgery and makes it a delight. The difference between the drudgery in your business and the artist's delight in that business is merely the difference of knowing and appreciating and entering into the ideal side of your labor. Take a lawyer, for example, or a physician, or a banker, or a merchant: each one of these professions or businesses has a history, and that history is full of romance, and by comprehending that history one sees that it has been something more than a mere effort

of a man engaged in this department of activity to earn a few dollars with which he may feed the hunger of his body. This particular business has been a part of the world's attempt to civilize itself; and the moment you enter into this realm of thought, the ideal side of your business, and see the relations which they sustain to the welfare of mankind, that moment you are not merely a lawyer grubbing over a particular case, or a banker trying to get such and such a per cent., or a merchant merely selling so many yards of cloth or so many pounds of coffee,— you are a part of the civilizing effort of mankind. You are in a world of romance and beauty and wonder; and you are lifted out of the mere drudgery of your profession, and become a part of the larger, pulsing life of mankind.

There is another reason for reading; and this one is merely for delight, merely for rest, merely for pleasure and for play. And this is not a matter of slight importance. Most of us are engaged in such ceaseless toil and activity that we need to let loose the mere play side of our being, in order that we may keep ourselves sane and healthy and strong. The late Professor Baird of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, one of the most famous scientific men of his time, was accustomed every night, before he went to bed, to read some mere story of adventure,— perhaps in the New York *Ledger*, no matter what,— anything that would merely release the mental activities from the strain of the day's toil and give him delight, recreation, rest,— let him down, so to speak, that his nerves might lose their tension, and he be able to sleep. I feel the greatest gratitude for hundreds of writers of stories that are mere stories with no moral in them whatsoever. I want no moral in a book when I am reading it for that purpose: I want merely to rest and play. I prefer to take my morals by themselves. Let me have my story simply for a story, simply as a part of this ideal, imaginative world in which I love so many times to escape from the real. I must not stop to dwell longer on that, because there are other things which I wish to say of more practical importance.

One other grand reason for reading is that we should learn to become citizens of the world's thought. This world in which we are living to-day is a comparatively narrow world, full of remarkable things as it is. Try to conceive, if you can,—try to conceive every book in the whole world blotted out of existence, all the monuments and records of the past wiped away. What a small, narrow, petty little world this would be! For the most of us, those of us who have read only a little, are inhabitants not merely of Boston, not merely of Massachusetts, not merely of the United States territorially considered, not merely of this planet with what it at present contains. We are inhabitants of a hundred worlds of beauty and glory that we have entered through the reading of a book. You have read Walter Scott's stories, for example; and so you live in mediæval Scotland, you are at home on the heather and by the lakes, you are present at the contests of the old mediæval warriors, you tread unchallenged the halls of the old castles, are present at the feasts, and listen to the stories of the wandering minstrels. And so you are at home in this thought-world that you have entered merely by reading a book in your library. It is this higher world that is the eternal thing, and in which we deal with the things that are eternal. Shakspere, for example, has created a world more lasting than this planet, in its special features, on which we live. The courses of rivers change, the mountains are worn away, the features of a continent may become renewed. But the world that Shakspere has created remains forever, age after age, the same; and, if we will, we may enter into that world, be taken into the private confidence of these noblest of all time. Here is society! I suppose it is true that, if all these great men of the past were living, most of us would not be able to attain a personal acquaintance with them. Our lives are too full, too busy. Perhaps, if we should meet them, there would be something in their personal contact that would repel us, or, at any rate, they might not be drawn to us if we were to them. But now all this marvellous society of the great and the good is freely

open to us. We may live with Virgil in ancient Rome, we may trace with him the wanderings of Æneas from the burning of Troy to the founding of the Eternal City. We may wander hand in hand with the poets, as they whisper to us their most secret thoughts: they will tell us their most private emotions, they will lay their hearts and lives bare for our inspection. We may hear the songs of the great singers. All the past of the world is wide open for our entrance, for our enjoyment, for our inspection. And it seems to me that merely for the sake of being men, entering on the inheritance of our manhood, we ought to feel an unrest until we have made ourselves explorers of these wonder-lands. We travel in the modern world whenever we have an opportunity: we love to visit Japan or China or Europe and the islands of the sea. Perhaps we are not able, except now and then, to get a glimpse of these things. But a few pence — a little money that we squander in a thousand directions — will give us these great worlds for our home.

There is one other reason for reading; and this must be my last this morning. Read for the sake of soul-culture, read for the sake of inspiration, for the sake of moral and spiritual uplifting. If we could have walked the fields of Galilee by the side of Jesus, what toil, what effort, we would have been willing to go through for the sake of this attainment! And yet we can walk the fields of Galilee by the side of Jesus. He will tell us his finest sayings, we may feel the inspiration that comes from the touch of his hand or the gleam of his eye, we may feel deep down in our souls the challenge of his finer manhood, the inspiration of his companionship. I think we ought to make ourselves at home with the few great masters and teachers of the world's moral and spiritual life. Take Seneca, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, the sayings of Jesus, the principal sayings of Gautama, of Confucius, of the great sages, seers, inspirers, of the world. You know there is nothing that so thrills and lifts a man as the touch of human greatness. There is something about this personal contact with a nobler charac-

ter which thrills us through, and lifts us until we grow into nobler and higher and grander things than we have be fore attained. And, if we keep the company of men like these until we are saturated with their thought, until their highest and finest ideas have become the standards of our lives, until we look through their eyes and gain glimpses of the higher and finer things that the world has not yet attained, we shall find ourselves gradually wrought over into the likeness of these men. This is pure and simple nature and common sense. The artist who wishes to become great in his profession puts himself into the presence and under the shadow of a master, of one who is great in his profession. By becoming his disciple, he does not enter upon a pledge that he will not exceed him, become greater than he. He is not a slave to his ideas: he does not take it as a bondage. There are a great many of us Unitarians, I think, who are over-afraid of the teaching and influence of Jesus, lest we shall be thought to neglect other teachers. But, when I become a disciple of the Nazarene, it is not that I take his ideas as authority, that I am his slave. I take him as a master merely as an artist might Raphael, recognizing that which is supreme, high, great. I love to sit under the shadow of his presence, to feel the power of his life, to be touched and thrilled by the nobility of his soul, and so lifted up into the likeness of the divine.

Let us, then, friends, use these lights of the mind that God has given us, so that we may discover the way, the footsteps, of the Father, and cast our influence in the direction which shall mean the forward movement of the race. Let us not simply feel, but let us guide, direct that feeling, that it may become a power of inspiration and impulse to lift up and lead forward the world.

Father, we consecrate to Thee this morning our feeling and our thought. We will try to feel nobly, we will try to think clearly, and so use all the power of passion that is ours as a means for moving forward mankind. Amen.

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The existence of this book is a phenomenon;—more than a curiosity; and rich as a new, fresh, and very suggestive study of the character and person of Christ.—*Christian Union.*

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Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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THE FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

"The kingdom of God is not eating and drinking, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."—ROM. xiv. 17.

"Then came to him the disciples of John, saying, Why do we and the Pharisees fast oft, but thy disciples fast not? And Jesus said unto them, Can the sons of the bride-chamber mourn, as long as the bridegroom is with them? But the days will come, when the bridegroom shall be taken away from them, and then will they fast."—MATT. ix. 14, 15.

THE people came to Jesus, it is said, remarking the fact that the disciples of John and the Pharisees were accustomed to fast, and asked him why his disciples did not; and a part of our text is his reply and explanation. Some of the people connected with the different churches in the modern world are accustomed to fast, to keep Lent; and they come to those of us who do not follow after this special custom, and, as they asked Jesus in the old days, so they ask us, Why? I propose to answer that question this morning by traversing somewhat at length the whole subject, speaking of what is external and that which constitutes the soul of these occasions, trying thus to set forth their significance and what meaning they have for the rest of the world and for us.

The word Lent, as you are doubtless aware, comes from an old Anglo-Saxon root which means to lengthen or grow longer; and so Lent takes its name from the fact that it is set in this time of the year when the days are lengthening and looking towards spring and summer. How old is this fast? Has it always been kept in the Church as it is kept to-day? There undoubtedly did begin very early in the Church the custom of observing a fast, though the duration of it was not at all fixed, just before Easter. The length of this fast differed in different sections of the Church; but it is

not until the fourth century that we find any word that hints at forty days as being the duration of this season, and it is not until the ninth century that the precise number of forty days was fixed by any ecclesiastical authority and made binding throughout the entire Church. You will see, therefore, that we can hardly regard Lent as it exists to-day as one of the original institutions of the Church. It has grown and taken shape gradually as the centuries have passed by.

At the time of the Reformation Lent, as being in the popular mind identified with Catholic institutions very largely came to be given up or modified by the reformed churches, even the Church of England itself. From the time of the Reformation until the middle of the present century Lent was very loosely observed, when it was observed at all. Its present vogue, the general observance which is paid to it in the Anglican Church and in the Episcopal churches of America, had its origin in what is called the Oxford movement, which is the great reactionary movement which took place at Oxford about the middle of the present century, and which is connected with the names of Dr. Pusey and Cardinal Newman. So Lent, in its present form, is not a very ancient custom. And the reformed churches, as I would have you note, have not paid any marked attention to it until within the last few years.

Is there any authority for keeping Lent anywhere in the Bible? No: there is no command on the subject whatever. Is there any reason for supposing that the omnipotent God of this universe cares whether forty days at this time of the year are observed in a particular way or not? Is there any reason for supposing that the Almighty is interested in the question whether a man eats fish or meat? No: there is no reason for supposing that there is a divine authority anywhere back of this institution, so far as I know or am able to discover.

How does it happen that the period covers just forty days, no more and no less? In answer to this I will read briefly from a book by the Rev. Dr. Brewer, of Trinity College,

Cambridge, England. He says that this use of the number forty is a superstition, arising from its use in the Scriptures.

Thus Moses was forty days in the mount; Elijah was forty days fed by ravens; the rain of the flood fell forty days, and another forty days expired before Noah opened the window of the ark; forty days was the period of embalming; Jonah gave Nineveh forty days to repent; our Lord fasted forty days; he was seen forty days after his resurrection; etc.

Saint Swithin betokens forty days' rain or dry weather; a quarantine extends to forty days; forty days, in the old English law, was the limit for the payment of the fine for manslaughter; the privilege of sanctuary was for forty days; the widow was allowed to remain in her husband's house for forty days after his decease; a knight enjoined forty days' service of his tenant; a stranger at the expiration of forty days was compelled to be enrolled in some tithing; members of Parliament were protected from arrest forty days after the prorogation of the House, and forty days before the House was convened; a new-made burgess had to forfeit forty pence unless he built a house within forty days; etc.

The ancient physicians ascribe many changes to the period of forty; the alchemists looked on forty days as the charmed period when the philosopher's stone and elixir of life were to appear.—E. COBHAM BREWER, LL.D.

You see, then, that for a long period of time this number forty has been supposed to have about it some charm, some significance, some magic importance of one kind or another. And you see also that the origin of it is purely superstitious, and that it can have no power or authority over the free thought of an earnest man.

But, no matter what the number of days, the question that underlies that and which is of chief significance is as to the origin and significance of fasting itself. How did it happen that people came to believe that there was any virtue in going without their food, or in eating a certain article of food at a certain time rather than some other article? These things do not spring out of the ground. Wide-spread beliefs like this do not come from nothing at all. And here, again, I shall trouble your patience for a moment by reading to you, not what I consider absolute and final authority, but

what is indeed very good authority for certain phases of the subject, as far as it goes. I will read a little from the first volume of Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Sociology":—

Little as we should look for such an origin, we meet with facts suggesting that fasting, as a religious rite, is a sequence of funeral rites. Probably the practice arises in more ways than one. Involuntary as the going without food often is with the primitive man, and causing as it then does vivid dreams, it becomes a deliberately adopted method of obtaining interviews with the spirits. Among various savage races fasting has now, as it had among the Jews of Talmudic times, this as one of its motives. In other cases it has the allied motive of bringing on that preternatural excitement regarded as inspiration. But, besides fastings of these kinds, there is the fasting which results from making excessive provision for the dead. This, by implication, becomes an accepted mark of reverence for the dead, and finally a religious act.

The destruction of property, of cattle, of food, at the tomb is in many cases extensive. As a consequence, among the Dyaks burial-rites frequently reduce survivors to poverty; and on the Gold Coast a funeral is usually absolute ruin to a poor family. If, as in some extinct American societies, everything a man had except his land went into his grave with him; if on the death of a Toda his entire herd of oxen was sacrificed,—the implication is that his widow and children have to suffer great want. When, of the Chippewayans, we are told that "no article is spared by these unhappy men when a near relative dies"; when we learn that among the Bagos a chief's widows burn all their stores of food at his funeral,—we cannot but infer lack of food as a result. And so we find it to be. Bancroft tells us that "the Indians of the Rocky Mountains burn with the deceased all his effects, and even those of his nearest relatives, so that it not unfrequently happens that a family is reduced to absolute starvation." . . . Now, when along with these facts . . . we join the fact . . . that the Gold Coast people to their other mourning observances add fasting, . . . we can scarcely avoid the conclusion that what is at first a natural result of great sacrifice to the dead becomes eventually a usage signifying such sacrifice; and continues as a usage when no longer made needful by impoverishment.

I wish you to see that I have the authority of a man like Herbert Spencer for saying that it is worth while to go back and note the far-off origin of this custom; for fasting is not something original with Christianity, not something original with the Jews. It was common among the Romans, among

the Greeks, among the Hindus, among the Chinese, and among almost all the barbaric people of the world; that is, it had its origin away back in the dim twilight of the earth's early morning time. I do not think that Mr. Spencer would claim that he has exhausted all the reasons; but he points out this significant fact,—that, when a man dies, everything he owns, all his food, is burned or buried with him as a sacrifice to his spirit, and the people, consequently, the members of his family, find themselves in a condition of practical starvation. That is, there is a forced fasting. And that is perfectly natural, taking human nature for what it is, that this necessary going without food should come at last to be associated with the fact of the death of the member of the family, and should become a voluntarily assumed thing as a mark of respect for the dead, just as in this country one wears crepe for the same reason.

There is another fact I wish to call your attention to. It was found among early tribes that hunger produces strange, peculiar, weird dreams; and the early barbaric method of interpreting these dreams was always that they were revelations from the spirit world, and so they would naturally come to adopt these practices of fasting for the sake of obtaining a revelation.

Another fact. It was found among these same barbaric people that prolonged hunger produced a state of nervous excitement, that the person ceased to appear to be himself; and it was thought by himself and those who looked upon what he said and did that he was possessed by some other spirit, was inspired, in other words. And, believing this, you can see how perfectly natural it was that they should resort to fasting for the sake of becoming inspired, to get what they regarded as messages from the gods. You are doubtless familiar with the fact that among all early peoples insane persons were treated as possessed and inspired. It is seen by the friends that they are not themselves. We still use that phrase. An insane man "is not himself." Then he is temporarily somebody else. Some other spirit has taken

possession of him for the time, and speaks through him. And so not only fasting, but the use of certain drugs which were found to produce this unnatural excitement have been resorted to by ignorant and barbaric people in all ages for the sake of attaining what they have regarded as this supernatural inspiration.

Then you will find it is natural, after a time, that the people should practise this method of fasting as a custom, as a habit, out of respect for the dead, or as a religious ceremonial, after they had forgotten entirely the origin of it, and would, if asked, be utterly unable to explain it except by saying that it was a custom that had come down from the fathers.

And, then, there is another motive which we find in some form almost universal. The old Greeks believed that the gods were jealous of human happiness. If a person was too happy, some calamity was sure to come. This impression, half believed and half smiled at, is common to-day. I have heard people no end of times say, This is too good to last, as though there were some power in the universe that was not willing that people should be over-happy, ready to dash their cup away if it became two sweet and exhilarating. I suppose that the origin of this is that old, common idea — perhaps derived from the fact that nature itself seemed hard and unfeeling and cruel — that the gods were jealous of the happiness of men. And so we find the idea almost universal —still, civilized people are beginning to outgrow it — that God does not quite like it when we are happy, that he is pleased when we voluntarily assume suffering and make ourselves miserable. I remember, when I was a boy,— and after I had become, as I supposed, converted, at the age of thirteen, and had joined the church,— one of the commonest things in the world for my good, noble old father was to reprove me for too much happiness, too much levity, too much laughter. He would tell me that it was not becoming in a Christian, that a Christian ought to be serious, ought to be sad. You know we have inherited that from old Puritanic ideas, so that

it is in the very blood and fibre of New England,— the idea that God does not like people to be happy, that he is pleased when they are abject, when they crawl in the dust, when they call themselves worms and miserable sinners. I suppose that this idea also had something to do with the virtue that was supposed to attach itself to the habit of going without food and assuming this voluntary suffering.

But I would not have you for a moment suppose that I think that a superstitious and irrational origin necessarily condemns a custom or an institution. The question for us to ask to-day, after we have found the origin of the thing, in order that we may reasonably understand it, is whether the thing is good. If it is of value, if it is found to be of service in our modern life, then, no matter where it came from, we will cherish it, we will keep it.

Let us, then, for a few moments consider this practice of fasting during Lent, and find out what it really is and what it really does for men.

I wish to point out two or three classes of those who observe Lent, and note the spirit and method of these different people. I take it that those who observe this Lenten season in the strictest and most serious fashion are the persons who are strict and serious and earnest all the year round; that is, they are those persons who least need special observances. I have always noticed that those who are most conscientious all the year are the ones who most conscientiously and earnestly enter into any special or particular service.

Then there is another class of people who are hard worked, who are ignorant, who are superstitious, but who feel themselves bound by the ordinances of the Church, who really carry the matter of the Lenten fasting to such an extent as to work them positive physical injury. I have known many cases of devout and faithful servants of the kitchen fairly fainting from hunger and almost unable to get through with their daily task on account of fasting. But the great body of those who set the style and really give the

accepted meaning to the popular interpretation of Lent — I think you will agree with me, if you will observe a little carefully — are the ones who make of it practically a farce. They are the people who from the time society is supposed to begin its annual entertainments in the fall until the time of Lent are leading a butterfly existence. They are keeping late hours, they are overdoing, they are overdrinking,— men and women both. They are carrying the amusement side of life to excess, carrying it so far that at last, when the time of Lent comes, they welcome it, not with what may properly be called religious enthusiasm, but with gladness, because it gives them temporary relief from the burdens and pains of their pleasures. They are free for a little while, they are glad to be brought into a more quiet kind of life where they can rest. They can still give little select entertainments and parties. This class of people does not generally suffer. A person can live for forty days,— remember the Sundays are not included, Sundays are feast days,— a person can live very comfortably for forty days on terrapin and oysters and delicate kinds of fish and elaborate preparations of eggs. One does not really suffer for a little while on a diet of this kind; and, when one has been overeating for several months, there is not only a mental rest, but also a physical rest, that may come out of this kind of change. I say, then, that the persons who emphasize and lay the most stress on Lent, and give it its fashionable status and *go*, are very generally made up of this class of people,— the people in whose case it is not an abstinence from spiritual sins and spiritual wrongs, but only an external observance. They go into this as they go into a particular kind of church service, for the reason that I heard mentioned many years ago in California, by a young man, who said that it was "such a gentlemanly mode of worship."

Now, I wish you to note one thing concerning this. There is danger here,— and this is a thing that we need to guard ourselves against, as men have needed to guard themselves against it in every age of the religious history of the

religious world,— there is danger of the substitution of the external fact for the inner and spiritual experience. Lent kept in this fashion is a pure piece of materialism; and the people who go through the form, and suppose that therefore they have been religious,—who go through a form, and think that therefore they have pleased God, and are therefore released from more important obligations to their fellow-men,— are in spiritual danger from what they take to be a religious service. There is frequently, even among very intelligent people, a harmful, superstitious idea connected with this. I have a friend in this city, I think I once mentioned this before, a teacher in our public schools, supposed to be intelligent and educated, who lost a sister just after a Lenten season was over, and who actually said that she thought God had taken away that sister because she herself had not been strict enough in keeping Lent. Think of it! A God sitting up in heaven who kills people's relatives because they do not go to church in Lent! — and this among intelligent people in the nineteenth century!

I have no sort of doubt that the Lenten observance is a good thing for these people in one way. It rests them physically, and brings a sort of physical, and therefore mental, recuperation; but would it not be better to spread the Lenten idea a little more generally over the year?

Let us note right here for a moment what is the law of the relation of food and drink to the life. Is it not true that a person is better who has a sound, healthy mind in a sound, healthy body, who is just properly fed, and no more, and who is therefore in an ideal physical condition? Is not such a person more likely to be in right relations to his fellow-men and to God than when he is intemperate in drink and gluttonous in food, and who alternates that with a period of abstinence bordering on starvation? Neither one of these conditions is natural, neither one is healthful; and, therefore, neither one, in the highest and truest sense of the word, can be religious.

I know a good many people who keep another kind of

Lent; but it seems to me the spirit is the same. I know men who go for two or three or four weeks to Poland Springs. I speak of this because I happen to know it; and it is a capital illustration. They have been accustomed perhaps for months to overdoing the matter of public and private dinners. They have eaten too much and drunk too much; and so they start for Poland Springs. When they get there, they get up long before breakfast and go off for a walk in the fresh, open air. They drink abundance of fresh, pure water. They eat a good supply of wholesome and well-cooked food. They do not have any spirituous liquors, unless they carry them concealed in their luggage. There is none upon the table. After such a diet for a few weeks a man is made over; but the chances are that he attributes it, not to behaving himself, but to the virtue of the water he drank while he was there. It is the same kind of superstition that manifests itself in the matter of Lent. It is a good thing for a man for two or three weeks, or for one week, to live in accordance with the laws of his physical life; but it is a good deal better, whether he calls it religion or not, to do the same thing all the year round.

Now, I wish to come to the saying of Jesus himself. Jesus, I think, has enunciated here the natural, eternal law as regards the matter of fasting. When they ask him why his disciples do not fast, he says, The sons of the bride-chamber cannot mourn while the bridegroom is with them,— while everything is bright, while friends are all about them, where everything goes well, it is unnatural to mourn. But the bridegroom, he says, will be taken away by and by, then people will fast,— no need of settling it by the authority of the Church or State. When it is natural and normal for people to fast, then they do it of their own accord. Are you in any great grief, any great trouble hanging over you, fasting comes naturally: you do not desire food or drink or any inordinate indulgence or amusement of any kind. So Jesus seems to state this truth as a law that is to govern us. When here is any reason, physical or spiritual, they fast; but

do not go about it on purpose or on a particular day, and suppose that God in heaven is going to be glad or is going to grant you any special favor because you volunteer to be miserable for a limited time.

There is a great principle underlying this. I would not have you for a moment think that I would have you forget it. I believe that we ought to have times when we think, when we withdraw from the outside world, its cares, its amusements, its distractions, when we retire within ourselves and take account of mental, moral, and spiritual stock, and find where we are in our relations to our fellows and our God. I think it is old George Herbert who tells people that they ought to use some times to be alone. He says,

> "Dare to look in thy chest, it is thine own,
> And tumble up and down what thou find'st there."

The principle, then, of this Lenten season is a divine principle. There should be times when we withdraw within our own selves, look our own souls fairly in the face, and ask ourselves what we are and what we are doing, which way we are moving, whether we are growing or shrinking, whether we are going up or going down. Jesus seems then in the principle which he enunciates to agree with the words of the prophet which I read as our morning lesson (Isaiah lviii.). The prophets time and time again rung out their challenge to the priestly formalism of their day, telling the people that it was not sacrifice, it was not abstinence from meat, that God wants: it is a lowly and contrite heart. It is a fasting that is to abstain from hate, from jealousy, from anger of every kind. It is to break every yoke, it is to help the ignorant, it is to comfort those in sorrow, it is to lift up and guide the poor, it is the fasting from spiritual wrong. It is to consecrate ourselves to high and noble ideals. Whether we call this Lent or by any other name, whether we continue it for forty days before Easter or all the year round, this is the ideal toward which we ought to reach; and it is the heart and soul of the Lenten time.

And now, as summing all this up, I want to read the quaint, beautiful old words of Herrick's, which I know I have read to you before, but which I will read as the ideal of the way to keep the true Lent: —

A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast,—to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

No! 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate,—
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin,—
And that's to keep thy Lent.

Father, let us consecrate ourselves anew this morning to the spirit of this Lenten season. Let us not be deceived by the outer appearance, the husk, the shell; but let us keep it in the spirit of Jesus' teaching and the teaching of Thy prophets of old. Let us consecrate ourselves to the highest ideals of loving service, and abstain from everything that is wrong. Amen.

Mr. Mozoomdar's Books.

The Spirit of God. Cloth, $1.50.

An idea of the work may be gained from the titles of the chapters: The Spirit, The Hindu Doctrine of the Spirit, Doctrine of the Spirit in Christianity, Sense of the Unseen, The Spirit in Nature, The Kinship in Nature, The Spiritual Power of the Senses, The Spirit in Life, The Spirit in the Spirit, The Spirit in Immortal Life, The Spirit in Reason, The Spirit in Love, The Spirit in Conscience, The Spirit in Christ, The Spirit in History, The Spirit in all Religions, Live in the Spirit.

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Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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A MAN

X. A MAN AT PLAY

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A MAN AT PLAY.

We are to consider the play side of life and its relation to the serious occupations and the higher side of the nature of a man. What do we mean by play? What is the difference between playing and working? For we notice, as we look over the world, that those things which seem to be play to one person are work to another. Wherein lies the distinction? Just what shall we mean when we are speaking of play?

Work, I take it, is any occupation in which we are employed which we do not like for its own sake, but which we are engaged in for the sake of attaining some end beyond itself. Play may be just as arduous an occupation, may call for just as much effort; but it is such a use of our faculties as we take delight in, as we engage in for its own sake, for the joy, the pleasure, that comes in the mere activity. You are aware of the fact that in almost every nation of the world work has been regarded as a curse. There are among most peoples some sort of traditions that attempt to account for the fact that people have to labor. It is not something that the world has taken kindly to. In the ideal condition of men, which is pictured in the past, there is never any drudgery. There are occupations, indeed; but they are occupations in which people take delight. It is a little curious to note that, on the part of the religious world,— that is, the popular religion of England and of this country,— while work is looked upon as a duty in this life, and play or amusement is treated as something that has about it a possible touch of evil, yet a condition of things is pictured for the blessed after this life that shall be all play,— play

lasting forever and forever. Work, then, is not something that human nature takes kindly to; and I believe that the instinct which regards work as a curse is true to this extent: that drudgery, that work which grinds, which wears, which leaves us drained, is a curse; and I look forward to the time, even here on this planet, when this kind of work shall be largely left behind. It is possible to so control the natural forces of the world as to create a condition of things in which the drudgery side of life shall be reduced to a minimum, and shall practically have passed away. I do not mean by this that there shall be no necessity left for effort, for struggle, for the overcoming of obstacles, for the attainment of things not easy to reach. For work, in this sense, it is only a commonplace to say, is not a curse, but the divinest gift ever presented to man; for it is out of this effort, out of this thought, that the problems of life are solved, out of this ability to surmount obstacles, out of this power to take the raw materials of the universe, and to recreate them into higher and finer things, that comes the development of man from animal to God. Only one aspect of work, then, is a curse: the other side of it is divine.

It may be interesting merely to note, in passing, that it is generally true that the playing of the world is only an imitation of the serious activities of the world. If you notice the sports and games of children, you will find that most of them are imitations of the serious occupations of their elders. Boys play over hunting and fighting, and the little girl as naturally plays mother and housekeeper as she breathes. So you will find that the plays of the grown-up world have been very largely representations of such activities as have been the serious occupations of the world at some period of its history. That only by the way.

We now need to note that you can judge the stage of culture that a people has reached by a careful study of its amusements, of those things in which it takes delight. You may not, indeed, bring a serious indictment against a whole people or against a whole civilization, on account of that

which is the natural amusement of the mass of the people. In any period of the world's history you will always find some who intellectually, morally, spiritually, are away above the average taste of the mass of the people. But, to illustrate what I mean, examine the condition of some savage tribe, and see what kind of story is told as to their intellectual and moral condition in finding that they took the keenest delight in torture. They capture an enemy; and all their ingenuity is called into play to devise some method of getting out of his physical and nervous frame as much suffering as possible for their entertainment, prolonging it as much as possible, and then crowning it by the act of death, when the physical condition can endure no longer. This represents, we will say, the lowest stage of barbarism which it is easy for us to conceive. To judge by this standard, there is an element of brutality and barbarism in many a nation that likes to call itself civilized. We need not go back to picture the condition of things in ancient Rome, when gladiatorial combats were the most popular amusements that could be furnished to the people. Take the Christian countries of Europe as represented at any rate by what was the highest Christian standard up to within the last few hundred years. Take it as represented in modern Spain. What has been there the popular amusement for hundreds of years? I do not mean to say that there have been no people in Spain who have looked down upon and deprecated the amusements of the people; but it certainly does show a curious condition in the religious life of a people, and it helps us to see how a people can believe it is right to persecute in the name of God. It helps us to understand how a great nation can believe in the eternal tortures of hell to find that the amusement which lies closest to the popular heart is the bull-fight,— merely torture, brutality, and blood. And when you find the nobility interested in it, when you find the queen or the king patronizing it, when you find the priesthood present in large numbers at these entertainments, when you find tender and loving moth-

ers there with their children on their knees, when you find that the portrait of the favorite *espada* of the year is in all the shop windows, as we here have the portrait of the leading *prima donna* of the season,— when you find the whole popular life, so to speak, centering in a thing like this, you feel that you have the key, not merely to the amusements of the nation, but to many another mystery in its life as well.

But shall America throw stones at Spain? Shall Boston bring too indiscriminate indictments against people who are interested in things like this? Only a little while ago we had an exhibition of popular taste here in Boston by which those that love Boston would not like to be judged. I should hate to think that the people three or four hundred years in the future should dig up from the ruins of Boston the traces of the popular taste in the way of amusements during the last two months, when the chief thing that engaged popular interest, so far as you could judge it by the leading newspapers of the city, was a prize-fight, when the people gathered in Newspaper Row in such masses during its progress as almost to make it impossible to pass along the streets, merely that they might trace by the bulletins the condition of things, as to how near one of the combatants had reached the last possibility of walking or standing upon his feet. And when at last the victor in this noble game of brutality was declared, and had come North, to see him fêted, dined, and wined by the representatives of what we are proud to call the leading educational institution, the grandest university in all the length and breadth of America, — this was a thing of which we can hardly be proud. This, I say, I should not like to have the people in future ages take as the standard taste of Boston.

If you analyze such an exhibition, it is not admiration for athletics that makes people take an interest in it. I believe in athletics. I believe in a certain amount of training in the direction of pugilism, if you will. I think that many a man, as he goes through this world, meets somebody in the form of a man whose conscience is located only in his ability to feel;

and he needs to be knocked down, as the very best religious service you can render him. I believe that this is possible. But the finest display of mere athletics will not account for the interest in this late prize-fight, in the disgrace of which, I think, Boston has shared.

But I must not dwell on this. I wish simply to indicate to you that not all play is noble, and that not all the brutal play of the world is behind us yet; and, if you wish to help in lifting up the level of the world, in lifting up the level of the newspapers of the modern world, then discountenance this sort of thing, and make it pay for those newspapers which leave these things one side or print them, as did one of our Boston papers, in only a short, insignificant paragraph. Let me say for the honor and glory of that paper that it was the *Transcript;* and I felt a higher respect for it ever since.

And now to turn to a general treatment of the play side of the life of the average business man. Herbert Spencer, when he was in this country, dwelt with great emphasis upon the fact that this American life of ours is a life of hurry and rush and restless activity, to the point of the disregard of our physical condition and our mental energy. This is a serious condition of affairs in this country. Do you know that diseases of the nervous system and the brain are enormously on the increase among our business men, and chiefly, I have no sort of question, as the result of this over-nervous stimulus that we put into the pursuit of the serious occupations of our lives. It is important, then, that we should recognize the play side of human life; and why?

I wish to give you two or three reasons for the necessity for play. In the first place, you need it, men and women need it, as a matter of physical health. We can endure only about so much of hard work; and this tense strain of the nervous system needs to be relaxed. Every musician knows that he can spoil a musical instrument by keeping its strings overdrawn and overtense, and that simply to relax them restores them again to their normal tone. As a matter of physical health, then, men ought to learn how to play.

Then as a matter of mental sanity. Physicians tell us that it is not an easy thing to draw the line between sane people and insane people. I consider that many a man who is outside the asylum is not entirely sane. Sanity, in the true, broad sense of that word, recognizes the relative importance of things,— recognizes the relations in which the different interests of life stand to each other. You know how easy it is for a man to become what we call a monomaniac. He may be perfectly sane in other directions; but he has thought and thought and thought about some one thing until he has exaggerated the importance of that out of all relation to other things. And we say, Here is the beginning of insanity. Now, you take a man who thinks that the attainment of a certain amount of money is the most important thing in the world, who thinks about it and thinks about it and thinks about it, and gives his life to it, to the neglect of his family, to the neglect of the higher interests of his own nature, to the neglect of that kind of charity and missionary effort that recognizes the welfare of the world, to the neglect of spiritual culture, to the neglect of everything that is finely and highly human and manlike,— that is not being sane, though he may have so much company that those who are with him do not recognize it as insanity. Take a man such as I used to know intimately, who, in the last six or eight or ten years of his life, was haunted by the idea that he was going to die poor, though he was worth several hundreds of thousands of dollars, with everything well invested. Is a man like that sane? And what is the cause of this insanity? Nothing in the world but this tense mental strain over the attainment of this one particular thing. There are thousands of men who, in the eager pursuit, the hot and intense pursuit, of some one object of ambition, are ready to sacrifice happiness, ready to sacrifice health, ready to sacrifice their friends, their honor, their ability to help the world; and these men are not sane. They need to learn to play a little. They need to pause in their hot pursuit, and look around them, and see that

there are other things and interests in the world, other sources of happiness, and so regain their poise.

Then it follows from this that men need to play for the sake of their work. A man can do best that work which he loves; and he can do that work best when he is physically sound and mentally sane. There are thousands of men in America who break down when they are half through, who carry with them from that time on a diseased condition that cripples them at every step. They do not accomplish nearly so much work as they would have done if they had learned how to play. They do not do as good work; and they do not accomplish it with as much ease.

Then another point, one that is hard for New Englanders, the children of the Puritans, to learn: we need to play for the mere sake of play. Emerson says in one of his poems to that beautiful flower, the rhodora, that "Beauty is its own excuse for being." I believe that play is its own excuse for being, that it needs no apology, if there be not something of more serious importance or deserving and demanding our attention just at the time, if we be not neglecting some duty; that is, in other words, if we have earned the right to play. I do not believe that there is any good whatever in work for its own sake. There is no virtue in work for its own sake. When I hear a man say, with a little touch of pride, that he has not taken a vacation for ten years, I feel like telling him that he ought to be ashamed of himself, that it is nothing to boast of. If a man has not played any for years, it is a thing that he should cover up, it is a thing to keep out of sight. Play has its own excuse for being. I do not believe that the God of this universe stands over us, as the old Puritan ideal seemed to picture him, with a lash, driving us on ever to the accomplishment of some task that must be done. Jesus said, "My Father worketh hitherto; and I work." I would say as reverently, "My Father playeth hitherto; and I play." When I look in summer at the clouds drifting across the face of the blue; when I hear the birds sing all the morning; when I walk in the fields, and

see the trout darting in the brook, and the brook itself rippling in music adown the hillside; when I stand or lie in the pine woods, and hear the music of the winds in their boughs; when I sit on the seashore, and watch the laughter of the million waves, the sunlight glinting upon them, and hear them break in music at my feet; when I look over the whole face of creation, and see everywhere the color, the beauty, the joy,— I believe that we must reconstruct our ideas of God, so as to find room in his nature for play.

Lowell, on a certain occasion, breaks out, and says, "What a poet God is!" And there is a beautiful story of Tennyson when a friend was walking with him through the fields. They came to a pool; and the old man dropped on his knees, and looked down into it, and watched the creatures that were dancing and playing through it, examined the shapes of the overhanging ferns, watched the myriad forms of life that were round him, and then exclaimed, "What an imagination God has!"

So, when I see all the joy and beauty and play of the world, and see how in the midst of the on-goings — great activities of nature — there is no trace of effort, then it seems to me that the one thing in the divine nature that overtops all thought of labor and effort is the play side, the gladness side, of his being.

But not all play is good. I wish to note, then, some of the dangers that attach themselves to the amusement side of human life. It may be well enough in the orthodox heaven to have it all play. According to that conception of things, men were either finished for good or for bad when they died; and so, of course, there is nothing more to be done.

But in this world, in the midst of the conditions that surround us on every hand, for any man *merely* to play is for him to be faithless to the highest and noblest aspects of his manhood. Take the condition of the nobility of most of the countries in Europe, who perhaps appoint some agent to look after their estates while they flock to the capitals, and,

taking their rents, live lives the year round of self-indulgence. Take the increasing number of people in this country who, having become immensely wealthy, have no more interest in accumulating, and give themselves simply to play. I cannot understand how any man, who is a man, can live a life like this, no matter how many millions he may have earned or become possessed of or may have inherited. And yet this is the ideal of many a man about town. He simply gives himself to amusement, to his club and games and sports of all kinds, forgetting that there are ignorant people in the world, stumbling and falling for lack of knowledge; forgetting that there are poor people suffering from cold and from hunger; forgetting that there are criminals born to careers of crime, degraded, breathing the air of the slums; forgetting that there is this great cry of an unfinished creation ever rising from every part of the earth to the heaven which is its hope. A man who can simply play in a world like this is a thief, because he is taking out of the accumulated good of the world, and putting nothing back in its place. He is heartless and selfish and brutal and cruel.

But there is another evil about play; that is, you may not play all the time, and yet may play too much. You may play when in so doing you neglect something which should be done in some other direction. Let me hint what I mean. It is not necessary to have prolonged discussion upon it. I know men and I know women who have plenty of time for play, but who never have any time to do anything for another. No matter what work is calling them, they never have any time to help their fellow-men. They have plenty of time for anything they wish to do. I know people, men and women, who have money enough for their amusements, money enough to give a reception, money enough for a card party, money enough to buy presents or prizes for contestants, money enough for anything that ministers to their amusements, who have never a dollar when some great need seeks for assistance. Here is another danger that attaches itself to the selfish indulgence in the things that people happen to like.

Then there are the plays that in their very nature hurt, the plays that belong to the lower side, the plays that drag us down, the plays which are not recreation, *re-creation*, but the plays which are dissipation, which leave us poorer, weaker, less manly, less womanly, leave us weary instead of recuperated. Every employer who has a large number of work-people knows the danger of holidays, when they are released from toil. Many a man saves up his wages in view of a debauch, a dissipation which he anticipates as a pleasure. There are a thousand ways in which play may be hurtful,— in cards, in billiards, in theatres, in hunting, in fishing, in many directions. What ought a man to do? None of these things are wrong; but they can be used in such a way that we are the worse for indulgence. They can be used in such a way that we are lifted up and broadened and strengthened, and made finer and better thereby.

Let us, then, feel that, as we go into these things, we are going because we love them, because we find amusement in them, because we want rest and recreation; but let us remember the distinction that is drawn right here. Every one of these things can be used to hurt us, and to hurt other people. Every one can be used to help us, and to help other people.

I am now to treat another side of the subject, and one that seems to me to point toward the future of amusements more and more for intelligent and high-minded people. We are engaged in our regular occupations: we are compelled to work, and to work hard. This is well. But, if we will only learn to be interested in something outside of our regular work, something (you may call it a hobby, if you will) interesting, something that shall call into activity the higher side of our nature, it will at the same time release us from the drudgery of toil, and rest that part of us which is engaged in earning money and in supplying the necessary wants of our lives.

As an illustration, let me mention some people that I have in mind. There are some men who work so hard that, when

they play, it must be pure play. Take Herbert Spencer, who has been in poor health nearly all his life. He has laid out for himself a task which probably he will never live to finish. The one play of his life has been billiards. He is exceedingly fond of the game, and finds in it just the mental and physical recreation that he needs. He cannot go into an intellectual game for play; for he needs all the power of his brain in the accomplishment of the task that he has laid out for himself for the benefit of the world. As an illustration of the overdoing of these things, let me relate an anecdote of Herbert Spencer and his game. He was once playing a game with a young man who played wonderfully well. When he was through, Mr. Spencer gently suggested to him that he was probably playing too much. He said, Any young man of your age who has any serious work to do in the world must have given more time to the game than he ought to have, to be able to play so well as you do. Here is a principle that must run into all our amusements. If we give too much time to them, they become an evil.

Mr. Lowell found his play in walks, in a love for every form and phase of nature and of natural life, and also in a certain class of books. In reading his letters, as I have been doing lately, I find that time and time again, when he was weary, he refreshed himself by reading the Spanish poet Calderon. I find him getting comfort and rest in this way. There is many an English statesman whose life has been given to hard and wearing discussion, who has kept up his work only by change of thought,— by reading Horace or some other book from which he has come back refreshed to his task. George Sand, when she was blue and troubled or out of condition, went for mental and spiritual relief to the books of Dumas. So you will find that many a man has some one book or study in which he finds new strength for the work of to-morrow.

I have a friend engaged in a hard profession whose "hobby" is entomology. This hints what I have in mind. He has made a large collection in this way; and he has

found it not only a field for the play side of his life, but a means for self-culture. It has taken him out into wider fields of investigation and study. It has brought him into contact with people whom it has been a delight to know, so that he has found not only play, but culture and a wider social range and instruction in every direction.

Now, why cannot a business man take up something in this same way? It may be entomology, or geology, or political economy, or anthropology, or history, or a collection of works of art in some direction, or other. I have in mind a friend who was travelling about in Europe several years in search of health. While there, he made a collection of pictures representing one department and epoch of painting; and he said afterwards that the finest pleasure of his life came to him when at last he discovered that he had learned enough to know a picture when he looked at it. Here is a field that leads us out into endless play, and to a kind of play which means self-culture, which means the broadening of the range of our life, which means bringing it into such relations with our fellow-men as that we may be of the finest and highest service to them.

I believe, as I have said, that the time will come when the drudgery side of life will be less than it is to-day; and the thing we need to eliminate drudgery from our business is to mix the business with our intellect. That suggests the sharp, keen reply of the painter Opie, when asked with what he mixed his colors,—"With brains, sir." That was the secret of his success. The success of the business man in eliminating drudgery from his business is to mix more and more brains with his work, to understand its relations with the general civilization and welfare of the world, and so to come up into the higher range of the artist, and leave the artisan and drudge behind.

When we have mastered the forces of the world, and have learned to care not so much for accumulation as for the higher and finer things of life, when we have learned to turn ourselves away from the mere accumulation of money unto

the civilization that money is capable of bringing to ourselves and to all mankind, when we have learned to care more for that which is the essence of life, and less for those things which are only the means toward living, then the work itself shall have become play; and we shall take delight in co-operating with God in bringing about the perfected condition of things.

Father, may we climb up into the higher sides of our natures, and find Thee, the tireless but the blessed God, and learn to imitate Thee in doing our work for the sake of the joy and the good of the world, and so leave behind us the brute, and the occupations and the tastes and the pleasures of the brute, and find the occupations and the pleasures and the play of that which is divine. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars bove the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,
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A MAN IN CHURCH.

JESUS founded no church, he appointed no sacraments, he authorized no ritual, he formulated no creed. Indeed, he left no written word upon the subject in any way whatsoever. He was a new life, as other great men before him and since his day. He cast a spiritual word and seed into the field of the hearts of those who heard him; and this seed, after the order of natural and divine laws, bore fruit and produced results which have lasted until to-day. And these results, I have no doubt, will increase and broaden until they touch and lift the life of mankind.

But, though Jesus founded no church, it was perfectly natural that there should be a church. After his death it was confidently and universally expected that he would appear again before a great while to finish his work, and establish the supernatural kingdom of God upon the earth. The Jews had become accustomed to their little local gatherings for religious purposes in their synagogue as well as for the more general gatherings for worship in the temple; and it was natural that those who had come to believe that Jesus was the Messiah should meet on the day when they believed he had risen from the dead, so that the church took shape as naturally as a seed sprouts or a bud blossoms.

No one was leader by any supposed divine authority in these early churches. There was no formulated method at first in regard to what they should do or as to what they should believe: it was only the natural coming together of loving disciples, men and women, to talk over his life, to keep in memory things he had said to them, to bring as many other people as possible to believe in them, and to wait for his coming. But when year by year went by, and the

heavens remained the same, and there was no sound of a trumpet on high or the bursting through of legions of angels, they did not lose their faith in him, they did not lose their belief in the divine principle which he had taught: they simply came to the conclusion that they must have misunderstood, must have misinterpreted, him in some way; and so they kept on believing that he would come in his own good time.

Now, in this condition of affairs you will see how very natural it was that written records should spring up, outlines of his life, fragments of his words; and in this natural human way we have our Gospels. You will also see, as you put yourselves back by the power of imagination into these old-time conditions, how inevitable it was that a closer organization should take place. There appeared men who stood higher than their fellows in the matter of authority. These were the disciples or the apostles or some one else who had seen Jesus, who had heard him speak. They were naturally looked upon as leaders or as ones to speak with authority not possessed by others. Then there would be the next remove, those who had seen and talked with certain ones who had seen Jesus. Then, of course, men would arise who had some natural ability in the way of leadership, as always in any association some man comes to the front to whom others defer, whose words carry more than usual weight, and who has some natural ability in the way of control over other men. So in the most natural way in the world, after a long course of years, the Catholic Church with all its hierarchy came into being as naturally as human governments grow, as naturally as any other despotism of the world has ever grown.

Now, the Catholic Church, of course, had the Bible,—the record, as they believed, of that early condition of affairs; but they had also, as they claimed, the living spirit, which spoke with the same authority as it did in the earlier time. They believed that it was important that certain ideas should be held. The creed, in other words, held a high place in the

Catholic Church. But there was something that held a higher place: that was the order of the Church, its ritual, its ceremonial, its sacraments. The most important thing in the Catholic Church has always been that a man should be a member of it, should obey it, and should do the things that were appointed. Not so much inquisition has been made into the state of his mind, into precisely what he believed, so long as he was an obedient child of the Church. This, I say, grew up with perfect naturalness; and the Church itself became the one source of authority to those who accepted its teachings.

At the time of the Protestant Revolution there was a beginning of a great change; and the most important thing for us to notice is that it was the substitution of a book for the Church as the ultimate authority among Christians. The doctrines were not changed very much; but the Protestant Church was less formally organized, and less emphasis was laid upon the ceremonial, upon the sacrament, more emphasis came to be laid on a belief, upon the Bible, interpreted after the orthodox authority of the time. I wish you to notice — and that is the only thing that is of special importance so far — how natural a thing it was for the Catholic and Protestant churches to come into being and to be what they were, although Jesus himself did not organize any church, did not appoint any sacraments, did not formulate any creed. Ages went by; and Jesus became further and further moved from human thought and human knowledge, the teachings of Jesus became of less importance, and beliefs about him came to the front, and were regarded as supreme.

But where are we to-day in this matter? We, who are here this morning, represent thousands and thousands of people in the civilized world who no longer believe in the authority of the Church or in the authority of the book. We no longer believe in the conception of the universe which was held when these two authorities came into being, we no longer believe that this race is lost, we no longer believe that the condition of our souls in the future life depends

upon our obeying the Church or believing in the infallibility of the book. These things are gone for free, educated, earnest men and women. The Church came into existence to save men from the supposed results of the fall of man,— came into existence in the forms of which I have been speaking, to deliver men from punishment in another life, to save, to redeem. There are a great many people to-day who, having given up these conceptions of God and of man, wonder why we do not give up the Church, wonder if there is any room for the Church in our modern conception of things. I wish to show, if I can,— and it seems to me in one way a very simple and easy task,— that the Church does not depend for its existence upon any of the theories of Christendom which have been held or on any of the theories that are held concerning religion anywhere on the face of the earth. The Church is a divine and human necessity. It does not depend on an infallible body of people nor on an infallible book. I believe that the Church is to stand strong, and to become more instead of less in the future, because I believe its only adequate universal and eternal foundation is the spiritual nature of man.

"God is Spirit," said Jesus; "and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." Man, too, is spirit; and, as spirit answers to spirit, so there is that in humanity that calls ever for God. Man is animal; and there are a hundred animal hungers that appertain to his physical life. Man is an intellectual being; and he has intellectual hungers, wants, and desires. Man is an affectional being; and he loves, and he would be loved in return. But none of these things are so essential, are so at the very heart of humanity, as is the spiritual hunger that finds its expression in the religious life of man. Not only in Christendom do we find it, but all round the wide world. So soon as man climbs up out from the animal, so soon as he stands on his feet, so soon as he looks with a questioning eye to the stars, so soon is religion born. He has everywhere felt that this external universe was but the garment of some spiritual

power; and the one great hunger of the ages, beside which all other forces and passions are comparatively weak, has been the hunger of man for God. Study the history of the world, the history of the lowest tribe that can to-day be discovered, the history of the highest and mightiest civilization of the past; see the temple pointing heavenward under every sky; see the art and literature, the ritual, the service of any kind; read the books that have been poured out of the longing heart of man; see the long lines of pilgrims marching through deserts and over mountains in search of some shrine where they believe they can hear the divine word spoken or get a glimpse of the divine glory. There is no hunger,—not even that of love, not even that of ambition, not even that of gold,— there is no hunger that has touched or characterized man for good or evil that is comparable for a moment to this human hunger for God. It has been the cause of more wars, it has set up and cast down more thrones, it has had more to do with shaping human history, than any other desire the human heart is capable of. This spiritual nature of man is not only universal, not only eternal, but it is that which is highest and most characteristic in man; and on this impregnable and eternal foundation that can never crumble stands by natural right the Church.

Now, in the second place, when people care very much about anything, they naturally seek sympathy in that care. They seek somebody else that cares; and they naturally join forces in ever larger and larger aggregations for the accomplishment of that which they desire. This natural association which constitutes the bond that holds the Church together is the simplest and most universal in the world. It is precisely the same thing that we discover in a hundred other departments of human life. Men who believe in music associate together for the better expression and propagation of their ideas and theories. Those who love to study nature associate; and we have the great scientific organizations of the world. We have those who love art; and in every department of life and in business there are very

few who stand alone. Even those who are carrying on business for themselves do not stand alone: they depend at every turn upon the sympathy and co-operation and help of somebody else; but most of the great businesses of the modern world are simply gigantic corporations or combinations of men engaged in common purposes for the sake of better carrying out their ideas. What more natural, then, than that those who believe in the spiritual life and who hunger for truth and God; those who wish, if they can, to find the secret of human life, deliverance from its evils, the place of the soul's peace,—what more natural, I say, than that they should join hands with others, having the same feelings, the same hopes, the same aspirations? The moment that a half dozen or a hundred or five hundred people unite together for these common ends, then you have a church. Those people who do not believe in a church, or who are interested merely to break it down, accept the same principle of association, and organize a church for the purpose of doing anti-church work. The principle is so human and so natural that you cannot possibly escape it.

They organize also, not only for sympathy and to help each other, but they organize for the purpose of spreading around the world their faiths, their hopes, and the better life which they are persuaded will be the natural fruit of these. And so you find that those religions of the world which are alive, those churches that have any power in them, and that are likely to have any future in the world, are always mission churches. Inevitably, they are so. What kind of a man can he be who is persuaded that he possesses knowledge that would be for the benefit of his fellow-men, and yet hides it in his own heart, and never speaks of the grand discovery to another? By as much as a man is a man, by as much as he professes to believe, by as much as he cares for the betterment of the world, by as much as he has any vital hope in him that the world can be better, by so much must he associate, call it church or not, in some organization that shall consecrate itself to the service of making the world nobler and better.

A church, then, is the most natural thing in the world. And there is one more reason for it,— a reason that takes us back into the consideration of the old idea about it for a moment, a reason which thousands seem to think that they have left behind, but which, I am persuaded, is as vital and important to it as it has ever been. The old church existed to save man,— to save man from God's anger, to save him from hell. Is there any need corresponding to that existing to-day? Are there no hells from which people need to be delivered? I do not believe, as you well know, that God is angry with his children. We are his children; and, by as much as he has made us, by so much he will be tender and patient with us, however ignorant, however evil for the time. But the fundamental fact is here: we desire life, we desire happiness, peace, protection from the evils of human life. Do we get these because there is no burning hell in the next world? Do we get these simply because God is not angry with us? Look at the common sense of this view for a moment. A man goes to Harvard. There may be no one on his day of graduation to seize him and drag him off to torture if he has not kept up to a certain grade in his studies; but, because of that, is the need of study taken away from him? Will it make no difference on the day of his graduation whether he has devoted himself to his manly, moral, and spiritual culture or not? Will he be just as well off, when he gets out into the world, if he goes out ignorant and half-trained as if he came out with a mind stored with knowledge and every faculty cultured to its best? It seems to me it is a very shallow idea on the part of thousands of people who think it does not make any difference whether there is any church or not, if you abolish hell; that it does not make any difference whether they go to church or not, unless God is angry with us. Consider for a moment, friends. When we pass the line of the invisible into that other life in which I believe as thoroughly as in the present, we shall leave behind many of the things that constitute our lives to-day. We are going into a set of conditions where,

unless our souls are cultured, we shall be stripped and lonely and poor. I believe that many of us will find hell enough in the memory of wrong done here and of wasted lives, until, through God's help, we retrieve the blunders and errors of this, and have gone through suffering and culture into fitness for the kind of life that awaits us there. Just as much, then, as under the old theories, you need now and here the church devoted to the culture of the moral and the spiritual, the finest and highest, the eternal things, as a preparation for going in the midst of these spiritual and eternal things. We need it as much on the new theory as on the old.

Now, then, to pass to two or three other phases of my theme, let me say that, since the Church represents the highest and most important things in human life, he who would call himself a man must be interested in it, must take a part in it, must do his share, for the sake of his own soul, his God, and the sake of his fellow-men. I do not say that you must attend this church. I do not say that you must attend the Episcopal Church, the Congregational Church, the Catholic Church. I do not say that you must of necessity attend any organization that goes by that name. But I do say that he who will be a man, who appreciates what that word means and cares for what it stands, must, by every necessity of his manhood, do something to help on that for which the Church stands; that is, the moral, spiritual culture and lifting up of the world. There is too much in the present time — indeed, it has always been true — of one-sided religion, too much of being willing to take, and not being alert to give.

Let me say one thing right here. I am not, and never have been, a good beggar; and I shall never try to be. When anything is asked for the church, it is not begging. It is asking only that you pay a little back for what you have so abundantly received, and that, if you believe in it, you help spread the good it stands for all over the world. I remember a saying attributed — with what truth I do not know — to Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford. It is said that on a certain

occasion he went to a man and asked him for money to help on some religious enterprise in which he was engaged; and the man, though wealthy and receiving in indirect ways a thousand benefits of religion, was not disposed to help. At last Dr. Bushnell turned on him, and said, "How much do you suppose real estate was worth in Sodom?" In that way he brought home to the man a certain side of the problem that had never met his attention before. A business man absorbs himself in his business, and cares for little else. If the church comes to him, and asks him for help for his fellow-men, he looks upon it as a beggar, and tosses it a crumb, as he would to any other beggar. And yet — consider for a moment — what would be the business condition of the world and the opportunity for the successful carrying on of business but for the moral and spiritual side of man? That is the basis on which a successful business rests, just as it is the foundation of the church itself. Where would your real estate be in Boston if every church should withdraw from the city its influence? Where would the lives of your families and your homes be but for the cultivation of that for which our organized religious work stands? A man, then, when he is asked to do something for religion, is asked to create a better atmosphere for his home, a better opportunity for the carrying on of his business,— he is asked to contribute something to the higher valuation of his own real estate. He is asked to make the city in which he lives, mentally, morally, and spiritually and in every way, a better place for himself as one of its citizens. Yet there are thousands of people to-day outside of the churches who are receiving benefit from the fact that the churches exist; but it never occurs to them that there is the slightest obligation on their part to lift their finger for anything except that which they think touches their own indulgence or their own success.

This gives me an opportunity to say a word on another phase of the same subject. I suppose there are hundreds of people in the city of Boston who, if I stay here fifteen or twenty years more, will wish me to bury them. I judge

so on the basis of my past experience. And they are not those who attend this church or have anything to do with it. They do not go to church anywhere. They probably do not pay five cents a year for the support of religion in Boston in any form. They think perhaps that they have outgrown the church, that there is church enough for them in the newspapers, in the magazines. Well and good; only, it seems to me, I would be consistent. You will not misunderstand me, as saying that I am not willing to render these services to those who are mourning over their dead. I have never refused to render such service in my whole life long. But I do say, in the light of this principle of give and take in religion, that, if I could get along without the church and the minister until I was dead, I would be buried without them, too. I would carry out my principle consistently from beginning to end. If I wished to receive even in the last hour the word of consolation and hope, as I was pushing off my boat into the mists of the unseen, I would try to help on the culture and condition of the world out of which the word of help and of hope is born.

One point more. I wish to speak for just a moment of the kind of church a man should belong to. And here is a principle of the utmost importance. I do not wish to be thought one who dwells on this matter too much; but I see, almost every day of my life, men who believe in the utmost freedom, and in the light and the truth and the forward movements of the day, who cast their influence, such as it is, who give their money, such as they give at all, to churches in which as in their hearts they do not believe. If you are a Catholic, be consistent: support and work for the Catholic Church. If you are orthodox, be consistent: stand by it, work for it, be true and faithful. But, if you are a believer in the free and wider life of the modern world, and the old conceptions of God and the universe and of man no longer appeal to your reason, then come out for God, for man, and stand where you belong, and help the future. I not only believe, but I know, if all the ministers and all the

men in this country who are in substantial sympathy with the modern ideas around which we are organized were with us, we could sweep the land. I do not know what is to come of it, except that it seems to me specially sad and lamentable when men play with questions like this, and are persuaded simply by matters of interest,—when, for example, a minister comes to me, and tells me that he is in substantial sympathy with the ideas for which I stand, and then wonders whether there is an orthodox church somewhere in the world that will let him stand in its pulpit if he does not say too much. At any rate, I have lost all respect for him; and I have lost nearly the same amount of respect for the men who sit in pews, and welcome and applaud the doctrines in which they do not believe, or who welcome and applaud doctrines in which they do believe, but which ought not to be preached in that pulpit.

Find out that Church which represents the highest and best things you can think and feel, and then give yourself to it heart and soul. Consecrate yourself to it, not with the idea that you are conferring a favor upon it. People sometimes speak to me in a half-patronizing way because they have condescended to approve something that I have said in the newspapers, although I have never discovered that they did anything about it. But they seem to think that they have conferred a favor upon me because they condescend to regard it as God's truth. I want no patronage and no compliments from these people. I want the men who believe in God and in humanity to be one with the great Church of the coming time, for the sake of God and man and their own souls.

Father, we consecrate ourselves here this morning to Thee and this higher truth. We believe that the noblest thing in us is that we can think God and lisp his name and long after his life. Let us consecrate, then, ourselves to this high ideal, and do what we can to bring the whole world to the knowledge and love of Thee. Amen.

Mr. Mozoomdar's Books.

The Spirit of God. Cloth, $1.50.

An idea of the work may be gained from the titles of the chapters: The Spirit, The Hindu Doctrine of the Spirit, Doctrine of the Spirit in Christianity, Sense of the Unseen, The Spirit in Nature, The Kinship in Nature, The Spiritual Power of the Senses, The Spirit in Life, The Spirit in the Spirit, The Spirit in Immortal Life, The Spirit in Reason, The Spirit in Love, The Spirit in Conscience, The Spirit in Christ, The Spirit in History, The Spirit in all Religions, Live in the Spirit.

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Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

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It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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A MAN ASCENDING.

"Now are we children of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." — 1 JOHN iii. 2.

IN this closing sermon of the present series I wish to trace the lines and note some of the principles of human ascent. I am asked a great many times as to how the fact of deterioration and decay on the part of men and of nations is to be explained as consistent with the law of evolution. A great many people seem to think that, if there is anything in evolution, it means a necessary and eternal progress for everybody. Of course, those who have studied it with any care know that it means nothing of the kind. If there is a pathway up a mountain side, it is a path up not only, but it is equally a pathway down. If you find your feet upon a stairway, that does not necessarily mean that you are to climb to the top, you can go the other way to the bottom, if you will. So the law of the evolution of life is not inconsistent with the law of dissolution, decay and death. It is simply a question as to whether we shall discern the conditions of ascent, and conform to those conditions. But in a world as wide as this, with circumstances so varied, with people of all grades and kinds, it naturally follows, almost necessarily we might say, that somebody, some persons, some peoples, will comply with the conditions, and so will advance. No matter whether we see those conditions and intellectually and purposely select them, or whether we happen to comply with them, in either case the result of progress will follow. But there can be no intelligent progress except as we purposely discern the laws of God, and obey them. Take it in the matter of physical health: if a man obeys the laws of his life simply by following his instincts and tastes, without any

thinking about them, the result will be health and growth. But, if we are to be certain of these things, there must be careful study of those laws and conditions, and an intelligent, loyal obedience to them.

During some parts of the discourse which is to follow, you may think that I am a good ways off from the lines of an ordinary sermon, that I am dealing with very material instead of spiritual things. But before I am through you will note that these things bear upon the spiritual as necessary conditions thereto, and that we shall end with the spiritual laws.

I have had occasion to tell you more than once, perhaps, in the past that the general growth of the world may be figured as three or four great stages. For a long time, thousands and thousands of years, I do not know how long, the dominant power on this planet was chiefly physical. Muscle was king of the world, brute force was supreme. But out of the struggles and conflicts, even of those brute forces, there was necessarily, in accordance with the law of the survival of the fittest, a development ever towards higher and finer animal forms.

Next after this came the era of mind, brain, thought, either as cunning or as the higher intelligence, not displacing muscle, but dominating it. Man has ever developed his mental capacity. Although the weakest of all the animals almost on the face of the earth, he was able to outwit — that is, to translate the word, to *outknow*— other animals, and so to become king of the world. I do not mean to say, and, of course, you will not understand me as meaning to say, that one of these conditions lasts for a certain period of time, and then is entirely displaced by one of the others. I simply wish to indicate the steps of progress; for the lower step remains intact, when you have climbed upon the next one.

Beyond the physical then came the mental; and beyond the mental the world has gradually climbed through sympathy into conscience and into the recognition of right and wrong, and the conviction that the right, because it was right,

ought to be king. And now after generations, in spite of all the evil that there is in the world, in spite of all the pessimistic wailing of the modern time the moral ideal is the mightiest force on the face of the earth. I believe, however, that another step is coming, that we can already see dim outlines of it, that we may already find some whose feet are placed upon it, so that their heads are up in the higher air.

I believe the next great era of human progress is to be called properly the spiritual, the recognition of the spiritual identity of man with God, the life in the spirit. When we have reached this, it will be something higher than a sense of ought and the law of duty. This, by and by, will be gradually outgrown and left behind; for that man is not the highest type of man who figures a certain course of conduct out, and says, "I ought to do it, and therefore I will!" That implies conflict between another tendency in his nature which would lead him the other way. The highest type of man is the one who loves the right, so that the sense of ought ceases to be necessary. If a man lives in God, in the spirit, in such a way that he instinctively chooses the good, he has risen out of the range of mere conscience, he has left that below and behind.

There are two lines — two parallel lines, perhaps, we may say — of human ascent. One traces man's gradual conquest over his conditions: the other traces man's gradual conquest over himself. I do not mean that one of these courses is run, and then the other taken up and followed after that is complete. They are parallel lines; and the incidents and activities of the one constantly act and react on the other. And yet, for clearness of thought, it will be necessary to trace, at some little length, the external lines of ascent, and then to go on to the consideration of the growth of man in controlling his own nature.

Let us, then, begin in the far-off time, and note some of the principal steps that man has taken as he has climbed up into kingship of his conditions, as he has learned to control the forces of this external world.

In some respects, and without any word spoken against the achievements of modern men, the most important invention or discovery that man ever achieved was that of fire. I do not know, so far away was this discovery made, when it took place, nor the man who first hit on that magnificent achievement; but the first great step that the race took above and beyond the animal life of the world was this discovery of the use, the mastery, of fire. For this, note, and this alone, it is which has made man a citizen of the world. In origin and by nature, man is a tropical animal. If we trace his far-off home, we find it somewhere in the tropics. You will notice that it is still true of the other animals of the earth that they are confined to some local habitat, except in so far as they have come under the control of and have shared the conditions of the life of man. It is only in certain conditions that special races and tribes of animals can continue to exist; but man, although tropical in origin and tropical in nature, is at home anywhere through the mastery of fire. We talk about the conquering races of the world being those that live in the cooler climes. We forget that the first and in some respects the mightiest civilizations of the world were in or near the tropics; and we forget that other fact,— that all our lives, all our achievements, are wrought out in the midst of tropics, that we have created our own climate, and carry it with us wherever we please. Our homes, our offices, our stores, the places where we live and carry out our work are tropical climates still, made so by our mastery of the first great discovery of man,— fire.

Next to this discovery came another carrying the advance to a place of which we are very far from seeing the end yet. Man learned to use the metals, so that by smelting and fusing these he has been able to control the manufacture of weapons, of implements, of utensils of all sorts, so that they have given him the mastery of all human conditions. Without this first great discovery of fire, however, he would have been helpless in the presence of the metals. You cannot look in any direction without seeing some token of the mastery that this has given him over the conditions of his life.

Then by and by some one discovers the alphabet, through rude picture writings such as was discovered by Cortez in ancient Mexico, such as we know have been found among our North American Indians. The next step was the hieroglyphics, such as we find in Egypt; and at last the alphabet was discovered as the result of the thought, the invention, the experience of man through thousands of years. Then for the first time man becomes conscious that he has a history because he can record his experiences. He becomes conscious of the fact that he is a being who can ascend, conscious of progress; for by making a record of his yesterday he can compare it with his to-day, and can forecast something better for to-morrow. In the discovery of the alphabet, then, man first becomes conscious of the fact that he is capable of ascending.

The next step that we will note seems to be connected with barbarism rather than with progress; and yet, if we look a little closely into this, we shall see that it has proved to be one of God's mysteries in helping on the human race. I refer to the discovery of gunpowder, that force which was able to batter down the exclusive walls of old castles and old cities, and help to make flow together all peoples and all races.

Then came the discovery of printing,— I am not necessarily following the chronological order, but an ideal order of my own,— the discovery of movable type. And now for the first time we have the ability not only to multiply the literature, the song, the philosophy, the science, the art of the world, but the means for its indefinite diffusion, the power of making common property on the part of the race of all the finest, highest things that any of the noblest souls have thought, have felt, have dreamed. You see what a tremendous step in the development of the race is here.

Then came the mariner's compass. If you are at all familiar with the thoughts of antiquity, with the writers of the classical world, with Virgil, Horace, Homer, you will remember that the ocean is spoken of as a wild, impenetrable, un-

tillable waste. You will recall the vision of John, or whoever he may have been, of Patmos. You will remember that in the ideal condition of humanity which he pictures as to come in the future, he says there is to be no more sea. And so in the ancient world it represented the barrier between peoples; but the mariner's compass made it the highway of nations, the means of communication and intercourse with every part of the world.

Then came the discovery of steam, and the multiplication indefinitely of man's ability not only to print thought, but to scatter it; to carry not only his ideas, but his productions and inventions and all those things that help civilization until the whole world now flows together, and is one.

Then, with the application of the power of electricity, the telegraph, the telephone, and the increased means of transportation of things as well as of thoughts, we see how space is becoming of little account; and whatever belongs to one man or to one people is in the way of becoming the common property of all.

So man has gone on through the ages step by step up this pathway of ascent, gradually making wider and wider conquests until now chemists are beginning to think that we shall even find a way by and by for the manufacture of food; and there ought not, in any far distant future, to be poverty, hunger, or ignorance. They should be simply horrible nightmare visions of a long outgrown past. This is what it means to control conditions, the external conditions of life.

Let us now come to consider for a little that parallel line of ascent that I spoke of which consists in the progressive conquest of man over himself. I intimated that the next step beyond brute force was the power of mind,—mind as cunning, mind as intelligence. I need only point to the fact — and there are living illustrations of it in every nation of the world — that the increase of knowledge is not at all of necessity the increase of goodness or the increase of happiness. A man who knows he is wise, who is shrewd, who is keen, if he be at the same time only animal, only brute, only

sensual, only selfish, is simply a mightier and more dangerous brute. That is all that intelligence can do if it be intelligence alone. And yet we need to note on the other hand, lest we seem to be slurring intelligence and making it of less importance than it really is, that, no matter how good people may be, how tender, how unselfish, how loving, unless they be also at the same time intelligent, the very power of their love may work infinite mischief and disaster; for in this universe of ours we want not only an impulse to move, but to move in the right way, and we need intelligence to tell us which is the right way. So after the development of intelligence there comes something else. We need to note that there is again, along with all this external mastery of the world, a tremendous advance and ascent of man's intellectual power; for the solving of every new problem means new and higher thought on the part of him who solves it, so that there must have been a growth of brain, a growth of mind power, along with every step of man's material ascent. The two are necessarily connected with each other.

But the next great step that man needs to take after the development of brain is the development of love. And this, too, has gone along with the development of the world in the past; for men have learned that they cannot get along alone. They have found the need of association, the husband with the wife, the father and mother with the child, the brother with the sister, and the sister with the brother, and so on through all conceivable human relationships which develop this tender sympathy, this power of love.

And, then, here and there, as promises of what shall be, we find those men who tower like mountains above their fellows, until their tops are touched with the finer sunlight of the spiritual life; and we catch a meaning, catch a sense of that meaning that we find in the thought of man's kinship and fellowship with the divine. This as a hint in a broad outline way of that other line of advance.

I wish to deal now a little more personally and practically with some phases of this, as indicating the problem of human

ascent which lies before us all to-day. Here we are dowered with all the heritage of the past, with the external conditions of the world more and more at our service; for we need not fear but human desire of wealth and power will lead ever to more and more complete conquest of these conditions. We need to turn inward upon ourselves, and to consider what steps of ascent are at our feet which we ought to take, in order to climb up into the heights of our manhood and womanhood. I wish to make three points, to point out three steps that lead upward before us.

1. In the first place, though a large amount of progress has been made in that direction, we need to climb up out of the selfish into the unselfish. We need to learn the meaning of the great word "love." We need to learn it in its practical applications. We need to learn that it is as real a thing, as touching our human welfare and happiness, as gold,— infinitely more real, because it has about it a touch of the eternal, and because, unlike gold, it is something within the range and reach of us all. I do not believe that God would construct a universe in such a fashion as that the best things are open only to the few. The best things are the common property of men. Any man, any woman, who can learn to see and feel what they are, can learn how to take them. In so far as we are selfish,— that is, in the evil sense of disregarding the rights, the happiness, the welfare, of other people and simply grasping for ourselves,— we are only on the plane of the brutes at our feet. You expect a beast to be selfish; for that is the highest thing that the most of them have attained. A beast is a bundle of physical appetites, and by the instinct of hunger is led to seek the gratification of the particular hunger or thirst which happens to be uppermost at the time; and it is not deterred generally by any power of sympathy or any touch of unselfishness from so pursuing its dominant desire. And yet some men and women might be ashamed of their extreme selfishness noting that among horses, among dogs, among animals d birds of many kinds, there has been developed this ten-

derness, this sympathy, towards their fellows that will lead often to the voluntary enduring of suffering and even the facing of death for the sake of another. A man is not a man by as much as he is dominated by the principle of selfishness. Only as he learns to treat every being, to treat every sensitive creature, on the face of the earth as another self, only as he learns to shrink from paining another, from defrauding another, from taking that which belongs to another, as he would shrink from the infliction of the same thing upon himself,— only as he attains that is he a man. He is a fraction of a man if he has made some slight progress in that direction. He is a whole man only when he reaches that high plane of thought and feeling and life.

There have been such men. Take the Jesus type of man, who made himself of no reputation, who did not seek for fame or money or power or social state or aggrandizement of any kind, who went about doing good, who lived for other people, and who had not where to lay his head. The Jesus type of man,— whether we obey him, try to copy him or not, we instinctively find our knees bending in his presence, with a thrill of admiration going out towards him; and there are plenty of such in the history of the world. We need not go back two thousand years. John Howard, Florence Nightingale, Dorothea Dix, William Lloyd Garrison,— the men and the women who keenly suffer pain when they know that an injustice is being done, although it may be on the other side of the world, who sympathize, feel with, their kind, who suffer when an animal is being tortured, the type of men who hate useless pain, who care only for the highest, sweetest happiness and life of the world,— they are such examples. We need to climb that step if we wish to ascend into our true manhood and womanhood.

2. And, then, we need to climb up from the externals of life to the higher level of the internal. Do you see what I mean? The most of the world depends for its happiness, or thinks it does, on external conditions. Most men, if they lose their money, feel as if they had lost everything. If they are

obliged to move from a special street, if they are obliged to leave a certain round of society, they feel as if the whole world were gone. We live too largely in our external conditions. We depend too largely upon these things, and we cultivate too little the internal and the *eternal* life; for the two are the same.

Take a man like Emerson as an illustration of what I mean. You remember the story how, when a Second Adventist told him that the world was coming to an end, he calmly replied that that did not trouble him, for, if it did, he thought he could get along without it. Take a lesson from the life of a man like Thoreau, who went to work to deliberately prove that a high human life, with all that was best in it, could be lived in spite of all these external accessories. Take that as a hint; for I would not advise any one to follow Thoreau. It is not leaving these things: it is climbing above them and using them that we must learn.

As another indication of what I mean: I came across the other day, in an address of Mr. Lowell, an anecdote which I had heard, but did not feel certain of the truth of, concerning the late Samuel Appleton, whom many of you will remember. He was becoming wealthy very rapidly; and he had an experience which made him feel, not that he was getting too much money, but caring too much about it. There is the point; for a man who has not a cent can live just as poor and mean a life through love of money as the one who has millions. Mr. Appleton had a ship at sea which was uninsured. It was overdue by several days; and he began to be anxious about it, and he found himself lying awake nights, worrying about it. And then with a shock he came, I think, to himself. At any rate, he came to this conclusion. He said, When I am so anxious about the money that is represented in one ship at sea that I cannot sleep and cannot be happy and am troubled about it in this way I am getting to care too much for it. And what did he do? He sat down and estimated the value of the ship and the amount of profit that he expected to make on the cargo, and, without knowing

whether the ship would arrive in safety or not, he gave away the entire amount, simply to assert his supremacy over his money. And so he climbed up into the manhood that uses money, but does not lie awake nights on account of it. That is what I mean by learning to live, not in the externals of your life, but in the internals. For here, up in this realm of thinking and feeling, is where you will find *a man*, if you find him anywhere.

3. The next step of this ascent of man is from the material in any of its aspects to the spiritual. It is coming to recognize as a great practical, living reality that there is such a thing as a life in and with God. It is coming up out of the worry and turmoil of life into peace. I was reading the other day about Madame Guyon, the famous Frenchwoman. After years of turmoil and struggle, and of trying to find some place of rest, she met with a poor friar who told her what she found to be the way. He said, Madame, you have been trying to find God in external things, in rituals, in the service, in the creeds: if you find him at all, you will find him within. If we find the life of rest and peace, the divine life, we must find it within. We cannot get out of the world.

That was the monkish way,—trying to escape from the turmoil of life by fleeing to the wilderness or into caves or monasteries, while they forgot that, even if they went there, they would carry themselves with them. What we need to-day is to learn the secret of peace, the union with God and the divine life, in the midst of the household worry, in the midst of the business distractions, in the midst of the common things of life. I am not talking airy nothings: I am talking the most intense reality of life. Study the history of the thought, the feeling, of the greatest of the world, and you find it here. They did not leave business, they did not leave the external things of life, they did not leave association with their fellow-men; but they climbed up into the unselfish, into the inner. They climbed up into the peace of conscious living with God.

Think a moment. If a man finds out after years of ex-

perience that his money does not make him happy, that his house does not make him happy, that his place on the street does not make him happy, that neither his political position nor his social state makes him happy, if he finds no peace in these,— and never yet did a man find peace or rest in these, — at last he may begin to learn that up in this inner, higher world of thought, of feeling, of the spirit, of recognition of the life in and with God, is manhood, is womanhood; that here is the essential thing of life, here is peace, here is happiness, here is rest.

And then what? Old age, death. Is a man's ascent through? If he has lived only in the outer and the lower, then he feels as though it were through, and that he is gradually being stripped of the only things, the chief things, for which he cares. But suppose a man has learned to love the world of thought, the inner world, the world of love, the world of the eternal, then he knows that death may do its worst. Other men come to the brink, and feel that disease and old age are pushing them over into an abyss. They have not spiritual eyes, and they see nothing but the gulf; and they shrink back and cry for life. But the one who lives in the spirit, who has cultivated the higher and the divine, he sees before him, where it looks like a gulf and an abyss, only the next step in the stairway that "slopes through darkness up to God." And he steps out not over the edge of an abyss, but on to the lower step of that ladder which, like that of Jacob's vision, leads to the foot of the throne. And so, keeping all his magnificent heritage from all the past, all the treasure of his thought, all the treasure of his love, we still see in the mist and beyond the shadow *a man ascending.*

Father, let Thy light and Thy love be ours to-day, and let us rejoice in the fact that we are akin to Thee, and that in us is something that need not perish, but ever find the pathway that leads to eternal life. Amen.

Mr. Mozoomdar's Books.

The Spirit of God. Cloth, $1.50.

An idea of the work may be gained from the titles of the chapters: The Spirit, The Hindu Doctrine of the Spirit, Doctrine of the Spirit in Christianity, Sense of the Unseen, The Spirit in Nature, The Kinship in Nature, The Spiritual Power of the Senses, The Spirit in Life, The Spirit in the Spirit, The Spirit in Immortal Life, The Spirit in Reason, The Spirit in Love, The Spirit in Conscience, The Spirit in Christ, The Spirit in History, The Spirit in all Religions, Live in the Spirit.

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Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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THE SECRET OF REST.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." — MATT. xi. 28, 29, 30.

SHOULD you disturb a stone from its position by your foot in walking, under the force of gravity, following the line of least resistance as swiftly as possible, it will seek again a place of poise, of equilibrium, of rest. All things, as well as all creatures, are under this law. If the approach of some other body in the heavens should disturb a planet in its orbit, throwing it out of its accustomed relation to its fellows, so soon as this disturbing element is removed it will inevitably turn and swing back into its normal orbit. You will note an important distinction, which will have an important bearing upon the treatment of our theme to-day, between these two illustrations. In the case of the stone, the kind of rest it seeks is apparently to our senses rest, quiescence, as nearly approaching what we mean by that as is possible, though the scientists tell us that nothing in all the universe is ever really still. But the planet does not find rest in quiescence. It finds its rest in its normal movement, in its appointed path through the heavens.

When we leave material things and come to consider the mental, the affectional, the spiritual, we do not escape the range of this law. We only find that these things adapt themselves to the laws that control them after their appropriate fashion. We seek for mental rest instinctively, inevitably. If some theory that we have been accustomed to take for granted is disturbed, some new truth comes to draw the mind away from its old-time orbit, we seek at once for

rest again. If we cannot satisfy our own selves finally as to the truth of this disputed position, we, at any rate, seek out some provisional theory, some place where we can rest until the matter is finally and satisfactorily disposed of.

And so the heart seeks after some place of rest, something to love, some satisfaction for its longings, some place for pause and peace.

And the soul, the spiritual life of man, is under the same law. As Thomas Moore has sung in those words which are so familiar to us: —

> "Rivers to the ocean run,
> Nor stay in all their course;
> Fire ascending seeks the sun,—
> Both speed them to their source;
> So a soul that's born of God
> Pants to view his glorious face,
> Upward tends to his abode,
> To rest in his embrace."

Nothing in all the range of the universe can find rest except in its appropriate orbit, sweeping round its own natural centre of attraction.

I propose this morning to consider some of the burdens that weigh us down, some of the common things that trouble us, that disturb our peace, that keep us from attaining our natural and normal rest. I shall not offer you any universal panacea. I have no prescription that I can give to the first comer that shall infallibly work a cure in every case. But I do believe that there are certain lines of suggestion along which we may advance and try until we find at least a relative peace greater than that which the most of us are accustomed to enjoy.

I shall catalogue or outline some of the classes of burdens and disturbances that afflict our lives; but I shall go into detail only so far as to make these plain, so that we can see just what they mean.

In the first place, there are large numbers of people in every age of the world who may properly be called world-

weary. I mean by this those persons who suffer from ennui, persons who have come to feel that life is unsatisfactory, that things are hollow and empty, who wonder as to whether life is worth living, and who get so little out of it that, were it not for the bonds that bind them to those who depend upon them for care, were it not for that natural shrinking from going out into the unknown, they would perhaps be glad to lay down the burden of life altogether. I do not mean by this class of people those who have worn themselves out in labor for mankind. I do not believe that once in a thousand times is a man of this kind to be found in the class I have indicated. Those who take refuge in suicide, those who become pessimistic, those who find no meaning in life, are generally the well-to-do and the prosperous, the ones who have never done anything for their fellow-men, the ones that have no high motive, no grand purpose in life. I have never known of a person who had labored unselfishly for others who belonged to this class that I speak of as the world-weary class. I have in mind a type of man that I met during the past week. I meet him not infrequently in this city of Boston. His face is, I think, the saddest face that I have seen in many a long year; and I never see him that it does not make the same impression upon me,— a face with no hope in the eyes, a face kindled with no high purpose. This man is a rich man. I have never heard, however, in my whole life,— I would not wrong the man, I may be unjust even in making this statement,— but I have never known of his thinking of anybody else, of his caring for anybody else, of his ever doing anything for anybody else. If I could have his face painted,— not the external aspect only, but if the soul that looks through those eyes could be painted,— I should hang it up as a type of hopelessness, a type of those who see no meaning and no good in human life. It was a type of this kind of man that Goethe has painted in his immortal character of Faust,— the man who had sought in every direction, who had tried wealth, who had tried pleasure, who had tried study merely as an intellectual

pursuit, and as an attempt to finally solve the problems of life, who had tried everything, and found no peace, no rest, no satisfaction anywhere. It is the same type of man that the author of the book of Ecclesiastes has so magnificently outlined for us,— a man who had laid out grounds, had ponds and lakes and beautiful parks, who had buildings of every sort, who surrounded himself with delights of all kinds, who had studied all that the world had become acquainted with; and yet everything was vanity and vexation of spirit. Here is one kind of people who need rest. I shall not speak of the cure now. I am merely giving a catalogue of those who need rest.

The next type I will indicate is the precise opposite: those men and women — and they are not few in number — who, in this modern world, carry such a burden of responsibility for the course of the world. The world's great problems of wealth and poverty, of disease, of labor, of every kind, weigh upon their brains until they are well-nigh distraught, and upon their hearts until they carry a hopeless ache about with them. They are the people who are perplexed over matters of criticism; who are wondering as to whether the Bible is really the word of God, or in how far it is the word of God; as to whether the Gospel of John was written by John; if it was, as to whether we are bound to hold precisely the same views that he held; who are perplexed over questions of trinity and unity, of future punishment, of the future life. I have been receiving letters recently from a lady who is almost insane,— a lady physically the picture of health, as I saw her last,— but who is almost wild over the question as to whether God is the kind of God he has been pictured to her. And, if he is, she is so afraid that she dares neither to live nor to die.

Then there is another class of people, mothers chiefly, of the Martha type, who are in perpetual worry over the management of their households, over the care of their children. They have no peace, no masterlike management of affairs. Fears sweep over them, disturb, and trouble them every day.

And, as for the future of their children, they may be all well now, fairly healthful, fairly well behaved, fairly studious; but they carry a great load of care, of responsibility, fearing as to what may be in six weeks, in six months, next year, after they go to Harvard, when they go into business, if they should go to New York or Chicago or some more distant part of the country. They have no simple joy day by day merely at having the children about them, because they are so weighed down with the sense of over-responsibility.

There is still another class,— I must only indicate them briefly,— a class of people who, if you had spiritual vision so that you could see the thoughts of other people, you would find, were carrying with them a great burden,— their own shattered ideals. For years they have never been able to accomplish the things they have dreamed. They have never been able to read the books they wanted to read. They have never been able to pursue the studies they hoped to pursue. They have never been able to do as much for the world as they wanted to do. They are perpetually haunted by an ideal of their own characters and their own attainments which is so far above anything that they can reach that it ceases to be stimulus, and becomes discouragement and despair.

Then there is another class of those who are broken in health. Week after week, perhaps year after year, they dream of grand things that they would like to accomplish, but feel themselves impotent, who are tied perhaps to their room, possibly to their bed, and who chafe at the bondage, and see no way of light, of acquiescence, of peace, excepting by submitting to the conditions, but who struggle with futile efforts to be free.

One more class, a class that a writer of the New Testament had in mind so long ago as that,— people who, "through fear of death, are all their life subject to bondage." I imagine there are thousands of people who do not talk about it, who do not even speak about it, because it is so serious a thing, but who all their lives long find a shadow

hanging over them, darkening the light of their life and all their joy,—people who shrink from the very thought of death, and yet are haunted by it. They have perhaps no fear of eternal punishment, may have got beyond that, but who shrink from the mere physical fact of death. They imagine that they are going to suffer some awful thing in the process of death, and are haunted by the dreadful thought of burial, as if they themselves were going to be buried. They are haunted again, as I know many and many a soul to be, by the utter loneliness of the thought of going unaccompanied into the unknown,—people who find no peace and only a little joy when they can forget, because of haunting shadows like these.

Now, friends, let us consider whether there is any way to escape from these burdens, whether there is any pathway that leads to rest. It may surprise you a little, who know how radical I am in my theological thinking, that I have taken this text; and yet I propose to ask you to go with me, as I ask what it is that Jesus has to offer. Jesus says: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

You see he does not say that there is no yoke, no burden. He only claims that the yoke he wears is easier and the burden that he carries is lighter than that which other people carry and suffer. Now, I want to treat this question fairly and simply; and let me ask you to note, in the first place, that the use of this text, frankly, freely, simply, has no theological significance about it whatever. Why should I not, for example, be a disciple of Jesus, as frankly as I would be a disciple of Emerson, as I would be a disciple of Plato, of Socrates, or Epictetus? A painter is not ashamed to be a disciple—that is, a learner—of Raphael or of Michel Angelo. An artist does not thereby proclaim the fact that he is a slave, that he would not even go beyond his master, if he

is ever able to. He accepts no absolute and final authority. He simply goes to some one eminent, some seer, some leader, some master, some teacher,—man, seer, leader, teacher, in a perfectly normal and natural way. You know well—and I need hardly repeat it—that I hold Jesus to have been a man, as I am a man, as you are a man, as truly and simply a man as was Shakespeare or Socrates or any of the great men of the past. But there are some men who are taller than other men, and who can see further; and I, for one, am not ashamed, if I become convinced that they are right, to have them point out the way to me. There are some men who have a keener and clearer insight into spiritual truth than I have; and, if I can become rationally persuaded that that which they think and say is not a hallucination, but a reality, I will be gladly led and taught by them. I am grateful beyond any words that I am permitted to be a learner of Jesus, that I am permitted to be a learner of all the great and the good, the leaders, the seers, the inspirers, of the world.

Now, in this purely human and natural way, let us see what it is that Jesus has to offer. Jesus makes no claim in this passage of being anything divine or of being anything but a man when he says, "Come unto me, and *I* will give you rest." He says nothing more than a painter might say when he says to a pupil, "Come to me, and I will show you how to do this," or than a guide in the Alps might say: "I have been over this road a hundred times. Come to me, and I will show you the path." It is natural, simple, human, then.

Now, what is the secret of rest, so far as Jesus had it to teach to us? Note for a moment the outline of his life. We see nothing of him that we can count on as real, nothing of importance, at any rate, appears, until the age of thirty, at the baptism of John. Then he takes up a ministry, popular at first, but soon very unpopular; and the moment he proclaims some hard, high truth to his followers they disappear, and only a few gather about him, and these few only partly

understand him, and every little while misinterpret some of the finest, highest sayings, as is perfectly natural. His life was not an easy one. He had nowhere to lay his head, he said, no permanent home. Even his own brothers and cousins had no faith in him, no faith in his pretensions nor what he claimed to teach. His own townspeople rejected him, and attempted to put him to death on a certain occasion. He comes into contact with the authorities at every turn. He finds that the people of his time are not ready for the high, sweet, spiritual human teaching he had to offer. But he follows on his course as peacefully as a star; he follows his orbit as serenely as the moon. Clouds pass, storms rage, and we say, perhaps, that the moon is fighting with the clouds and the storm; but we know it is only poetry, a figure of speech, and that the moon is perfectly serene above the clouds and storm. So Jesus moves through his life orbit, and comes at last to the cross. He shrinks with a natural human shrinking from the physical pain of death that brings him to me very naturally into the touch of sympathy. Then there is that awful wonder whether God himself has forgotten him, as to whether God has withdrawn his presence and support; and that makes him so near, so tenderly human. But he does not fly from it: he faces it through and faces it down, and dies forgiving his murderers and commending his spirit to God.

Jesus had found in some way the secret of rest. He had found in the midst of all his turmoil, of his misunderstanding, of his poverty, of his human weakness, all the pains of the cross, and death itself, some secret of rest. Now, the secret of Jesus was a threefold secret. In the first place, he had permanent, absolute, unquestioned trust in God. He believed in his Father; he believed in the spiritual relationship between himself as God's child and the Father. He did not need to know all the secrets of the universe. Perhaps he did not care to, but he trusted in the power and love of God. I am not saying now that he had a right to. I am merely trying to find what was the meaning and the

secret of the rest which he enjoyed through his tempestuous and brief life.

In the next place, he had an unfaltering trust in the meaning of his own life. He did not believe that he came here for nothing, to be blown about by aimless, futile forces, and then end in nothing. He believed that his life meant something as related to the welfare of humanity and the meaning of the world. No matter what it meant, no matter whether his belief in this was well founded, he believed and rested in it. In the third place, he believed that God was not the God of the dead, but of the living, and that all souls live unto him. So, when he came to face the fact of death, it shocked him as it would shock any of us, producing this natural physical shrinking from a dread reality. But he had a calm belief in the fact that, although men might put his body to death, they could not touch *him;* and he went on finding the significance of life and fulfilling that significance.

Now, it seems to me that right in these three trusts is the secret of that kind of rest which Jesus found; and I believe, if you were to meet him to-day, and ask him what that meant, when he asked people to come to him and find rest, he would answer them as I have answered now,—that he would have told you that the secret of his peace was here.

Now, leaving Jesus for one moment, let us consider the question as to whether the changes of thought and theory that have passed over the world since his death have made it any less rational for us to find the secret of rest in these three great trusts than it was in his day. Has anything happened to make it any less reasonable for us to rest in these great faiths? We have an infinitely larger and more magnificent universe than Jesus knew anything about. We have an entirely different conception of revelation, of the Bible, of prophecy, of inspiration, probably, from that which he accepted. We have an entirely new thought about the origin of man and the end of man and the course of human history. All the great external things have been transformed in the light of modern discovery. But, friends, I

think I am scientifically justified in saying to you that we have all the reason that Jesus had for unfaltering trust in God, and unspeakably more. Wherever we have been able to study this universe, in every department of it we find power not only, but order, down even to the tiniest and minutest thing,— order so perfect that, if any discoverer should find one single grain of sand had departed from the order of the universe, he would be appalled and overwhelmed; for he would believe that the Almighty grasp was lessened. We are able to trace from the beginning a course of things and meaning and purpose and tendency towards something ever higher and finer and grander than the past has ever known. I say, then, we have reason for believing in God, for trusting in him, greater than that which Jesus ever knew; and we believe that the grasp of the divine upon the universe, as I have intimated with my illustration of the tiny grain of sand, takes in me as well as Sirius, takes in your little life as more important than Sirius,— for you can think and feel, and love and fear and hope, and worship and aspire. You are a child of the Infinite Spirit. We have, then, in the modern world, fully as good reason as Jesus had — and, I think, infinitely more — for believing in the meaning and purpose and significance of one little human life. And, then, we have unspeakably more reason for believing in the future than the world then knew. I believe we have little less than demonstration that death is only a process of life. Think of it, then. Have we not a right here in the modern world to come up to the heights of this magnificent trust and rest, believing that, if we do not now know what is to be the outcome of all the processes working together and which sometimes seem to produce such confusion, He whose hand is on the helm of the universe does know, and that it will move right on, whether we worry or not, precisely the same?

You have reason for rest, then, in those great transcendent trusts which are not superstition, which are not groundss faiths, but which find a strong basis in the reason and der of things.

Now, again, I wish to trace a little more particularly a few of these burdens that I have mentioned, and suggest one or two practical ways out of them. In the first place, if life seems futile to you, and poor and thin, then link yourself with something that is worth doing. Forget yourself and your own hollow, futile, poor life, and become a part of some great world-wide, Godward-tending cause; and so you will find that life is worth living. It is only the selfish and the petty that are troubled with problems here. Then take the other side, those who are carrying too much of the burden of responsibility. Let me give an illustration that comes to my mind. Old Doctor Lyman Beecher, the father of Henry Ward Beecher, was one of those restless men who did not believe that anything was going right unless he had a hand in it. This was his tendency and disposition. Some one met him, when he was mellowing with years, and asked him how he was getting along. "Oh," said the doctor, "I am getting on a great deal better than I used to. I have about made up my mind to let the Almighty manage his own world. And it has taken a great load of responsibility off my mind." I do not mean that we should have no sense of responsibility, no care, but should not feel burdened by responsibility for a thousand times more than we can possibly do, as so many people are. Do all you can; and, when you have done all you can, you can rest and trust, feeling that the end of things has not come because you have concluded to lie by for a little while. There is somebody else interested in this problem of poverty and labor, of wealth and industry. There is somebody else interested in the course of this history of the world; and I, for one, propose to do everything I can to see the way, and to help the world into the right way. But, even if it is going in a way I cannot approve, I shall believe that it is only taking a circuit, and is coming out all right, after all, because I believe in God, and that he has something to say in the matter.

Then take those persons who are troubled by their theological speculations. Why, friends, there is not a single

critical question in the modern world that is of practical importance enough to trouble anybody. Who cares whether Moses wrote the Pentateuch? who cares whether John wrote the Gospel that bears his name? If I could find out just what John thought about Jesus, if I had an affidavit in his own handwriting, signed by a justice of the peace at that time in Jerusalem, I should not feel in the slightest degree bound to agree with him. It would be only his opinion, after all. There is not a single one of these problems that need trouble anybody. All that need trouble you is the next practical step in your own life and the service you can render your fellow-men. Attend to that, and let the critics settle those things. I shall be glad to hear from them when they get through.

Take those who are disabled and sick. This is one of the hardest causes of all, and I would offer no flippant phrase, no heartless word; but some of the finest lessons of life I have ever learned have been from those disabled ones. Their very incapacity, sweetly, nobly borne, preaches. Remember that comforting word of Milton, applied to himself in the case of his blindness,—

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

If you stand and wait, or lie and wait, ready to obey orders, ready to do what you can, cultivating the sweetest and highest graces of patience and trust, you may do more than those who are whirling through other spheres of supposed important activity.

And, then, in regard to this burden and fear of death. I do not expect to die. I have no fear of that whatever. I have suffered ten thousand times more already than I expect to suffer in this transition we call death. I do not expect to suffer at all. I expect to go to sleep and wake up. I do not expect to be buried. All this is mere shadow. Then I believe that we have a right to trust that the power which watched over us when we were born, that power which saw to it, when we came here, that we came

into arms of expectancy and loving preparation, will see to it that, when we take the next step up and on, we shall be equally well looked out for.

These are my trusts; and they are all summed up in those trusts that I spoke of that Jesus cherished, those trusts that we have more warrant for cherishing to-day in the light of all the advance of the wider truth that has come to the world than ever he had,—this trust in God and the meaning and the outcome of human life. Let us, then, take the words of the old writer, and bind them to our hearts: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

Father, we are Thy children, Thou art our Father. We are working day by day in Thy vineyard. We have a right to Thy rest; for the sun and the stars and the whole world are working, too,—working for Thee and for us,—and there is place both for our labor and for our rest. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
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INTRODUCTION.

☞ The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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THE LESSON OF PALM SUNDAY.

"Verily, verily I say unto you, Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth by itself alone; but, if it die, it beareth much fruit."—JOHN xii. 24.

I ASK you to note with me some of the incidents of Palm Sunday and the following days in the life of Jesus, and to trace some of the conditions that surrounded him at that time,— not only that we may learn something about him, but that we may learn a lesson for ourselves, and not for Palm Sunday only, but for all time.

The life of Jesus up to this time had been spent in the northern part of Palestine. His ministry had been almost exclusively in Galilee and the immediate neighborhood. But, at last, his enemies began to wonder as to whether he would not show himself at the feast of the passover, which was to be celebrated in Jerusalem; and those who ought to have been his friends began ironically to suggest to him that a prophet did not hide himself away in the rural districts, but that he showed himself in the capital city of his own country, and proved to the world as to what he was and what he could do. I suppose there was divided sentiment among the people at that time. Those who did not like him hoped he would put himself in the way of his enemies, so that they could get him into their power; and those who did like him and believed in him wanted him to put himself in the way of his enemies, because they believed that through divine interposition his triumph over them would be manifested, and it would be proved to all the world that he was the expected Messiah. He did not go with the ordinary companies from his part of the country to Jerusalem; but, after they had left, then he started quietly with his dis-

ciples, and made his way to the capital city. He spent the night with his friends in Bethany, on the slope of the Mount of Olives. On the morning of Palm Sunday he crossed the Mount of Olives and descended into the valley, having stopped, as the story tells us, for a little while on the brow of the hill overlooking the city, to prophesy its destruction, and lament that they had not been ready to receive the higher truth which he believed he had to offer them. Having descended into the valley on the eastern side of the city, as he was crossing the little plain before he came to the gate, the Galileans, his own countrymen, those who had come to believe in him and were proud of him as a prophet, who cast distinction and glory on their part of the country, gathered about him; and, having procured an ass, they placed their garments upon it, and placed Jesus upon the animal. And then a great multitude before and following after gave him a triumphal entrance into the city, spreading their garments in the way, cutting down palm branches and strewing them before him, and crying aloud in their enthusiastic joy: Hosanna in the highest. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!

Jerusalem was a compact town of about fifty thousand inhabitants; and a scene like this, in connection with a man whose fame, at any rate, had reached them as a distinguished prophet of the north, would be likely to stir to its depths not only the inhabitants, but the people from other parts of the world, strangers from every direction who had gathered for the passover feast, and they would become excited over an event like this, recognizing the fact that it portended some great change.

But Jesus quietly goes about his own affairs after he reaches the city, and attempts no popular demonstration. He goes to the temple, and casts out those that, as he thought, were disgracing the house of the Lord, because they had made it a place of merchandise. We must remember how naturally this incident arose. The people who sold doves, and those who were accustomed to exchange the

money of the country for that which was used in the temple, occupied the courts of the temple, that they might facilitate the purchase of such things as were wanted, in order to carry out the services and sacrifices. They had made the temple a place of buying and selling, and thus, as Jesus thought, had desecrated the house of his Father. Of course, he offended the people, those who were connected with the temple service, by this procedure.

Then follow the incidents of that week, his discussions and controversies with the Pharisees and scribes. Each night he retired to Bethany and spent it with his friends, returning to the city again in the morning. By and by there comes his arrest, the scene in Gethsemane, that natural shrinking from the physical death that he plainly foresaw, that he could foresee without any supernatural wisdom or vision, reading it in the temper of the time. Then comes the trial, and on Friday afternoon the crucifixion on the little hill outside the walls of the city; and that which was such glad, glorious victory only a few days before is now ignominious and disgracing defeat. Jesus is put to death, is buried out of sight. His enemies feel that this disturber will no more trouble them. They have had their way. The disciples are disheartened and scattered. They trusted that this had been he who would have redeemed Israel; and faith for the time, at any rate, is gone out of their hearts, and left them alone.

Such, then, is the ending of the Palm Sunday dream. If I mistake not, we shall read here a lesson that is universal in its significance, and which is true for all time. Before noting some phases of it as applicable to our modern world, let me note how perfectly naturally, human nature being what it is, the events of Passion Week succeed each other. We look back at this strange history. We read it as hallowed by the light of our poetical and reverential imagination; but we forget that everything that occurred was perfectly natural, and, the conditions being what they were, inevitable. I wish to call your attention to the forces that

were arrayed against Jesus, how natural these forces were, how inevitable they were, and then afterward we may see a lesson for ourselves.

In the first place, one great opposition that was made against Jesus was a theological or religious one. There are two or three points in this religious opposition that it will be well to note by themselves. This strange thing, when we look at it reasonably, we shall find is true: that in every age of the history of the world the people of any nation of any particular time have come in some way to believe that the ideas which they hold are the infallible and unchangeable truths of God. The views of the Jews of the time of Jesus were not confined to any nation or people; but everywhere you will find that, through some process of reasoning, or by habit, or tradition, or in some way, people come to believe that there can be no such thing as an advance or an improvement in the religious ideas which they hold. Jesus came with a new and higher thought of God and man, and the relations of God to man. And the people, feeling perfectly certain that their ideas were true, were not ready to receive anything that would compel a modification of these ideas. It had been imparted to them, as they supposed, that the Messiah was to come as a descendant of David. He was to be born in Bethlehem, he was to come after a certain fashion, he was to be a Messiah of a certain kind, he was to be on the side of the chief priests, of the temple service, and of those that stood for the old and established ideas. They believed that this was fixed and divine, and that it was along this line, and this line alone, that was to come the triumph for which so long they had been preparing. Jesus did not come in the line of David, he was not born in Bethlehem, he did not ally himself with the temple and the chief priests. He was not the kind of Messiah they were expecting; and he did not propose to establish Jerusalem as centre and capital of all the rth. He did not propose to exalt the great men of the e to the high places of his kingdom; so there was hardly ingle point of contact between the actual Jesus and the

program he proposed and that which for ages they had been expecting, as they supposed, in accordance with the infallible teaching of their God.

Another point I wish to notice briefly in this religious opposition, because in no other way can you note the universal and eternal fact. People by the time they are forty or fifty years of age, and many times earlier, get a settled and fixed theory of things in their minds; and they are not ready even to consider the truth of anything that does not fall naturally into its place as a part of that theory. One of the most difficult things in all the world is to get any man to look favorably at a truth which is going to compel him to reconstruct the conclusions of his life and readjust the theories which he has been accustomed to hold, and in which he has come to feel quietly settled and at home. Jesus did not fit into any of these settled and cherished convictions of the people of his age. I shall have occasion to note this as a modern truth in a moment.

There is one other thing that stood in the way of the acceptance of Jesus on the part of the people of his time; and that was outright and downright fear of God. You who have been trained in the Unitarian faith, accustomed to think of God as love, as gentleness, as mercy, have almost no conception of what is meant by the fear of God as it exists in this immediate neighborhood to-day as well as throughout the world. It was not that fear of God which the preacher says is the beginning of wisdom, that fear of transgressing the laws of God, that anxious desire to be in accord with him, but fear of him as a tyrant, as a king, as a being who would punish the slightest trespass on the old and accustomed and, as they believed, the revealed methods of belief and service and action. God was taught in the Old Testament story as a being who held the people, as a people, responsible for the action of individuals. Time and time again he punishes the whole tribe for the action of one of its members. He has, as they believed, an appointed service to be done in a certain way; and he brooks no rash interference with these methods.

And, if they permitted a man in the midst of them to change these methods or disregard these ways, they did not expect the lightning to strike him alone, but the whole people as well. They were afraid, then, of the wrath of God as against their city and their whole civilization, if they tolerated such a man as Jesus, if they permitted his teaching to go without opposition.

I shall have occasion to note this in its later aspect. Meantime I pass it with this allusion.

Then there is another source of opposition to Jesus; and that was the fact that this new gospel came socially from a lower stratum, and not from a higher. They said: Why, look at the whole history of our people. No prophet ever came from Galilee. Galilee was a place where the population was more or less mixed, where there was a mingling of foreigners with the people. They were not regarded as the true, pure, blue-blooded Jewish people. No prophet ever came out of Galilee. Nazareth was a town in Galilee particularly insignificant. Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Who is this Jesus? He is not in the line of David: he is only the son of a carpenter; and *he* proposes to establish a religion, he proposes to teach the chief priests and the Pharisees, though none of the chief priests and the Pharisees have ever been able to believe with him. Who is the low fellow who consorts with publicans and sinners? He represents the discontent and ignorance, the belief of the commonest of the common people. The idea of the established and respectable being rebuked and taught by such as he! Do you not see the human touch in that kind of reasoning and opposition?

Another thing. The whole force and sentiment of the people was against him, because his teachings threatened the supremacy of the city and its vested rights and interests. Jerusalem, as I said, was a city of about fifty thousand people. Its centre was the temple, with the hundreds and thousands connected with the worship of the temple and all their families and dependants and followers. Nearly the whole commercial life of the city was round the temple,

supplying the wants of the people who came up three times a year to worship and to sacrifice. Who is this upstart from Nazareth who has dared to say that God can be found somewhere else than in the temple, that he can be worshipped without the help of the priesthood? Their commercial supremacy, all their vested rights and interests, were threatened by this revolutionary teaching which came from the bottom.

Then there was another source of opposition. When Pilate ventured to suggest that he found no evil in Jesus, and that, as he was accustomed to release somebody, perhaps, they would like to have him release Jesus instead of Barabbas, they called out, "No," and they put a threat into their opposition. "If thou allow this man to go," they said, "thou art not Cæsar's friend. Don't you remember only two or three days ago he came into the city in triumph with his followers, all shouting, Hosanna, and proclaiming him as king? There can be but one king for those who are politically safe and sound in this country, and that king is Cæsar; and, if you let him go, you are an opponent of Cæsar's, and in political antagonism." So they roused him against Jesus in a perfectly natural and simple way.

No wonder, then, that the cross so speedily follows the Palm Sunday. Jesus needed no divine illumination to foresee that, and to foretell it to his friends. The only hope of the disciples, indeed, was based on the expectation of a revelation from heaven; that is, on the coming of angels to assist in the triumph and the setting up of the Son of Man upon the throne. Without such divine interposition, the result was certain, speedy and inevitable.

Now, let us note, then, for a moment where the victory lay. Jesus was crucified, his cause apparently defeated, his disciples scattered to the winds; and yet Jesus said (note the teaching, grand, and for all time, the spiritual principle which underlies this primal and superficial defeat), "Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth alone; but, if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Was Jesus de-

feated then? Do we not know, is it not a commonplace in our religious treatises, is it not wrought into our very hearts, that the cross has become the symbol of triumph for all time? I question whether you quite appreciate what this means. We have been accustomed for so long to speak of the cross with honor that we cannot put ourselves back imaginatively into the condition of the people of the time of Jesus. If a man who had been hung for the most ignominious crime imaginable in the modern world should be taken up by a party of followers, after he had been disgracefully hung, we should have a parallel to that which occurred nineteen hundred years ago. A few years ago certain anarchists were executed in Chicago. Suppose a sect had gathered round one of them, and they had proclaimed everywhere as the very central thought of their teaching that he had been hung, disgracefully hung as a criminal, and that fact should be turned into a world-wide glory. There is no way by which a criminal could be put to death in those days that was so utterly disgraceful as by being put to death on the cross. The cross was the symbol of all ignominy. But in a little while we find the cross lifted up as the symbol, not of defeat or shame, but of victory, of glory; and it has been the symbol of victory and glory from that day to this.

What, then, was it that Jesus did to make it victory and glory? Jesus was utterly true to his own soul. Suppose he had vacillated, hesitated, for one moment recanted, taken back any one of his words: then, though he had lived, he would have been dead and buried forever, beyond resurrection. His victory was in the simple fact that in the face of death he was true to his own soul. He was true to the truth in which he believed, and which he had come to witness. He was true to the welfare of man involved in this fidelity to one's self and to one's truth; and so the Palm Sunday glory, which so soon went into cloud, burst forth again, in spite even of the grave. And soon you find the disciples proclaiming all over the Roman Empire that this crucified Jesus is alive; and the cross has become the symbol and watchword of a new and world-conquering religion.

This, then, is the practical comment on the question whether Jesus was defeated. All the forces of opposition of that day are become shadows and a byword.

Now, I wish you to note for a moment some of these same principles as they apply to us to-day; for, however important these events that happened eighteen hundred years ago may be, we get no good merely from honoring and glorifying Jesus by words. We get no good merely by noting the fact that he was true and victorious in his day. Unless we take the lesson unto ourselves, and work it out for ourselves, and stand for the same principles, and achieve the same victory, all glorification of him is vain.

Let us notice, then, for a moment how this same kind of opposition faces every man who proposes to step forward, every reform movement in the history of the world. It is because the people at that time were true to the essential principles of human nature that we find the same truth facing us to-day.

The forms of opposition have been modified. We do not often now have to pay our lives for our convictions; but we meet precisely the same kinds of opposition that Jesus met then.

For example, how many people there are in the modern world that it is almost impossible to approach with a new idea, because they believe that they already have infallible, unchanging truth! and that is why I have sometimes said that popular education concerning the origin, nature, and thought of the Bible, is more important in the matter of the growth and progress of religious ideas than anything else in all the world.

I received a kindly personal letter with some pamphlets from a Western bishop of the Episcopal Church within the last week; and in one of these pamphlets he treats on what he calls "Closed Questions." There are certain things which he holds the words of Jesus, the authority of the Apostles and the Church, have settled for all time. Nobody need ever bring those up again in discussing with him: he will not

consider them. So you find nine people out of ten who have been trained until middle life in certain ideas will not even consider a question that brings a doubt or questions the infallibility of their beliefs.

And, then, how many persons there are who, when a new reform comes along, find it too disturbing to reconstruct their intellectual theories. I had the privilege of reading a letter from a very intelligent person in the State of Texas, in which he was discussing this matter. He said it is very little use to go to a man in middle life, and ask him to accept a truth that he has no place for in his theories. It is such hard work to reconstruct your ideas. This is not only true of theology: it is true everywhere else. I have had occasion to use the illustration before; but it shows what I mean. When the circulation of the blood was discovered by Harvey in England, every single doctor who was over forty years of age in the kingdom fought it to the day of his death, though it was a matter that they might have certified by investigation. But it required too great a change of ideas. They are not willing to do it even for the sake of the truth.

Then there are pitiable cases to-day of this kind of fear that I spoke of. I am in correspondence with a lady whose letters are enough almost to break your heart,—intelligent, cultivated, but confessing frankly that she is so afraid of God that she hardly dares to question whether the horrible old teachings about him are true. "How do I know," she asks, "that he will not punish me for questioning these things?" And so the soul is bound in abject fear; and she does not dare to look in the face of a better, sweeter thought, nor welcome it to her heart, because of the old horrible shadow of the barbaric conception of God that is ever hanging over her. You will find thousands of people in this city to-day, who, if you should go to them with Unitarian ideas, would not be willing to look at them or reason about them to find out whether they are true or not because they are afraid,—afraid of God. And we think we have liberalized the continent until our ideas are everywhere! Why, we have hardly begun!

And, then, is it not true still that we do not like to accept truths that come from what we regard as the bottom of society? Most of the reforms *do* come from there. You never in your life knew a close and respectable corporation that went to work to reform itself. To-day England finds the obstacle that stands in the way of justice to Ireland more in her utter contempt and dislike of the superstitious, ignorant, common Irish people than in anything else. Take the upper classes of England: if there is a question comes up of granting some privileges, political or social, in response to an appeal from workingmen, do you not see with what prejudice it is met, merely because it comes from a lower stratum of society?

Take it here. Not long ago here was all respectable, conservative, self-righteous Boston in arms against that young, unknown, inexperienced minister of West Roxbury who came afterwards to be Theodore Parker. What business has he to come here and fling in the faces of all the old and respectable pulpits of Boston his new ideas? It is an insult. Do you not see the principle?

Then take this other point I spoke of,— the vested rights and privileges. Let a reform start in England, such as they are talking of to-day as touching the House of Lords, and do you not see the bitterness of the opposition which it must meet because it threatens privileges, threatens monopolies, threatens wealth, threatens the quiet of respectable society which has become accustomed to these privileges and wishes to keep them?

Take the threatened reform in regard to land tenure,— take the question in this country raised by a man like Henry George. I am not pronouncing any opinion as to whether his beliefs are right or wrong: I am using this only as an illustration. But one thing is true: if Henry George's ideas carried out would relieve the poverty and distress of the whole country, it would be dreadfully hard for those who are enjoying the vested rights and privileges of the centuries to consent to the reorganization. This is why there is bitter-

ness and tragedy and revolution, because people will not, cannot, calmly see things come that threaten to take away from them things they have been accustomed to enjoy and that threaten to disturb their peace.

And, then, established law is always against reform. Law is one of the clumsiest pieces of mechanism in the world,— indispensable, indeed; but we need to remember that statute law, in the very nature of things, is everlastingly behind. It cannot help being. A law in this country must receive the assent of the great majority of the people; and the majority of the people are not over-educated or thoughtful or interested in reform. It means the average intelligence and the average sense of justice and good sense organized. But there is always somewhere the uncommon sense that is above and ahead of the common sense. There is always a higher, finer ideal truth and justice in the air than has found record on any statute book; and so the law, the ignorance, the conservatism, the fear, the selfishness of mankind,— these are things against which any new Jesus who comes talking about the kingdom of God must contend.

We need, then, to remember that, if we wish to help the world forward, we must reckon with these forces in opposition. We must be willing to pay the price; and we must not blame the people that oppose us overmuch. It seems to me utterly and stupidly absurd for people to talk about the Jews as consciously having done a wrong in putting Jesus to death. They did no more than and nothing less than average human nature is always doing in every age and in every nation,— that is all. It simply happened that the great reformer from Nazareth came in conflict with the average conservatism of mankind. The same thing is happening every day in Boston, the same human nature is at work. We must pay a similar price for every good that we would bring to man; and we must learn — and here is the point — to keep ourselves from getting bitter with the people who oppose us. We must learn the spirit and temper of the Nazarene as expressed in that last prayer of his,— "Father, forgive

them: they know not what they do." The people who oppose reform in any age truly believe that they are doing God service. They are not consciously fighting against God. So we must not be arrogant and bitter; but at the same time we must *stand*, for the sake of our own souls, for the sake of the truth of God and the welfare of man.

I wish now merely to hint that the great moral and spiritual victories of the age come in this way. There is always the Palm Sunday, and then that is followed by the cross; and then, if we are really true, there always comes the Easter, and a promise of a higher victory, just because of the cross. The course of all growth and development is illustrated in that principle, "Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth by itself alone; but, if it die, it beareth much fruit." We must sacrifice the physical for the intellectual. If a man wishes to be a scholar, he cannot be everything else at the same time. He must sacrifice everything else for that. If a man chances to be very rich, the chances are that he must pay a great deal for the privilege. If a man wishes political success, the chances are that he must pay sometimes more for it than it is worth. The man who gains great financial success at the cost of being a little untrue to his own soul has met what? Victory? No, disaster. The man who will gain political power by being a little untrue, has he succeeded? No, he has failed, he has met defeat. The man who gains defeat in either of these directions by being true conquers through defeat. He plants a seed which shall spring up in the accomplishment of the very thing he desires, if not in that time, then in some time later on; for God is with the truth always, and God is mightier than all the world, and some time the truth comes uppermost. There, then, is the only road to victory,—through the cross and the grave, and that alone.

And now at the close one personal application by way of comfort and help to ourselves as individuals. We are all the time failing in the attainment of our ideals. We gain a vision, we strive after its realization; but, perhaps, almost

the whisper of the waves as they lap the shore, to the song of the wind in the pines, is not all illusion; and I do not believe it is illusion when we think of spirit speaking with our spirit, of soul with a message for our souls.

I wish to read you a brief passage from Lowell's "Under the Willows," because it so finely expresses this sense of the kinship with nature: —

"I care not how men trace their ancestry,
To ape or Adam: let them please their whim;
But I in June am midway to believe
A tree among my fair progenitors,
Such sympathy is mine with all the race,
Such mutual recognition vaguely sweet
There is between us. Surely there are times
When they consent to own me of their kin,
And condescend to me, and call me cousin,
Murmuring faint lullabies of eldest time,
Forgotten, and yet dumbly felt with thrills
Moving the lips, though fruitless of all words."

And in one of his "Biglow Papers," Mr. Lowell humorously, but beautifully, sets forth the same idea, when he says: —

"Now the airth don't git put out with me, thet love her 'z though she wuz a woman.
Why, there ain't a bird upon the tree but half forgives my bein' human."

And so this sense of kinship with the life of nature grows and deepens. Perhaps the grandest and finest expression of it to be found in all the literature of the world is in these lines that I wish to read to you from Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey": —

. . . "I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Not harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy

Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,
A notion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being."

Here, then, it seems to me, is a place where we have a right to come. This mother love out of which we were born, and which holds us in her arms as nurse, tutor, friend, and admonisher, is simply the arms of God that hold us ever close to his infinite heart. As we come to understand this more clearly and more deeply, we shall see in those things that threaten, or seem to threaten and affright us, the same love and divine order that we see in the morning sky or the setting of the stars. And, then, as we grow old, and get near the last of this April day of life, we shall be able to say with our loved Whittier,—

"And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar:
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore."

And, as the end nears and we go out into the mystery, we can still echo Whittier once more,—

"I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

We shall learn to think of nature, of the universe, only as the presence of the Father. We shall walk day by day with God in the presence of the Infinite; and, when we see the sun go down, we shall not be disturbed, but only thrilled with the vision of the unsetting stars.

Father, we are glad that we may cherish these high, sweet thoughts of Thee, that we may feel Thy presence day by day, and be touched with the thought of the kinship between ourselves and Thy manifestation in the visible world; and we ask that we may cultivate that inner sense that can see, that inner sense that can hear, so that our lives may be lived in Thy presence evermore. Amen.

Mr. Mozoomdar's Books.

The Spirit of God. Cloth, $1.50.

An idea of the work may be gained from the titles of the chapters: The Spirit, The Hindu Doctrine of the Spirit, Doctrine of the Spirit in Christianity, Sense of the Unseen, The Spirit in Nature, The Kinship in Nature, The Spiritual Power of the Senses, The Spirit in Life, The Spirit in the Spirit, The Spirit in Immortal Life, The Spirit in Reason, The Spirit in Love, The Spirit in Conscience, The Spirit in Christ, The Spirit in History, The Spirit in all Religions, Live in the Spirit.

Heart-Beats. A Book of Meditations. With Portrait and Biographical Sketch of the Author. Cloth, red edges, $1.50; white, full gilt, $2.00.

Its poetic title is suggestive of its contents. It is a collection of brief paragraphs, which are not so much the scintillations of the intellect as poems of the imagination and pulsations of the heart. In this volume Mr. Mozoomdar has transcribed some of his profoundest personal experiences. Here we have the music of a soul uttered now in a plaintive minor key, here in some deep passionate threnody, or soaring into ecstasy of joy, or breathing the calmness and quietude of peace with God. The book is an illustration of the lofty heights to which devotional sentiment may rise, free from all tinge of superstition.— *Christian Register.*

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The existence of this book is a phenomenon;—more than a curiosity: and rich as a new, fresh, and very suggestive study of the character and person of Christ.—*Christian Union.*

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Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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HOW WE MAKE OUR OWN WORLDS.

"As he thinketh in his heart, so is he."—PROV. xxiii. 7.

IT needs no argument to enforce the truth that people are what they think and feel. That is, people live out, if they are free, their thoughts and feelings, so that, if you could get at those thoughts and feelings, even independently of the character, you could foresee, prophesy, what that character would be.

I wish, however, to go a step beyond that this morning, and to call your attention to a kindred truth: that while thought and feeling make us what we are, what we are determines the kind of world in which we are to live. Our thoughts, our feelings, our characteristics generally, enable us to see and hear and think and feel certain things, and render us incapable, perhaps, of seeing and hearing and thinking and feeling certain other things. So what we are determines the kind of world we live in.

Let us begin by a very simple and common illustration as we approach this great central truth. Fishes are inhabitants of this same earth that we inhabit; but they are confined to one special element, and are very limited in their senses and faculties, so that, though they are in this world, they do not live at all in the same kind of world in which we live. That, of course, is simple and apparent merely by the statement. The same truth appears if we look at the birds that inhabit another element. They are of this world; but they do not live in the same kind of world in which we live. They tell us that there are insects which have a very large number of eyes; and these eyes are not movable like ours, but are fixed. We do not know just what senses they may have

that we do not; but we know that they occupy another kind of world than that which we inhabit, though they may be at our side or at our feet. We know that many of the lower animals possess faculties and powers which we do not possess, while they lack many which we do possess. But, if you think of it a moment, you will see clearly that these creatures have a different world from the one in which we live. In our own cases, if we could have a sixth sense granted us, we should have a new universe. There are those who speculate about there being more than three dimensions in space. I have talked once in my life with one of the most famous mathematicians which this country ever produced, Professor Benjamin Peirce of Harvard; and he told me that from his point of view, as a mathematician, it was quite possible that space might have four dimensions, although we are created and endowed in such a way that we live in only three. Now suppose these speculations to be true, and that space has four dimensions, and we could become conscious of those four, do you not see how it would instantly re-create our world, and make a thousand things possible, believable, that now are utterly incomprehensible to us?

Suppose one of our senses to be taken away, a man loses his sight or his hearing or his sense of touch, and how it changes the world, narrows him, shuts him in! Or suppose a man to have one of his senses partially impaired, how it changes the world in which he lives! Or let a man be merely color blind, and he is in a different world from that which you and I inhabit.

The central truth, then, to which these illustrations lead us is simply this which we need to remember, because it has a very important bearing on the question whether certain things may or may not be conceivably true. We are not, consciously, in more than a very small part of the actual universe in which we live. The world we inhabit is selected, chosen, out of perhaps infinite possibilities of which we can only dimly conceive. We see within a very narrow range, we hear within a very narrow range. Our senses bring us

into contact with only the smallest part of the real universe that is about us. You know how the telescope on the one hand, and the microscope on the other hand, have almost unspeakably widened the range of the visible world. If we had something for the ear corresponding to this, we should infinitely widen the range of the audible world. The universe, then, in which we live is shut very largely to us, and is open here and there only as we are able to come in contact with it and to comprehend that contact.

This truth, which will be the central one of my sermon this morning, reaches out in a great many practical directions through a series of practical illustrations to which I shall refer before I come to the lesson, or some of the lessons, which I wish to hint at the end.

I wish now to call your attention to how we create our own world from the point of view which we occupy. Take it as a mere matter of physical perception before we come up into the higher mental reaches of thought and life. Let half a dozen different artists go out to paint or sketch Mount Washington. Let one of them be at Bethlehem, another at Jefferson, another on the Crawford side of the mountain, another at some other point of view, and you will have just as many different mountains as you have artists to see and sketch what they see. Suppose you wanted a painting or sketch of the city of Boston. You can have as many cities of Boston as you choose, according as the artists shall select some one special point or some notable or conspicuous building for the centre of his picture, from which everything else shall gradually shade away.

Then, after suggesting this in this direction, let us come into the higher range of the thought-world, and see how the mental point of view determines for us equally the world in which we shall live. Here, for example, is a beautiful landscape. There is a mountain in the distance, there is a lake in the foreground, here is a wide valley, with woods, trees of every kind. Now let a different set of men go out, and look at this, and what will they see? The artist will see its beauty;

and he may make as many pictures of it as he pleases by selecting either water or mountain or woods as the centre of his view. But let the geologist go and study the same landscape, and does he see what the artist sees? He is studying and tracing the effects of the glacier, of snow, of rain, of cold, of heat, of wind, of air, of water. He finds out how the forces have sculptured this scene in the ages that have gone by. Let a botanist go and study the same landscape, and he does not note, or care perhaps, for the things that the artist and geologist cared for. He is studying plants, perhaps seeking for some little tiny growth that nobody but a botanist would ever notice. Let a real estate dealer go and look at the same landscape, and he sees the possibilities of house lots, of the buildings of a town or the site of these buildings, and what he can do with it from a commercial point of view. Then here is the farmer who goes and studies the same landscape; and he does not see and does not care for any of these things. He notes the quality of the soil and what possible growths may be expected here. So you see that out of that little contracted landscape half a dozen different men create half a dozen different fragments of the world in which we live, distinct, separate from each other.

And, then, how true this is when we note how the poets and the great novelists of the world have re-created for us whole countries, so that we see, as we visit them, not what we should have seen five hundred or a thousand years ago, but what they have created, what they have put there out of the wealth of their own imaginations, their own hearts, and the consecration of their own lives. Visit Gettysburg, and you do not see what you would have seen before the battle was fought there,— simply hills, valleys, trees. You see heroisms, grand lives, and grand deaths. You see the struggle between two great civilizations, you see the triumph of liberty and humanity. These men have re-created that whole region, so that to the last day of human history it can never be again what it was before.

Visit Scotland: you see to-day what Burns saw, not what was there before Burns was born; you see what Scott saw, not what was there before Scott was born. Go up or down the Rhine, and no man who has ever read or is familiar with the literature of the world can ever see the same river, the same castled crags, the same ruins that he would have seen before "Childe Harold" was written. These men have re-created the face of nature, and put there intangible realities mightier than the stone or earth or mountain of which the country aforetime was made.

Let us note now, again, another illustration. I shall not go very far into moralities or applications of this; for you are dull, indeed, if you cannot make them for yourselves. Let us note how we here in Boston live in so many different Bostons, according to the occupations in which we are engaged. The merchant, the lawyer, the professor, the literary man, the minister,— do these live in the same Boston, all of them? Why, out of the fact that we create each of us for ourselves our own Boston, according to the mental point of view, arises the fact that we are frequently so little able to understand each other. A minister preaches to a set of business men; and the business men, perhaps, sit in their pews with the feeling that, however well-meaning a man he is, he does not at all comprehend their business life, their business perplexities, their business temptations. And, if he is a man merely of books, however well he may know the New Testament and its criticism, however familiar he may be with ecclesiastical history, however much he may know of the speculations of the schools, the chances are that he does not know the life of men, and, therefore, cannot speak to them in such a way that they shall see and respond. A physician meets you. He does not think of you as the merchant does, as a possible customer. He notes, perhaps, your complexion, the look of your eye, the general condition of your system; and his thoughts turn to the question of health or disease. The merchant meets you, and thinks of trade; the minister meets you, and he looks

upon you with the view of the clergyman; and so of all the different occupations in which men are engaged. Each is in his own little world; and here is the reason so many times, in the course of years that are past, I have urged upon you business men, professional men, that you attempt to extend and enlarge the worlds in which you live, so that you may comprehend something of the breadth, the richness, the depth, and the height of the possibilities of this human life of ours. And it is because we live in our own worlds, and because we look at people from the point of view of our own characteristics and prejudices, that we do such gross injustice now and then to other people. We look at them from the point of view of prejudice, of ignorance. We judge them from the way in which we have been trained, from the way in which we have been accustomed to look at things; and in this way we do them infinite wrong. We build barriers between them and us, so that we cannot come into sympathetic contact; and frequently it is true that you will find one man judging another as evil, when, if we could look at the life history of the two, you would find that the man who is condemned occupies a higher moral, mental, spiritual position than the other who condemns himself by sitting in judgment upon him.

Then we create worlds for ourselves according to the special set of opinions which we may have adopted, political or religious. How is it there can be to-day in the country such radically divergent views held concerning Mr. Cleveland and his administration, concerning the tariff, concerning silver, concerning the great questions which are convulsing the country? One man looks upon Mr. Cleveland as the savior of the country, and believes that, if his opinions could be accepted and carried out, everything would be all right. Another believes that he is doing the country infinite mischief, and that the wisest and best thing to do to-day is to block his pathway at every possible step. Holding these divergent views, we are apt to judge those who occupy any other position, not as simply seeing with other

eyes, occupying other standpoints, but as being a different kind and a lower kind of man. We find it almost impossible to believe that a man can be both intelligent and honest who differs radically from us in regard to some of these great political questions of the day.

How is it in religious matters? There are noble, lovely, generous, kind-hearted, and religious people in Boston who believe with their whole hearts that one of the best things that could happen to Boston would be my death or removal. They believe I am doing no end of harm to human souls; that I am misrepresenting God and his universe; that I am leading people, so far as they follow me, into irreligion and unbelief. Yet they are noble men, tender-hearted women, men who love God, or their conception of God, or think they do, men who love their fellow-men. I am asked sometimes how it is that, if I am right in my opinions, people who are trained in the old notions find it so difficult to agree with me. Do you know the wonder to me sometimes is that anybody ever escapes from the bondage of the old ideas. Consider the position of the minister trained in the old faith. For example, if you will pardon the personal illustration, I was trained up in the old faith from a child, taught that I must become converted in order to enter heaven; trained to believe that those who hold any other ideas were enemies of God and man; taught to look with horror upon a person who was called a free thinker or a Unitarian or a Universalist, sent to a theological seminary, where I was not trained to think freely, but to believe that certain things were true, and everything else was wrong; sent out into the world armed with theological books, magazines, newspapers, that echoed and enforced the ideas in which I had been trained; sent to preach what I was taught to believe was God's revealed truth, and to fight against everything else as the enemy of that truth. Do you not see how in this way a world is created in which people live, and from which they find it almost impossible to escape? So, I say, I wonder sometimes that anybody ever escapes into the

larger, freer thought of the modern world. Our opinions, then, political, religious, or what not, create for us the worlds in which we live.

Then characteristics, inherited or cultivated, have their influence. Take the man who is suspicious of his fellow-men, naturally suspicious, see what a world he lives in, and contrast it with that of the generous, open-hearted, trustful man. Take the man who has been trained from his childhood to accumulate money, and to think of money as the only really important thing in the world, and to hoard it. How poor he grows! I have had occasion to speak to you more than once of this kind of wealthy poverty, of the men who, as they get old, are haunted with the fear that they may die poor. It is no caricature of this type of a man — for it actually occurred — when I tell you of one who was approached on behalf of some great thing that needed to be done, who said: "I cannot possibly afford to do it or to give a cent. Just think of it, I have a hundred thousand dollars now lying in the bank that is not drawing a cent of interest." One of the poorest men in all the world; and thinking made him so. He had created the world in which he was living out of his own characteristics.

Here is another man who earns enough, perhaps, to live well and to be generous at the same time; and he is large-hearted and open and free. How rich is he compared with the moneyed poverty and niggardliness of the other?

Now note certain experiences through which people pass who make for themselves the world in which they come to live. I remember some years ago, soon after my return from my home in California, that I met certain people who had also lived in California, and I heard them tell about it, and what sort of a country it was, what sort of climate, what sort of people lived there; and I should never have known that they were speaking about the same State. They had been possibly unfortunate in some speculation, they had met a class of people who were disagreeable, they had not succeeded as they expected; and they had come to judge the

whole State by their own door-yard and by their own little personal experience, until they described it, and honestly described it, about as far from the truth as one could possibly imagine.

Take a man — I know them within the circle of my acquaintance — who has been cheated in business. Perhaps his business life has been wrecked by the dishonesty of some man; and the result of it is that he grows hard and bitter, and comes to think that the whole world is full of dishonest men. He lives in a world of dishonesty, he breathes dishonesty, he sleeps and dreams dishonesty,— all of this born from his own personal experience; while the man in the next house on the same street has had another experience, and the whole city, to him, is full of honest, noble, true-hearted men. Each one has made his own world out of his own little experience.

Then I want to touch another matter, because it is of practical importance right here, because it is something that touches the question of our health or disease. I believe that there is a great deal of truth in the modern notion of mind-cure; not that it is new truth at all. It has been recognized in some degree and used by physicians years and years; but there is an immense amount of truth in the fact that we can, by our own mental processes, create either health or disease. There is no sort of question that this matter can be carried to the point of life and death. I have known men sinking away, at the very last of life, so that they had apparently only two or three hours to live, who had been saved by a great mental emotion. You know perfectly well how a piece of good news thrills, starts the blood to coursing in the veins, exhilarates the beat of the heart, and lifts tremendously the whole tide of life. You know how a piece of bad news depresses. There is no sort of question that the coming into a sick-room of a cheery, healthful, hopeful physician brings actual power of recuperation. We create disease-worlds for ourselves. It is a familiar experience for a man to read a medical book for the first time, and

find out that he has one after the other all the symptoms of all the diseases he has read about. You take the person who concentrates his thought on some special disease, and he finds it everywhere. Let a person have a touch of rheumatism for the first time in his life: he hardly noticed that any one had rheumatism before, but now he lives in a world of rheumatics. Almost every one he meets has or has had a touch of rheumatism. We create for ourselves these worlds of disease, and by thinking over our infirmities actually aggravate them, until we bring ourselves practically to the point of death. And this affects not only our own happiness, but the happiness of every one with whom we come in contact. I used to know a man — he is beyond the touch of any one of his pains or diseases now — that I always used to dread to meet on the street. I never asked him how he was without its being the beginning of a long and horrible catalogue of aches and pains; and it was always the same ones, the same catalogue every time, if I met him every day for a month. So he not only suffered himself from them, and a thousand times more because he thought about them all the time, but he inflicted them upon me every time he met me, and on every one else he met. I submit that, no matter how many infirmities I may have, it is not fair for me to shoulder them on you.

On the other hand, we can create healthful conditions for ourselves by fastening our attention on health; and I believe that the time will come — indeed, it is already here now — when the most thoroughly educated physicians recognize this mental power, and use it in the cure and prevention of disease. Disease will not pass away from the face of the earth. We shall all die in spite of the doctors; but we can live in a brighter and more healthful way while we do live, and we can prolong our lives by thinking health, cheer, hope, instead of thinking depression and disease.

Another thing I wish to suggest to show you how much control we may have over things that seem to be beyond our reach. Certain things happen to us. A man loses his

property, for instance. You know how, in one case, it will make a man bitter, utterly discouraged; and he goes through life only a wreck of his old time self. Another man loses his property; and he is sweet and tender and trustful through it all. Perhaps it brings him into a new sympathy or a new feeling of interest with the people who have not been as prosperous as he; and it becomes in his life the source of a grander sympathy and a truer ability to help his fellow-men.

Let me touch as delicately and tenderly as I can on that other great loss, of friends, the loss of husband or wife or mother or father or child. I have known cases where people have, by an experience like this, been utterly crushed and disheartened. The sun has been put out, and they have walked through life in the blackness and darkness from that hour on. They have nourished their grief, they have fed upon it. They have grown selfish about it until they forget that other people have lost friends, that other people have suffered. They live only in gloom; and they carry gloom with them. They lose faith in God, and have no hope for the future. I have known others who have gone through similar losses, who, instead of making the grief the centre of the landscape of their life, have made the living one who was not buried the centre of the landscape of their life; this death has been with them the mainspring, the motive power, of sympathy, of tenderness, of help, until they have carried brightness and cheer and hope with them wherever they have gone. Some of the sweetest and noblest lives I have ever known have been those who have conquered death in this fashion, have conquered their own loss, and, instead of thinking that they only have suffered, have been made to take into the arms of their sympathy every one who has suffered. Instead of blinding their eyes with weeping, they have lost the thought of their own tears in wiping away the tears of others. We may then create for ourselves very largely the world in which we live, in every direction, in every department of life.

Now let us consider for a moment two or three points.

How much control have we over this matter? You grant that what we *are* determines the kind of world in which we live; but what determines *what we are?* Blessed, indeed, is that man who is born with a sunny, cheerful, hopeful temperament. Sad, indeed, is that man who is born with the opposite kind. But we cannot blame men who have by inheritance that over which they have no control. Yet you and I do recognize the fact that we have at least some power in determining the thing that we shall fix our chief attention on, and what we shall make the centre of our mental, moral, spiritual, affectional landscape of life. For example, there is no end of shadow in human life; but there is also sunshine. Our lives may be like a Rembrandt picture, a little spot of life and the rest fading away into shadow; but the light is there, and Rembrandt always makes the light the centre of his picture. He makes the shadows subordinate to the light. Remember what I have had occasion to tell you many times, that it is the light and the dominance of the light that creates and explains the shadows. Have we the right to find fault because life is not all sunshine? Here comes in the instinctive selfishness of the human heart. How many of us are there that can frankly confess what is true, profoundly true, that we have no right, no claim, as against the universe, for the thousandth part of the sunshine that we have already enjoyed? We assume that we have a right to have the horizon all sunshine; and then we bring a charge against the order of the world because there is here and there a cloud, a shadow. If we would remember that we have no right to any sunshine, and that whatever has come to us is so much outright bestowal of goodness on the part of God, then we might be able to rejoice in the sunshine and be a little more patient with the shadow. At any rate, we can fix our chief attention on the bright spot, the gleam of sunshine; and we can make that the centre of our picture. We can let other things fall into a relatively less important place. We can train, we can teach ourselves, as the days and years go by, to look at the sunny spots of life, and appre-

ciate them and rejoice in them, and be glad and thankful for them. So much we can do. But how many of us are there, as we look over the past, over the days that have been sunny, bright, pleasant, who only remember the heaviness of our hearts and the days that were all storm and darkness?

Take another point. We find dishonesty and evil in the world. There is no question that there is dishonesty and evil, and a large amount of both; but there is also honesty, and it needs only a little superficial thinking to convince any intelligent man, not only that there is more of honesty and goodness in the world than the opposite, but that there must be in the nature of things. Were there not, as I have said a good many times, there could be no society. All would be chaos; for the chaotic forces would be in the majority. Honesty is, then, more than dishonesty; and we have it in our power to place an honest man in the centre of our picture of human society, and contemplate him, and not his opposite, to believe that he dominates, that he is supreme, and that the like of him is increasing in the world, and that the opposite is gradually, however slowly, fading away.

Another point. We have a right and we have the power to place trust in the integrity of the universe in the centre of our picture. For "through the ages one increasing purpose runs." I think no intelligent man can study the history of man without seeing the dominance and the increasing dominance of the good, of the hopeful. We can place this great trust in God, in the integrity of the universe, in the power that is at the heart of the world, in the centre of our universe landscape, and let the chaotic and the dark and the shadowy take their inferior places where they belong. We can create for ourselves a universe which at soul is wise and good; and, so doing, we see the world more truly than we do if we look at it the other way.

One more hint. What a different world it is for those who believe that life is supreme! There are those who believe that this little life is all. Others are afraid that it is all or do not have any assurance of anything beyond. What

a narrow, confined, shut-in landscape it is for people who live in that world! I believe that, as the result of the most careful, rational, faithful study, we have a right to believe that this is only the porch, the entrance-way, of life, and that the real life is beyond. If we place that great luminous faith in the centre of our picture of human destiny, what a different world is that in which we live! It is entirely light over and beyond the shadow. As Whittier sings in "Snow-Bound": —

> "Alas for him who never sees
> The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
> Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
> Nor looks to see the breaking day
> Across the mournful marbles play!
> Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
> The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
> That Life is ever lord of Death,
> And Love can never lose its own!"

We can put life and love in the centre, fix our attention on these; and then death, pain, sorrow, loss, all these things, fall into comparative insignificance, and the world we live in is a world of God, of life, of immortality.

Father, we thank Thee that we can think and hope and dream, that we can cultivate in ourselves the power to choose, and so create for ourselves higher and nobler worlds. And let us remember, Father, that, when we have selected the best that we can think or utter, even then better than that best is all around us, because it is Thy light, Thy life, forevermore. Amen.

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NOT MY WILL.

"If the Lord be with us, why then hath all this befallen us?"—JUDGES vi. 13.

THE story of the oppression of the Israelites by the Midians is but one in a series of accounts in the Book of Judges, of Israel turning from the worship of the national God, and being punished for her faithlessness. After Israel entered Canaan, the sober character of the worship of Yahwe, the Hebrew God, found great difficulty in maintaining itself before the joyful and sensual character of the Canaanitish worship; and the writer of the Book of Judges tells us how the Israelites often forsook the worship of their God, and worshipped the Gods of the surrounding peoples. Then, of course, the God of Israel would be angry, and would raise up some enemy who would conquer Israel and oppress her, till she, in despair, would cry unto Yahwe again; and Yahwe would listen to her, and raise up some deliverer. Gideon was such a deliverer, or judge, as they were called, whom the Lord chose to rescue Israel from the hand of the Midians. We read that an angel of the Lord appears before Gideon, and, exhorting him to rescue his people, says, "The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor." And Gideon answers, "If the Lord is with us, why then hath all this befallen us?" And from this very dawn of history that question has been felt in the human heart. We are never to suppose, when the question comes to us, in the face of life's experiences, that it is a new one. It is as old as humanity.

Now, as we look out upon the world or look back in memory, life's experiences, in some way or other, must have convinced us all that the ordering of our lives is a tremendous

mystery,— a reality that we can by no means completely understand; and perhaps we look into the future with a sort of dread at the responsibilities and possibilities it may have in store for us. For who of us has not asked, in the face of an experience that staggered our understanding: "Why is this so, if it is God's world? Why could he not have made humanity in the first place free from all forms of trial?" Now, I do not propose, to-day, to add one more to the futile attempts to solve this question; for the answer involves an insight into the divine mind, and an outlook over eternity. One can simply suggest what seems to be the proper attitude toward such experiences that are most puzzling to us, taking life as it is and as we know it. We cannot consider what God might have done or ought to have done, but what he is doing; and if we can hold some of our experiences from us for a while, and see what they may mean to our lives, perhaps we can face the conditions of our lives and the problems of coming experiences with the greater confidence.

Now, our attitude toward the hard experiences of life must depend, in the first place, upon whether or not we can see from our past experiences any reasonable basis for a faith that shall transcend our limited powers of comprehension. It will be possible here only to touch upon the great subject of faith, yet I would impress upon you this one great truth, that it cannot rest upon scientific revelation.

The prophets of our nineteenth century have spoken loudly of the plan and order in creation. We have become so familiar with nature's processes, they have come to seem so eminently reasonable and proper to us, that any reversal in their order, such as the sudden creation of a plant from its seed, would be a miracle to confound our understanding. We see in all the wonderful variety of activities that each process has its place and use, and that each little process and the whole great process are going on with such regularity and harmony that the possibility of chance must be absolutely left out. And, again, we must all recognize, in

looking back over our lives, that there are here simply the natural laws of cause and effect under a new aspect,— that our inner lives are at this moment the result of a growth, built up by experience after experience. Yes, we have come to see a wonderful order in the universe, and that the constitution of the soul itself betrays a plan in its creation.

But when we ask what sort of a plan and purpose God has for human life, keeping in mind the actual conditions of our living, the conviction of a perfect order in the universe will not satisfy us. In man a new world of reason and truth has been slowly revealed, a spiritual world of justice and love; and in this fact we get the clearest, because it is first-hand, evidence of what sort of a plan creation is following, so far as the human soul is concerned. This fact carries us out of the light of scientific revelation; for in this spiritual sense of knowing we are dealing with another set of facts altogether, where to know is to be. Nowhere will you find a truth more vital to human life than this: the foundation of our faith rests upon it. Think what it means. Not by demonstration nor by speculation can the plan and purpose of human life be worked out. Only by living lives of righteousness do we realize what the plan is, and the nature of the divine mind behind it. Knowing is being. It is the pure in heart who see God and his will most clearly. Trifle with the adjustments of a field-glass, and the picture becomes blurred. And just so far as we trifle with the spiritual laws of life, just so far as we live lives of self-indulgence and have no higher ideal than self-display, our eyes have become so blinded that we can no longer see clearly where to put our faith when the storms come. The greatest faith is always found with the highest living. Everywhere you will find, no matter what the life experiences have been, that those lives have been most faithful who have been most true to the conscience and to the heart; and those who have been most faithless, who have been most cast down or puzzled by life's experiences, have been those who have run riot with these inheritances of their humanity. The life that in its daily living has been

true to all that is high and good feels that somehow the plan and purpose of God for human life are just and beautiful; that we do not live in utter darkness, but that we do see and know in part; and that there is in the very nature of our lives, in the heart and conscience, a justification for our faith in the Infinite Goodness.

Then there is another point that should largely determine our attitude towards life's experiences,— What should be our proper point of view for estimating creation? Men have been led to think that creation was accomplished and fulfilled some time in the past, and then man was admitted to the scene in a state of human perfectness; and they have contrived certain theories to account for the trials that have since been imposed upon him, and they have invented certain schemes to save him if the trials prove too much for his strength. Now, from the point of view of human development, does it not seem rather that creation is going on; that the plan is working itself out here and now in our individual lives; that the conditions are not, and never have been, perfected; that at present the world is both good and bad; that it is a time when all things in themselves are not for the best, but that many things are for the worse? What then? It means that we have been given a hand in this creation, a certain share of the work and responsibility in bringing about the kingdom of God. For creation is something more than world-making; it is soul-making; and in that process we are coworkers with the Father. We need not bother ourselves with trying to imagine how such a state of things came about: the fact is quite enough for us,— that we are now in the process of that soul-making, and that we have an individual responsibility that we cannot escape. Let us, then, appreciate what this means: that by taking our experiences as they come to us, and by making them, one and all, serve in some way to fill out the fullest stature of our manhood or womanhood, we are helping to create. Creation is going on; and no more serious and yet inspiring thought can come to you than this,— that we are, to a cer-

tain extent, independent creators, and that the Father needs our help in finishing his creation.

And now that we have seen that there is a reasonable basis for our faith in the divine plan as it is, and keeping in mind the fact that we shall be held individually responsible for a certain part of creation, that our efforts are needed, perhaps we can see a little more clearly what should be our attitude toward certain experiences of life that seem so puzzling. And let us also recall Paul's word to the Romans. Not that all things are good, but "to them that love God all things work together for good, even to them that are called according to his purpose."

Perhaps the most common experience of all lives is the drudgery that work seems necessarily to bring with it. I think we all recognize, in a general way, the place and worth of some definite aim and purpose in life. It is the rock upon which to build. Without it, life can have no meaning, no self-respect. But it is not so easy to see all this when the work becomes grinding and monotonous, and we become discontented, and failure and misfortune come. Now, it makes all the difference in the world whether we take every such experience, and see if in some way it cannot be turned to our good, or whether we sit down with a feeling that we are being imposed upon, and that such an experience is necessarily a misfortune all the way through and bad in itself. As a matter of fact, show any weakness before such an experience, and it is like an earthquake that will tumble down a tower of character, no matter how carefully it has been built. But it is just as true that every feeling of discontent and every experience of failure may yield some of the strongest and loveliest traits of character, and especially this sense of drudgery, which seems, at times, to take all the interest out of life and work. What shall we do with an experience like that? We may set it down as a great truth, I think, that the sense of monotony and drudgery in our work generally shows that we have come to put our emphasis in the wrong place, that we have become concerned more in getting our

work done and off our hands than in the way we are doing it. Change the emphasis to the latter, and the situation will be mastered. The sense of drudgery will vanish, and the life and the work will have another aspect. The interest in the way the work is done, the endeavor to always improve a little, has a wonderful effect upon the character. Michael Angelo has said, "Nothing makes the soul so pure, so noble, as the endeavor to create something perfect; for God is perfection, and whoever strives for it strives for that which is God-like." And this constant endeavor to approach our ideal, the endeavor to keep ahead of our past work, has the same ennobling influence upon the character, whether one is dealing in merchandise or carving in marble.

Very often the trouble comes in the little commonplace tasks that are a part of our whole work. But, if you will look into the lives of any of the great masters of music or of painting, or into the lives of any of the successful business men, you will see how they have all realized the importance of the utmost care in the little, commonplace tasks,— the drudgery upon which their great achievements have rested. And what is true of them is true of every one of us; for, no matter what we do, it is the little things in life that make the foundation unsteady if they are neglected.

The sense of drudgery is the same the world over, whether the work is great or small,— keeping books or keeping house or simply work; and we must rise above it. For, wherever it triumphs, discontent becomes so chronic that any relief is hopeless; and the life runs itself out in bitterness or regret. Doubtless, you can all recall to mind some one whom you know has been little trained in the rules of social etiquette, yet who seems to have an instinctive sense of the modest, the delicate, the proper thing to do. You say that he is naturally a gentleman or she a gentlewoman. Whatever the circumstances of life, you find that their language is never coarse, but gentle and sympathetic; and you like to talk with them. Now, what is the secret of these 'ves that always impress us with their strength and beauty?

It is a nobility and sweetness born of drudgery. Unconsciously, they have idealized their work, putting their very souls into it; and to the very depths of their nature that work refines and purifies them. The patience, the sympathy, the sensitive, fine feeling, the culture, that this drudgery may contribute to a life, must give us a clear suggestion of how the divine plan has purposed that we take such an experience when it comes to us. Before creation could be finished there must be created the perfect violin, with all the patient toil and drudgery and dissatisfaction and failure that the creation of a perfect violin involves; and there must be a soul who had triumphed over these things. But God himself could not have created Antonio Stradivari's violins without Antonio, nor the soul of Antonio without the patient toil over the violins. So, taking our human nature as it is, — the fact that only certain experiences will bring out and develop certain qualities in our souls that must be brought out and developed before we can finish the work that has been given us to do,— taking this as the plan upon which the Father has chosen to design our lives, can we not see the blessing that this sense of drudgery may be, when through it we can attain to a beauty and sweetness of character, a noble self-respect, without which the plan of our lives would not be fulfilled? Remember that the matter is left in our hands; but remember, too, that we have every reason to believe that some time the Father will show us as coworkers in, and yet a part of, that perfect creation that could have been finished only because we had triumphed over drudgery.

Another experience of life that is perhaps the most puzzling of all, and is always so hard to face, is having a cross to bear. This experience of one kind or another is well-nigh universal. And, first, the wonderfully common fact of bearing the cross of others. The experience of Simon of Cyrene, who was made to bear on his own shoulders the cross of Jesus, is repeated the world over. Very hard is this fact to understand,— that some of us should have imposed

upon us, and be expected to bear, the burdens, the cares, the troubles of some one else. Often we overlook the fact that the experience is so common, and magnify our own experiences till we feel that we are peculiarly unfortunate. What shall we do with an experience like that? I think we can all have in mind two cases that represent the two ways in which we see that experience taken by different people. Here is a man who has a burden of some kind that has come to him by the ties of some peculiar relationship,—a burden that seems to necessitate a wholly different course of life. And he rebels against it and perhaps hires some one else to carry it, hoping in this way to be relieved of its weight. Yet this will not get it out of his life: you see it remain as an object of continual annoyance. And what is the consequence of such an attitude? A narrowing selfishness,—life at no time satisfactory and happy, often full of bitterness; and the cross becomes heavier and heavier. Here is another who has to face a similar experience. What does he do? We see him take up the cross, and carry it himself. If close ties bind him to it, he carries it with great firmness, yet very gently and tenderly. It is even endeared to him through the very preciousness of love. Although it seems as it comes to him as though it would narrow his life, perhaps change its course and crush out some cherished hope and ambition, yet he will devote himself to it, and trust that God will fill out his life in some other way. And is his trust in vain? As sure as the day follows the night, and in much the same way, he becomes kindlier and broader in his sympathies with his fellow-men, strong in the contentment and satisfaction of a duty fulfilled. Regret and disappointment are swallowed up in new and higher joys and hopes that come to him; for the service of this cross becomes the source of a great happiness. Surely, God is filling out his life in some other way. You can see that this cross becomes lighter and lighter till it is no burden at all; and, after a time, it seems somehow to be lifting the soul that bore it up from all sense of trial, to rest and peace. Have you not

cases in mind just like these? And do they not answer our question for us? There is within us some quality by which we instinctively judge between two cases like these, and because of which we cannot help confessing to ourselves that only the one who bore his cross is doing that which the heart and conscience testify is the right and noble thing to do. No other course is worthy of respect. When we refuse to take up the crosses that come to us, in patience and love, and trust that through them God has provided his own way to fill out our lives, we have failed utterly to appreciate what life means; for we are dishonoring ourselves in refusing to regard what the very nature of our souls reveals to us as the will of the Father.

Then, in addition, we have to bear crosses of some kind peculiarly our own. Perhaps an inherited cross that may be either a constant source of annoyance or may make certain temptations harder to overcome. It may be a sorrow that has come to us in the death of a loved one. Now, in all these cases — and of course they might be multiplied — we find it pretty hard at first to reconcile them with a belief in a loving and sympathetic God. Nobody knows how much agony of spirit for which the old theology was responsible, in making the affliction of a cross the expression of a punishment by a wrathful deity. This is all wrong and false. Doubt, temptation, sorrow, are all somehow bound up in the very nature of life, and the human soul is trying to learn how to take them; and the Father is not wrathful, but patient. Let me appeal to you never to allow the first shock of pain to paralyze your faith. This same quality of the soul by which we instinctively judge others, just as surely shows us the way when the experience is our own. We cannot, in this world, know the ultimate reason why we have a cross to bear, why it is necessary that our human souls must grow by experiences of happiness and unhappiness. Yet it is true; and let us be thankful that we can realize the fulness of this truth: that, when the soul has to suffer, is the great opportunity for doing. Nothing can bring the soul so

near to God, nothing can inspire those divine attributes of patience, faith, hope, and love, as such an experience, if we will but take it as the Father has shown us. Life is more than happiness or unhappiness. Life is more than any tie of family or friendship; for the life must be worthy of them before they can have their highest meaning to it. And, to be worthy of them, the life must use them, broken though they may be for a time, to enrich and beautify it, so that in God's own time it may be worthy to be again and finally fulfilled and perfected by them. The meaning of life does not cease, but, on the contrary, is wonderfully deepened and ennobled when trouble comes to us.

But how often we see what we ought to do, and then we do not do it. After all, we are children before the great demands and problems of life; and the will cannot always be directed. And so we find it sometimes almost impossible to stand up under some of the experiences that come to us. We need help; and Phillips Brooks never said a wiser thing than that we nowhere betray our estimation of the value of life as in our choice of sources from which to derive help, that "our hours of need are our judgment-days." In times when our work becomes hateful or wearisome, or the cross that we have to bear becomes too heavy for our strength, then it makes all the difference in the world where we turn for help. To be sure, the world offers certain helps that are all very well so far as they go. We may seek distraction of one kind or another; but "there is always something in every weakness and in every sorrow that earthly helps cannot reach, when only the very highest help will completely console or conquer." If our own experiences have not proved this to us, we can find no better illustration than in the life of Jesus. You find the story of that life full of experiences that bring out most clearly the real character of the world's life, over against and opposing at every turn a lofty ideal of what life might be; and you see the conscious need of help to face that reality. Now, if he whom we regard as the highest expression of humanity feels that

only the help of God will suffice, can we do with any less? Never! As the child instinctively turns to the parent, so we instinctively turn to God. This very fact proves our childhood, and shows us clearly that, when we allow any lesser helps to suffice, we are dishonoring the great Parent and our own childhood.

So we do well to hold life from us, and not be afraid to face the facts of its real character. In the story of Jesus' life we hear the glad song of peace and good will proclaimed at the beginning, and we see the cross taken up at the end; but, as we have seen, our lives seem to reverse that order. We begin with the cross, and only now and then do we hear the song of the angels. And often the question of Gideon comes to us; and we do not feel within us God's reply, "Go in this thy might: have not I sent thee?" So there may be times in store for us when we shall feel the drudgery and irritation of our work,— a cross of some kind may come to us. Perhaps we have already had moments when life has seemed hardly worth the living. Then let us try to realize with Paul that all experiences may work together for good. There is no grander truth: it is the very basis of our hope, the very key to the meaning of life as the Father has chosen to design it. The cross is no burden when through it we can reach the heights of unselfish devotion or the beauty and peace of a sweet and noble character. At the time it may bring pain, it may bring a struggle; but, whenever it comes, then is our opportunity. If we shrink from it, we are bound to run into greater pain than we avoid, into a greater struggle. If we carry it with patience, always looking to the Father for help and encouragement, then will our lives be filled with a divine content and peace; for we have conquered.

So let us reconsecrate ourselves to whatever cross has come to us, make it a blessing, and we shall find that it will more than repay our service. Our lives will be full of divine suggestions that will show us that the truth cannot be hid,— the truth that life attains its fulness, its highest joy,

its truest happiness, through the crosses it has to bear. Peace and good will do not come to us: we mount up to them. Blessed be that cross that leads us to them,—that makes the life of every day full of loving thoughtfulness and service! Yes, the spirit that Jesus showed at the end, in the garden of Gethsemane, when on the one hand he faced a public sentiment with its decree of death, and on the other the will of God, the spirit that enabled him to say, "Nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done," is the one that is expected of us. It is the only one that is worthy of us; and it is the one that must some day bring to humanity a peace and good will on earth, as it is in heaven.

Father, may we feel that our lives are in Thy keeping, that, if we will but follow the promptings of our better selves, all will be well. Then shall we fear no evil, knowing that Thy rod and Thy staff shall comfort us.

Mr. Mozoomdar's Books.

The Spirit of God. Cloth, $1.50.

An idea of the work may be gained from the titles of the chapters: The Spirit, The Hindu Doctrine of the Spirit, Doctrine of the Spirit in Christianity, Sense of the Unseen, The Spirit in Nature, The Kinship in Nature, The Spiritual Power of the Senses, The Spirit in Life, The Spirit in the Spirit, The Spirit in Immortal Life, The Spirit in Reason, The Spirit in Love, The Spirit in Conscience, The Spirit in Christ, The Spirit in History, The Spirit in all Religions, Live in the Spirit.

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Its poetic title is suggestive of its contents. It is a collection of brief paragraphs, which are not so much the scintillations of the intellect as poems of the imagination and pulsations of the heart. In this volume Mr. Mozoomdar has transcribed some of his profoundest personal experiences. Here we have the music of a soul uttered now in a plaintive minor key, here in some deep passionate threnody, or soaring into ecstasy of joy, or breathing the calmness and quietude of peace with God. The book is an illustration of the lofty heights to which devotional sentiment may rise, free from all tinge of superstition.— *Christian Register.*

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The existence of this book is a phenomenon;—more than a curiosity; and rich as a new, fresh, and very suggestive study of the character and person of Christ.—*Christian Union.*

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Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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DOING AND KNOWING.

"If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."—JOHN vii. 17.

OR, as it is in the revised version, "If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God, or whether I speak from myself."

Here seems to be a strange principle announced by Jesus, concerning the matter of finding out whether certain great things are or are not true. His own brethren had been taunting him, asking him why he did not go up to the feast, saying, If any man is capable of doing wonderful works such as your friends claim that you have performed, he does not hide himself away in a corner, but he comes out openly before the world, and claims the credit for what he can accomplish. And the Pharisees and his enemies generally, in Judea and in Jerusalem, expressed their incredulity concerning the claims made on his behalf. They did not believe that he was the Messiah or that he had any divine commission to speak any word of special authority or value.

You will notice that, when these questions are raised, Jesus does not say: Why don't you go and investigate? Why not find out where I was born, and how and where I was educated? Why not test the matter, and find out whether I have any authority to say these things? He rather appeals to this inner feeling, and says, If any man will do God's will, if he is inclined that way, if he is morally and spiritually sensitive, if he is capable of hearing the divine voice, he shall know, he will understand, whether this doctrine is true, whether it is divine, or whether it is of my own invention and spoken without any authority.

He gives utterance to a similar remark on another occasion. You will remember the time when he compares those to whom he was appealing to children playing in the market, and says they call to one another, saying, "I have piped unto you and you have not danced; I have wailed to you, and you have not lamented." That is, I have made an appeal to you, and I get no response. And then he significantly adds, "But wisdom is justified of her children." Those who are really the children of the Divine Wisdom, they hear, they see, they give an appropriate response.

Here, then, I say, is a peculiar principle announced by Jesus, which, if it be true, is of the utmost practical importance.

As bearing on this and as showing that he is not alone in this, I wish to call your attention to the utterance of a similar principle in the writings of Tennyson; for the poets and seers seem to agree upon this. He is discussing the matter of his own doubts, and he says: —

"If e'er, when faith had fall'n asleep,
I heard a voice, 'Believe no more,'
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep;

"A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answered, 'I have *felt*.'"

And then he goes on to show that faith and a great trust came back to him in spite of this "freezing reason's colder part," because he has felt certain things to be true.

Let me read another brief passage, from Browning,— the same truth brought out in another way. They are four lines from "Abt Vogler," which, I think, is one of the most remarkable things Browning has ever written.

"Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason, and welcome; 'tis we musicians know."

Here is a note undoubtedly from the heart of Browning himself, speaking by the voice of Abt Vogler, and speaking from the sympathetic point of view of a lover of music and one who knew music. Browning intimates here that there is a different way of attaining certainty from that of the hard method of clear, calm, cold reasoning. Tennyson and Browning then agree with Jesus. I could have brought you many another voice from the poets and seers of the world.

Now let us begin afresh right here. You are practically familiar with the fact that I believe that the scientific method is the one method of knowledge. What is the scientific method? The first step in it is observation. The next is verification, observing over and over again fresh facts, verifying by observation; then deducing your theory, your great general truth, from this wide range of observation and experiment. But the first observation that a man makes may be entirely misleading. For thousands of years people thought the moon was a very small body, only a little distance away; and, if we trusted to mere observation of the senses, we should be obliged to believe it still. And so in almost every direction the first observation is as likely to be wrong as right; that is, likely to be misleading. So, many observations are necessary for experiment, for verification, in all directions.

But there are certain classes of truths, profound truths, concerning which it is almost impossible for us to take any more than the first step in the scientific method. We must look and feel and hear; but we may look and feel and hear as many times as we please or can, but, when we have done that, we can go no farther. We must take the report of our senses, our impressions, our feelings, as to the truth of these things.

Now at the outset, lest I be misunderstood, and to make things clear, I wish to say that, concerning nearly that whole marvellously extended realm of knowledge that we commonly speak of as scientific truth, we need only calm, clear,

cold, unbiassed intellect. Any intrusion of feeling, of hope, of prejudice, of wish, is an impertinence, it is in the way, it hinders us from finding the truth.

For example, there was a long battle, not so many years ago, concerning the true theory of light. Newton held to one theory, and Young advanced another; and the fiercest battle was fought over it for a while. Now, concerning the theory of light, all that we wish to know is the simple, plain truth. There ought not to be any feeling about it, any bias, any prejudice. There needs to be carried on a series of investigations, to find out the simple fact of the matter; and that ends it. So, in studying any astronomical problem, bias or prejudice, or feeling or wish, is entirely apart from the business in hand. If we are discussing geology, the age of the earth, the method by which it has come into its present condition, there ought not to be any feeling on the subject. There has been. A battle has been fought out during this present century in which were engaged in one side or the other the bitterest prejudices. Why? Simply because it was supposed that the truth was mixed up in such a way with moral and religious truth that it might change the whole religious perspective. The question as to the origin of the earth, its age, and by what forces it has been wrought into its present outlines,—these are questions of fact and evidence, not questions which call for any kind of feeling.

So, if we leave these ordinary scientific fields, and go into matters of morals and religion, even here there is a certain department where there ought to be no feeling. I was talking not a great many years ago with Father Bodfish, of the Catholic Church, who at that time was connected with the cathedral of this city; and he said, "If it were not for my faith in the Church, I should stand just where you stand." He accepts the supposed historical facts on the basis of faith; but what has faith to do with it? As to whether Adam, for instance, was created outright, or whether the first man was descended from lower forms of life? That is not a question for faith, a question for feeling, for a certain attitude

of man: it is a pure matter of fact. Take again the question as to the birth of Jesus. Was he born in Bethlehem or Nazareth? Was he born without a human father? This is not a matter for religious faith to accept one way or the other. It is a pure matter of fact and evidence. When we come to the character and the teaching of Jesus, here feelings of the intensest kind may rightly come in; but, when I am discussing whether he was born in one place or another, it is no time for feeling: it is a question of evidence alone. So as to whether Moses was the author of the first five books of the Bible called the Pentateuch, that has been fought over in the bitterest kind of way. But you will see, if you look at it clearly, that feeling here is an impertinence. It is a question for critical scholarship to discuss, and decide on the basis of evidence alone. In all these matters, then, where there is a question of external fact to be settled, the mind ought to be as unprejudiced as a pair of scales. One has no business to wish anything about it. His most sacred attitude is to find out the truth.

So much, then, in regard to the application of the ordinary scientific method to those things that belong particularly within this sphere, as the word is popularly used.

Now let us turn to another class of facts and experiences that come within the range of the magnificent truth to which Jesus has given utterance in this text and in other parts of his teachings.

There are certain things that cannot be found out by pure, clear, cold, white light, the white light of reason. There are certain things that, in order to apprehend, we must have attained a certain stage of human development, a certain kind of feeling. We must have faculties sensitive and trained, so that they will report themselves. As illustrating what I mean,—and you will see how important is the class of facts before I even come to religion,—take the matter of poetry. I have brought with me here a little volume of extracts from Wordsworth's poems. I wish to read to you four verses, not because the teaching has any bearing on my sub-

ject, but as a concrete illustration of the particular thought which I wish to make as clear as possible.

"I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

"Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

"The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company.
I gazed and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

"For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with rapture fills,
And dances with the daffodils."

I read these verses; and I say they are exquisite almost beyond power of words to express. But suppose some one with no sort of taste for poetry, with no appreciation of the poet's point of view, comes to me, and asks me to prove it, what am I going to do about it? I cannot measure the length or the breadth or the height of the verses. I cannot estimate their value in money. I cannot assay them, as I might a bit of quartz to find out how many grains of gold there are in it. I am not able to demonstrate to the one who questions that it is a beautiful little lyric. I am at my wits' end. I must say to him in the spirit of Jesus concerning these great spiritual

truths, If you are inclined to obey the will of the poet, if you are willing to study, if you are willing to get into his point of view, to get into sympathy with him, to develop this side of your nature, then you will know that it is beautiful; and that is the only way. So here is the ultimate test, after all, in literature. A man writes a book: somebody declares that it is a great book, a great poem, a great novel. A hundred years run by, and it is forgotten; but, singled out of the productions of all the world, certain ones here and there still live. Why? Because they have stood the test of time, and are able, when they appeal to the most cultured, the most thoughtful, the best people of every age, to touch those people, and find response. They are able to bring pleasure, and to minister to the spiritual life. These books have something to say, something to say to the human heart; and the heart answers. I suppose it is true of Shakspere, for example, that he says very little to a boy or girl. He says more by the time they reach twenty. When they are thirty, forty, fifty, if they have learned to study, and if they have kept their ears and eyes and minds and hearts open to the facts of life, they find ever more and more in him. It was there before; but, as they come into sympathy with him, they learn to know his teaching, because they can understand and respond to it.

A similar thing is true of art. Suppose I take a friend with me to the Louvre, and go down into the sculpture gallery, and at the entrance of the long arcade stand and see at the further end against its background, standing out in its whiteness and glory, the Venus of Milo; and I say, "Look! isn't that wonderful!" Or let it be Dresden; and I take a friend into the one room where, in its lonely glory, hangs the Sistine Madonna, and I say, "See, note the wonder in the eyes of the mother, the beauty of the child! Drink in the meaning of the whole picture." If again I am challenged to prove that they are beautiful, how can I do it? If I say there is spiritual meaning in the eyes of Mary, the mother, and the friend sees no spiritual meaning there, I am dumb. There

must be something in the looker that responds to the artist's appeal. If any man will do his will, if any man will come into line with the artist's thought, if he will study humbly at the feet of the teacher, will learn his methods, his ways, he shall know the doctrine.

I have a friend who, on account of his health, is obliged to live in Colorado. He travelled in Europe for several years in search of health; and, being a man of education and refinement, and a man of practically unlimited means, he spent those years in making a collection of pictures representing a certain epoch in the growth of art. At first he says he could hardly tell a picture when he saw it; and he felt that the hour of finest triumph in his life had come when he could say: "Now, when I look at a picture, I know it, I know its value, its relative place. I have learned its language. It speaks to me, and I can hear. There is something in me that responds to the feeling of the artist." He had willed for a space of years; and at last there came a time when he could know the teaching of art, and it had something to say to him.

You know that the same thing is true of music. It would have been of very little use to have taken General Grant to a symphony concert. Magnificent as was his power, masterful as was his life-work, lofty as will be the place which he will hold in all history, he said at the end of his life that he had learned to distinguish but two tunes. He had almost no musical sensitiveness, none that was developed, at any rate. You would not appoint him a judge as to the greatness of a new work, if such a thing could be discovered, of Mendelssohn or of Beethoven. There is required a certain long culture of a natural sensitiveness, to start with, with careful development of will and an attitude of love, before one can know music.

Having made these points clear, let us note that the same thing is true in the practical realm of morals and religion. I have pointed out to you the distinction which you need clearly to keep in mind. There are certain religious and ethical questions which are questions of fact purely. Those

must be discussed without any feeling, or ought to be. But, when you come into the sphere of practice, as in the case of literature or art or music, there needs a fitting sensibility to be able to comprehend the truth.

Let us take, for example, one or two of the sayings of Jesus as they come into my mind haphazard. He says in one place: The kingdom of heaven is within. Do not look abroad for it. It does not come with observation nor with the blare of trumpets or the parade of arms. It is within you. The door is always open before the feet of every human being; and, if he can, he may cross the threshold, and enter. The kingdom of the world, the kingdom of Satan, may be all round him and everywhere; but he may enter, and live in the kingdom of God, if he will.

Now, how much can that mean to a person who has no spiritual sense, who has no spiritual culture, no insight, who is absorbed in external matters, who cares for nothing except success in business, who measures everything by money value or by the standard of worldly applause? In order to see whether there is any truth in that, you must be willing to do God's will. There must be this moral and spiritual attitude of readiness to enter in and accept before you can even find out whether it is true or not.

Jesus says in another place, Blessed are the meek, blessed are the poor in spirit, blessed are the merciful, pronouncing a blessing on the humble, on the unselfish. Go to a man in the bustle of his worldly career, go to a man who is doing all he can to grasp and manage the railroad system of America, which may be a grand thing to do if he manages it well,— I am finding no fault with it, I am simply giving an illustration,— go to the man who is ready to sacrifice everything on the face of the earth to attain a high political situation, and talk to him about its being blessed to be meek, not to assert himself, to live a quiet, obscure, humble life, to make himself of no reputation,— do you not see that there is no way by which you can demonstrate the truth to him? That truth, if it be one, must be apprehended at first hand, must be seen, must be felt, must be experienced.

Go to a man whose sense of smell is lacking, and tell him that a rose is sweet; go to a man who is color-blind, and talk about a rosy sunset,—do you not see that here is a whole class of truths that we must get at by being willing to *do?*

I am ready now, although I do not think it has been impractical up to the present point, to point out two or three directions in which this truth is of the most immense practical importance. I would not have you for a moment think I underestimate the value of the great scientific achievements of the world,—discovering the immensity of the universe, the antiquity of the earth, the Darwinian theory as to the origin of man. All these are great scientific achievements; but it is true, and you know it is true,—perhaps you have felt it: you know it by observation, anyway,—that this great flood of light that has been poured out on the modern world has dazed and blinded thousands of people. Many people are lost in the midst of these great speculations, and say, We cannot know anything of such a universe as this; and they are halting in the position of the agnostic, so that, practically, the impulse to a noble life, the enthusiasm of humanity, has become powerless in them, and they stand halting, hesitating, doing nothing for themselves or for anybody else.

Now, it is not of the first importance to us—it is important, to be sure, but it is not of first importance—that we should be familiar with these great scientific truths. Let people fight over the antiquity of the earth, over Darwinism, over any of these matters. Let them fight over the question of the authenticity of the Gospel of John or any other part of the Bible: that is not of any great importance to you and me. We will take the results of criticism, when we know what they are. But they are not of importance in our practical life. Here is some one suffering; here are tears falling that need to be wiped away; here is good to be done, evil to be fought. We cannot afford to wait until all these external matters are settled before we do something.

What do we need? I think the first thing we need is to feel that there is something solid under us, that we have a place to stand, and then to feel that, though we cannot do a great deal, we can do a little, and that that little is important, that it is worth doing, that God needs our help, or that humanity needs it if we do not choose to say God,—I will not quarrel with you about the word. But we need to feel a sense of hope as we grow older, a trust that things are coming out at the end in some way worthy of the toil and struggle of the process. It is things like that that we need to be sure of.

And now, right in this realm,—and here is the place for the application practically of this principle,—it is not a matter of pure, clear, white intellect: it is a matter of being willing to know God's will and to do it.

Let me take two or three illustrations. They have been discussing for years the question whether life is worth living. It seems to me absurd that any man outside of an insane asylum can think that any one can settle that question for him. I may think life is worth living: here is another man who feels that it is not. Can he sit down, and argue it out with me? Can he demonstrate it mathematically, that life is not worth living? If he feels that it is not worth living, that ends it, so far as he is concerned. If I feel that it is worth living, that ends it, so far as I am concerned. You cannot settle it in a scientific way. But note one thing. As you look over the face of the world, who are the ones that think life is not worth living generally? I know there are tender, noble, lovely people who, in the first great shock of a loss or a sorrow, may feel that it is not worth living. But who are the suicides, supposing you look over the lists of those who commit suicide in the cities of Paris, London, New York? for those are the men who practically show that they do not think life is worth keeping. Not once in ten thousand cases will you find a man who has been living a grand, noble, helpful life. If a man is living a life that is worth living, he does not stop to ask questions about it: he just lives it. And, if

he is living a life that is worth living, he does not throw it away. It is generally those whose lives are not worth keeping that are thrown away,—not worth keeping, so far as their neighbors are concerned, whatever we may say about themselves. If you wish to know that life is worth living, then live a life that is worth something. Give yourself to some great cause. Consecrate yourself to some high living, some grand truth. Do something worth doing. Link yourself to some fellow-man, so that you may feel that there is at least one person who is helped by your being alive. Do that; and you will never raise the question whether life is worth living. It will be worth living; and that will settle it.

Take it in another direction. We need to make terms with sorrow and loss and loneliness. There are people deprived of their associations, their relationships. There are persons who have lost their property, their friends, persons facing the darkest sorrow; and the question comes up, the same old question, over and over again, as to whether there is any way of reconciling these dark facts with the goodness of God and the hope of life. Now, can you sit down with persons in this mood, and reason it out? Can you prove to them that the loss of their child is a good thing; that the loss of their friends is consistent with goodness; that the loss of their property is a good thing; that it is a good thing to go through the world alone, without a heart-mate to answer to the deepest needs in you? Can you prove that, demonstrate it scientifically? No. But it has been shown over and over again, in the history of the world, that there are certain persons who in the midst of these conditions have created such blessedness as the people who have been fortunately situated have never known. That is true. If, then, any man will do his will, if any man will accept these things with a high trust and hope, if any one will make them the wellsprings of a better and sweeter life, if instead of making sorrow selfish any one will turn it into motive force for grander living, if the lonely one will take loneliness as a power of consecration, of blessing to other people, then he may know that sorrow

and loss, and loneliness and death, are not inconsistent with goodness. Dorothea Dix, unmarried, going through life alone, living all the year in the presence and in the very midst of insanity,— instead of seeking out the lovely and beautiful places of earth in which to enjoy herself, living in the midst of life's darkest horrors,— never raised the question, I will warrant you, as to whether life was worth living, as to whether there was any good in the world. She was creating good, and knew it; and that settled the question.

One other point. How will you prove to a man the truth of that profound saying of Jesus, that he who seeks his life shall lose it, and that he who loses it shall save it,— that the secret of the true and divine life is unselfishness? How can you prove that to a man who is selfish? Take a man who his whole life long has been working for himself, for his own happiness, his own greatness, his own promotion, for money, and place and power,— how can you prove to him that unselfishness is better than that? The only way by which he can possibly learn the secret is by tearing himself away to some extent from that old life, and beginning to think of a life for somebody else a little. Here you see is one of the deepest truths: we must feel and do, in order to *know*.

One thought more. There is a certain class of people who, as they get into middle life and grow old, find their lives ever growing barer and poorer. As Henry Ward Beecher once said, in a sermon touching on this point, such lives are like rivers flowing through a wilderness, that under the burning heat of the sun diminish and grow less and less until they lose themselves in the sand, while others flowing through a wide continent receive tributaries on every hand, and empty wide-mouthed into the sea. You know, as you watch your neighbors and as you watch yourselves, that there are certain lives that grow poorer and barer as they get older, so that some people feel that getting old is the last, worst calamity on earth, until by and by they seem to be snuffed out like a candle; and you only wonder whether there was enough that could be carried away that was worth keep-

ing. Then there are other lives that grow deeper, richer, sweeter, the people whom Jesus had in mind when he talked about laying up treasures in heaven; for I do not believe he meant by that laying up anything but spiritual treasures, sweet memories, noble thoughts and feelings, a life that mellows and grows finer and richer and sweeter day by day and year by year. I have known old men who said that the best time of their lives was after they were seventy. The distractions of the world had gone by; and they were sitting in the light of a lovely sunset, bathed with the beautiful colors of their rich day, peacefully at rest, and with a great hope in their hearts.

Now, we need, more than we do to have most scientific questions settled,— we need to live such lives of hope and trust that, as we grow older, we shall feel that the universe grows richer, and not poorer. Now, the only way by which you can attain that conception of life, be persuaded that such a thing is true and is possible, is by being it. There is no other way. Live that kind of life, and it will be real to you. You will know the doctrine that it is of God. You will feel the assurance deeper than any possibility of external demonstration.

Let us, then, make our lives worth living, consecrate our sorrows and losses, live unselfishly, so that we become a part of the larger life of man, lay up for ourselves these soul treasures as the days go by; and then let the sun set, if it will. Before the light has all faded out of the sky we shall catch gleams of at least the evening star, and shall know that that is only the first-fruits and the herald of a whole wide sky of worlds that lie concealed from us, and that only the sunset has power to reveal.

Father, we ask that we may give our hearts to this high service, that we may cultivate in ourselves the moral and spiritual power to know; and then Thy truths will reveal themselves to us in all the richness and fulness that passes human knowledge. Amen.

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SPIRITUALITY.

"For the mind of the flesh is death, but the mind of the spirit is life."—ROM. viii. 6.

"Now the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him; and he cannot know them, because they are spiritually judged. For he that is spiritual judgeth all things, and he himself is judged of no man." — I COR. ii. 14, 15.

"Howbeit that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; then that which is spiritual." — I COR. xv. 46.

THERE is a good deal of loose and not very intelligent talk about spirituality, about this person as being spiritual and another person as not. Of a certain sermon it is sometimes said: There is no spirituality about it: it is a lecture, it is a discussion simply as to some great question of truth. Of another sermon it is said to be very spiritual in its tone, in its temper.

Spirituality is beyond question the highest, the crowning, quality of man. It seems to me, then, of the first importance that we should have some clear ideas as to what spirituality means, as to who is spiritual. We need, if we are to seek after some great end, to set it up clearly before us, and have an intelligent conception as to what it is, wherein it consists, and the pathway that leads to it.

I wish to note at the outset, as fully as is necessary for clearness, a few things that are sometimes taken for spirituality, but which seem to me not to touch the matter at all. If you listen to the conversation of people, you will sometimes find that ecclesiasticism, devotion to some church form, church ideas, is what people think is essential to the spiritual man, the spiritual life. But spirituality is not a matter of apostolical succession. It is not a matter of rituals or forms, of prayer-books, of postures, of vestments.

A person may be devoted to all this, and be utterly unspiritual in every fibre of his being; while a person who never saw even the outside of a church may be leading the truest, sweetest, noblest, and most spiritual life.

Again, spirituality does not depend necessarily upon belief in any dogma or any set of dogmas. It is not orthodoxy, — and mind I am not saying anything against orthodoxy. Orthodoxy in the true sense of that word is a very important thing, indeed; but it is not necessarily spirituality. A man might know everything that it was possible for the human mind to grasp concerning God, concerning the universe, concerning the origin, nature, and destiny of man, concerning all Bibles, concerning all religions, and yet not have the first touch, the first flame, of spirituality in his soul. On the other hand, one might be an agnostic, might be an atheist even, not believing in any conscious God, having no belief in the continued existence of his own soul, and yet be, in the highest, truest, profoundest sense, a spiritual man.

There is another thing I wish to distinguish spirituality from. I used to know a man in the West who, like thousands of others, was accustomed to lay a great deal of stress upon the use of phrases, forms of words, those that had been consecrated by churchly usage. He used to say, and it was a common phrase with him, that such a man did not impress him as religious, because he did not "speak the language of Canaan." He did not use the terms, the phrases, and expressions that seemed to him to indicate devotion to a truly religious and spiritual life. I have known ministers who have been ready to resent it as an impertinence when any young minister dared to use in church a form of benediction that was not to be found in the New Testament or somewhere in the Bible. But all this stress laid upon what are supposed to be divine and religious phrases is something utterly apart from spirituality, the spiritual tone, the spiritual life.

Another thing. A person may be a Spiritualist, in the modern sense of that word,— may believe that the one thing

permanent in man is the spirit, that this survives the crumbling away of the flesh, and goes out into continued life, not only not weakened, but stronger and grander than ever. A person may believe that he is in constant communication with the inhabitants of the spiritual world, may have a well-wrought philosophy of spiritual existence and spiritual relations and spiritual intercourse, and yet be of the flesh, and not of the spirit in every characteristic of his mind and every act of his life.

There is another point. It has seemed to me as I have listened to a good deal of this loose talk that many persons believe that spirituality is a sort of mysticism, getting the feet off from a solid foundation, and floating in the air, getting out of relation with realities, floating somewhere in vague space. But this is not spirituality.

Let us, then, come at the matter in a natural way, and find out what the spirit is in man, and what are those things that concern the spirit. You are familiar with my course of thought here; and I shall not take much time, because the ground has been trodden by us together more than once.

Let us take man, and consider him. What is he? What constitutes man? What is the crowning characteristic of his manhood?

First, and most obvious, of course, he is truly an animal. He shares all the peculiar tastes and characteristics that constitute him an animal with the lower forms of life on earth. If he stopped there, he would be simply an animal; but it is of the nature of man not to stop there. And so we find that the forces of human development seize upon mind. There, again, we do not necessarily in the lower ranges of mind transcend the animal. We share, indeed, with the animals most of our mental characteristics. But there is that in the mental nature of man which tends to outgrow the limitations of what the animal world is competent to, and to transcend, therefore, the animal standard of life.

When man has climbed up into the higher regions of mind, into what we call the intellect, he has not reached

then the summit. Above that is the heart, the whole range of man's affectional nature. Man is a being capable of love. Here, again, we do not necessarily transcend the animal; for animals also love. But, in the higher meanings of the word, we do transcend that which is found in the animal world around and beneath us. But when, through this quality of love, this affectional sympathy which sets us in relations to our fellow-men, and to all that lives, we have developed conscience, the sense of right, the sense of wrong, and have created an ideal to haunt and lure us on forever, you see how far we have left the animal behind. But even that is not the end. We recognize — at least, the highest souls of the world have recognized — that we are essentially spirit, and so we claim kinship with the Eternal Spirit which manifests itself in the universe all about us. We learn to say *Our Father.*

Here, then, is what we mean by a man; and, until one has climbed up to this level, he has not entered into the inheritance of his manhood. He is not a man until he has done that. For, note, we judge the things of this world by the best they can be or become, by their highest development. We look at the grass-blade; and we do not expect it to be a shade-tree, we do not expect it to bear fruit. We expect it to occupy its own humble place of carpeting the earth with beauty and life. But we come up to the consideration of the tree. We cannot judge it until it has its growth. Whether it is for shade or lumber or ornament, we see if that is the best thing that that tree can become. This is the standard for that tree; and we judge it by that. We hold it up to the highest and best thing that can be attained. Here is another growth, a shrub,— not for shade, not for ornament as a shrub, but it blossoms out into the most beautiful and fragrant flowers; and we say, There, that is what that is for, and we hold it up to that standard. We judge it by that last, finest product of which it is capable. Here are other trees, other shrubs, that early drop their blossoms; but there is something more to watch for. They go on and develop

fruit; and we say, Those are fruit-trees. And we judge them by that, and hold them up to that standard.

Now, in judging men, we have the right to follow the same logical process. A man is animal, just as a tree is trunk and bark. But he is also intelligence; and he is not a complete man unless he develops and uses that intelligence to the highest point that is possible in his circumstances. He is capable of love. He is capable of recognizing the distinctions of right and wrong, of creating and following an ethical ideal. Then at last he is capable of crying out, "My Father," and recognizing his kinship and sonship to the Highest. Here, then, is a man.

Man, then, being essentially spirit, the spiritual life naturally follows as his true life, the life in the light of which he ought to be judged, the light by which he ought to be challenged.

Man, then, is spirit essentially. He is soul. Now, then, what are the characteristics of this spirit, what are the chief things about man as a soul? Carried out practically, what fruit does he bear as a spiritual being?

The first fruit, though it is not often thought of as spiritual fruit, is a recognition of and love for truth. Men in the lower ranges of human development care almost nothing for truth. They do not recognize its importance. The last thing they think of is to ask for proof of anything. The last thing they recognize is that there is anything of importance in having clear, accurate mental pictures of the realities by which they are surrounded. Truth in the sense in which the scientific man regards it and seeks it is a thing practically of no account to the lower type of man. The first thing, then, that the spiritual man cares for is truth.

But he may seek truth in an unspiritual way. If he seeks for truth merely for the gratification of his appetite for the curious, if he seeks it for the sake of discovering something for his own emolument or glory, in a selfish spirit, then he has fallen short of the ideal of the spiritual man and the spiritual life. Yet nothing can be of more importance than

this search for truth as a guide of the spiritual life; for, from the beginning of the world until to-day, enthusiasm and thought and effort have been wasted and thrown away, merely because men have not seen clearly, have not been able to seek truth, by which the human race could be lifted and led on. There are not yet so many men in the pulpit who over-emphasize truth that we can afford to criticise them very much. We must be patient a good deal longer yet before the world rises to a conception of the importance of this great fruit of the spirit.

The next fruit of the spiritual life that I wish to speak of is the sense of and care for beauty,—beauty of form, as in sculpture; beauty of form and color both, as in painting; beauty of sound, as in music,—these things which constitute the great arts of the world. These, if you will think for a moment, are some of the highest and finest of all the fruits of the spiritual life; and man will never reach the crowning civilization until all his life is beauty and music.

The next fruit of the spirit is love. Not that love which selfishly binds us to the few who make up our little circle. It needs to be noted that a man may be as selfish in his love as in his hate. If a man merely loves his own wife, his own children, his own set, his own sect, his own little world, then he has not the fruit of the spirit, but the opposite. Love is not love until it is divine. It must be able to encircle the world, and clasp the lowest to its bosom. It is not divine until it loves all that is human,—nay, loves all that lives, and can feel for all that is. This only is true, high, spiritual love; and out of this is born the next and last of the fruits of the spirit that I will note this morning.

This last is the crowning one of them all,—service, the help which we can render to our fellow-men. Truth is of value only for service. Beauty is of value only for service. Love is of value only for service. When one, then, cares for truth, for beauty, for love, for the sake of mankind, for the sake of the world, then he has climbed up into the highest and finest outlook of his spiritual being.

Here, then, is what it means to be a spiritual man. Here is where spirituality finds its home. And this does not mean that you need to go off out of the world to become spiritual. The recluse is not necessarily spiritual. The monk in his cell is not necessarily spiritual. The Indian devotee in his jungle is not necessarily spiritual. The man who spends his whole life brooding and worrying over the salvation of his own soul may be the least spiritual of them all. The man who is engaged in large business affairs, the railroad president, the man who is managing one of the great business concerns of the world, absorbed in it, devoted to it, may be at the same time leading a true spiritual life; while a man who has nothing is not necessarily any nearer spirituality for not having anything. He may spend his life wishing that he had something, envying those that have, striving after that which he does not succeed in obtaining, absorbed in the effort to win power, to win money and distinction, and so be leading not a spiritual life, but one of the flesh; and that life must thus necessarily perish and pass away.

To lead this spiritual life, then, one need not go out of the place where he is. There is only one exception to that. There are men and women engaged in business which in its essential nature is an injury to men. One cannot lead a spiritual life there; but, if it is any business which, properly conducted, is a help to the world, one may find right there in his every-day affairs a field for the sweetest, grandest, deepest, highest spirituality, using those things for the sake of truth, for the sake of beauty, for the sake of love, for the sake of service. These are not only the means of his leading a spiritual life; but they are the means by which he takes the plastic material of the world, and works it over into forms of spiritual service.

But to lead the spiritual life is not an easy thing. It calls for strenuous endeavor. I take it that right here is the meaning to be found in these words of Jesus, when he says, "Strive to enter in at the narrow gate." It is not easy. You know that the last,—and here is one of the commonest of

scientific truths,—the last and highest development of any form of life is the least stable, the easiest to be injured. Take a common illustration: watch a peach-tree. In the spring at the end of the little twigs there is a fresh growth; but it is very tender, it has very little strength of fibre, very little power of endurance. The first frost that comes will destroy that. The rest of the tree will live; but the last, highest, newest product is always easiest to be injured. So the last, highest, noblest thing in us is the hardest to maintain.

There is another scientific principle here. They tell us that always we seek to become adjusted to our environment; and it is very hard work for any man to live on a higher level than his fellow-men. We tend always to slide down, and become like our surroundings, it is so much easier. Men will tell you—and that is what they mean, I suppose—that in our business life we cannot lead an unselfish, spiritual life. We cannot get on that way. If I am to compete with my fellows, says the business man, I must fight fire by fire: I must be like them. It is, then, very difficult to lead the spiritual life. It is a thing to be striven for, a thing to be fought for. But here is the wonder and conquest of the secret of life. There is a class of young people about town who talk about "knowing life." Life is just what they do not know, what they have not had the most distant glimpse of yet. Knowing life, in the phrase of the town, means knowing the swine side of life, the animal side of life, the meanest, poorest, most selfish part of it all; and real life is so high above that that they have not even caught a glimpse of its secret yet. It is only the spiritual man, in the sense in which I have defined him, that knows life.

Let me illustrate what I mean. Here is a boy four years old. Does he know anything about what it is to be a man? He does not even know what it is to be a boy. But let him grow to be fifteen, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, let him have climbed up into the highest, truest, spiritual side of his being, and then, having travelled the whole road from the

animal up to the soul, from boyhood to manhood, *he knows*. It is impossible for a child or young man to interpret manhood; but manhood can interpret boyhood.

This, I take it, hints the truth that Paul had in mind when he said, It is the spirit only of the man who knows what is in him. So it is the spirit of God only that knows the divine entirely; and we know little about the divine, only as we share the spirit of the divine.

The man, then, who has climbed up into the spiritual realm, he is the man who is capable of estimating the comparative values of this life. Right here, I take it, is the secret of that famous saying of Agassiz. He did not mean to throw contempt upon money. When somebody offered him $50,000 for a course of lectures, and he said, I cannot stop to make money, he did not mean that money was of no value, that it was not worth as much to him as to any one in its own place, but that he had on hand something more important. He was able to estimate it at its true value. He knew, and we know now, as we estimate the life and the worth of the life of Agassiz,— we know that some one of his intellectual discoveries was worth a thousand times $50,000. He could not stop to make money: he was doing something more important.

A man, then, who has climbed up into the spiritual ranges of his being can estimate the importance and relative value of the things he is dealing with up there. I suppose that, if a butterfly, after he becomes a butterfly, could only intelligently grasp all the processes of his own development from the time he was a grub, he might appreciate what it means to be a grub; but a grub could not possibly appreciate what it means to be a butterfly. These things are known from the top, not from the bottom.

Now, this is the most transparent, simplest, every-day common sense that I am talking. Every man, not the spiritual man alone, but all men, recognize this truth at long range, as we estimate the course of human history. Who are the great men, and what are the great nations of the

past? What is left of all human history? The only things that are alive to-day of all the product of the world of the past are the spiritual things: that is all. Did not Paul speak the truth, then, when he said, "The mind of the spirit is life"? Where is Phœnicia, Babylon, Egypt? All that is left of Egypt are a few pyramids and the sphinx, which testify to an intolerable tyranny over millions of slaves. What is left of Tamerlane, of Xerxes, the great Oriental conquerors? Nothing. What is left of little, tiny Palestine? Moses, Isaiah, the Psalms, Job, Jesus,— imperishable treasures that the world would not part with for all the material fruits of civilization together. What is left of Greece? Homer, Æschylus, Phidias, the literature, the art, the truth, the beauty. What is left of Rome? Her magnificent thoughts embodied in law, her arts. What is left of the Italy of the Renaissance? Dante, Michel Angelo, Titian, Raphael, truth, spiritual life, thought, beauty. Wherein resides the greatness of England? In the grand contribution she has made to the world, to the thoughts, the truth, in her Shakspere, her Milton, her Newton, her Darwin, her Browning, her Tennyson. What have we that is great? The world laughs at our boast over tremendous width of soil, over great waters tumbling over precipices, over tremendous lakes, and over fields of grain. These are well in their places; but they will pass away. Emerson, Lowell, a few thinkers, perhaps one sculptor, one painter,— these are the only imperishable things yet,— these and the contributions we have made to government, our heroes in the fight, our few statesmen like Washington. It is the spiritual things that live and wherein resides all human greatness.

This, then, is the realm of the eternal; and, if we, as individuals, wish to live in the eternal life, we need not wait until we die to gain it. The eternal life is right here. The eternal life is in those things that are eternal,— truth, beauty, love, service. I take it this is what Jesus meant when he told us to lay up treasures in heaven. If we wish to keep things, we must put them here; for here is the only place

where things will keep. If we wish to prepare for the next life, here is the way; for these are the only things that last. Is that not, as I have said, the most transparent common sense? Grant me the supposition for a moment that, when we pass through the experience we call death we simply leave the body behind, and go right on. You know Paul in the thirteenth of Corinthians commends people to the greatness of love. He says everything else passes away. Love is the thing that abides. Our knowledge of art, of science, will be outgrown when we leave this little planet. The point of view from which we estimate these things will be of no more importance to us. If we are engaged in a great business, that is left behind. Is it not, then, the simplest wisdom, if we wish to be ready for that other life, to lay up treasures here in the spiritual realm, the realm of the eternal, the realm of things that keep, where moth and rust do not corrupt, the things that no one can steal away from us? If we live up here, and our treasures are here, then we look serenely over the changes of human life. If a man has really climbed up into the spiritual, you cannot impoverish him, you cannot overwhelm him with any calamity; for the things that he has learned chiefly to care for are beyond the power of any change. So Paul says the mind of the spirit is life, and then he adds the two words "and peace." What I have been saying hints the meaning of these last two words.

As we, then, go on in life, as we grow older, if we wish to grow also rich and strong and peaceful, and attain supremacy over the changing conditions of our life, here is the simple, natural pathway, and the only way with which I am acquainted. Here is the spiritual life, and, if we live this and cultivate the spirit, then we have linked ourselves with the eternal, changeless things, with God himself; and then, no matter where we find ourselves, there is no part of this universe where these things would not be at home. There is no part of the universe where these things will not be of as much value as here. One of the great questions, as we dis-

cuss our currency and finances to-day, is the question of our international exchanges. We could get along pretty well with paper or anything else as money for ourselves possibly, provided the government compelled us to take it; but so long as we wish to deal with other nations, with other races of the world, or if we consider the question of crossing the sea, we must take something that will be considered wealth over there.

So, then, as we build our lives, let us create values that are not local, that will be accepted for all exchanges in every part of the universe of God.

Now, as indicating what I mean by the spiritual life in a commonplace way, what I mean by a spiritual nature and character, and as a good testimony as to what it comes to practically as one gets older, I am going to close by a few words which I came across only last night from Victor Hugo:—

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever: I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, and eternal spring is in my heart. There I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvellous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse: history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, and song,—I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave, I can say, like so many others, "I have finished my day's work"; but I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley: it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland, and because the truth compels me. My work is only a beginning. My monument is hardly above its foundations. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity.

This is Victor Hugo, a man who spent years of his life in exile on account of his convictions, a man who had studied carefully what now goes by the name of psychic research, who had felt out after the things of the spirit, who had lived in this life of truth, of beauty, of love, of service for his fellow-men. And this is his testimony as he finds winter on his head, but the beginning of a new spring in his heart.

Father, let us climb up into that which brings us near to Thee, and we thus become heritors of that which is deathless, of that which is divine. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book ike this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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RELIGION FOR EVERY DAY.

"And being asked by the Pharisees, when the kingdom of God cometh, he answered them and said, The kingdom of God cometh not with observation. Neither shall they say, Lo here! or, There! for, lo, the kingdom of God is within you."— LUKE xvii. 20, 21.

THE kingdom of God in some far-off place or some distant planet, perhaps, at any rate, in a life to be found only after we have died; religion something apart from daily life, a mystic, mysterious, supernatural condition of becoming citizens in the kingdom of God,— is not this the idea that has dominated the world for centuries? And yet Jesus did not teach that doctrine, though he be regarded as the founder of the religions of Christendom.

In the words which I have taken as my text Jesus contradicted the popular expectation of his time. The Jews expected the kingdom of God to come through social regeneration, as a political fact, albeit as the result of the miraculous power of God. Jesus taught that they were not to look for any such kingdom as that, or, at any rate, not to wait for it. He says, The kingdom of God is within you all, or, as the margin translates it,— and I am rather inclined to favor this marginal rendering,— The kingdom of God is in the midst of you. You are waiting for it: if you choose, it is here, or the beginning of it. The open door of the kingdom is before each one of you; and you may cross its threshold, and become citizens now. This is the teaching of Jesus concerning the kingdom of God, a central teaching of his, and one which in many ways reversed the ideas of his time.

The common way of looking at it, however, in spite of

this teaching of Jesus, has been that religion is something, as I have said, apart from daily life. I wish to note, as leading up to the point which I wish to make the central one this morning, some phases of thought concerning this matter as they have prevailed in the past. I shall not tell you much that is new: I shall only remind you of that with which you are more or less familiar.

The central thing in men's religion, as it has been held through the larger part of Christian history, and as it is held in that Church which claims to be the one only true Church of Christ to-day,— the central thing is the external sacrament. This sacrament is supposed to have been divinely ordained as the means by which the individual becomes vitally connected with the organized Church, which is the body of God on earth. The Church, indeed, teaches that your belief must be right. It teaches righteousness of conduct and character; but it lays its emphasis on this matter of the sacrament, the external rite, as the one thing of chief importance. And the man who obeys the external commandments of the Church, who partakes of the sacrament, may maintain his standing, and may be looked upon as a fit candidate for the kingdom of God, without much regard to his belief, without much regard to his character. Slips in the matter of belief and defects in the matter of character can be overcome, can be wiped away by the faithful performance of the instituted rites of the Church. This is the way in which mankind, through the most of its early history, looked upon the matter of religion. I shall not have time, neither is it necessary this morning, to go into the matter of explanation as to the origin of this; though the origin is perfectly natural, and, perhaps, considering the condition of man at the time, inevitable. But in all the old classical religions, as well as in the religion of the Catholic Church to-day, the essential thing was some external rite or attitude, formula, sacrifice, something done in accordance with the supposed will of the gods.

But there came a revolution in the Christian Church.

The sacraments were still regarded as important. Many of these outward forms and ceremonies were still regarded as of extreme importance; but the emphasis was changed, and it came to be held in all the Protestant churches of Christendom that the chief thing was a correct belief. Sacraments were regarded, character was preached, righteousness was demanded; but the emphasis was laid on this matter of belief, thinking rightly concerning God and our relations to him. I suppose it has been true through a large part of Protestant history that a man might be forgiven for his neglect of the sacraments. Certain forms of evil conduct could be easily got over, so long as the man was regarded as "sound" in his belief, and as true to the instituted order of the Church.

But that is beginning to pass away, as you well know. Not only are these things coming to be less and less cared for outside the churches, which is natural, but they are coming to be cared for less and less inside the churches. The emphasis is shifted; and almost everywhere to-day, though the sacrament, the external rite, be regarded, though they be taught as of the utmost importance, yet almost all men in church or out will tell you that the principal thing is the attitude of the soul, the righteousness of the life. People are beginning to take as their motto those words which were uttered even so long ago as the time of Alexander Pope: —

> "For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight:
> His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

This, I say, is coming to be the ideal; and yet we have not reached the point toward which, as I believe, we are providentially being led in this matter of religion. Only a few are beginning to catch sight of the magnificent goal toward which the human race is drifting along the stream of God's divine providence.

We are beginning to understand that, whatever of truth there may be in the Bible, God is not to be found exclusively in the Bible. We are beginning to understand that,

however important it may be to keep some one day set apart for the performance of certain duties or for the seeking of certain instruction or inspiration, still God is not to be found necessarily at any particular time. We are beginning to understand also that, though there may be places consecrated by memories and by year-long association, still God is not found necessarily or exclusively in any particular place. And, though rites and services and forms may be important, we are coming to feel more and more that God is not to be found exclusively in any particular form. However, I think it is still true that in the minds of most people the kingdom of God is away off somewhere in a distant future, to be entered into only after death, and religion is still more or less something apart from the daily life of the world. We have not yet succeeded in breaking down utterly the distinction between sacred and secular. I believe the time is coming when that distinction will be completely wiped out of the human mind, not, however,— and mark that well,— not because all the world has become secular, but rather because all the world is to become sacred.

Under the influence of modern science very largely, and as the result of the critical growth of the world and the general development of the intelligence of man, we are changing completely our conception as to where God is and as to how we are to obey him,— as to what is the essential thing in religion. And yet even among liberals, among those who are freest, I think it is still generally true that people only dimly apprehend the sacredness of common things, of the ordinary life of the world. They have only as yet dimly apprehended the fact that religion resides in these common things of every day. For I believe to most people religion still means something apart from life, something connected with a day, a book, a service, a place, something that they recognize as important, as a duty to be performed, somehow and somewhere, but not as identical with life.

Let us see, however, what the result is beginning to be, and is to be completely when the process is completed, as

to this thought of the relation of God to our daily life. Where is God, and what does he want us to do, and why does he want us to do it? What is religion?

God is not in the future. God is not in the past. God is here and now. He is not exclusively, in sacraments or in beliefs, or in rituals or in books, in any of these things. We cannot perform our religious duty on Sunday or on any particular day, and then go away from religion into some other department of life. That is the point which I wish you to get most clearly in your minds and fasten in your hearts. You cannot to-day perform your religious duty as something separate from your life. God, we are beginning to understand, is the life force of the universe. God is in the stars over our heads. He is in the pebble and dust grain under our feet. He is in the force of gravity that holds suns and planets and moons in their orbits. He is the life force of the earth, the life, the warmth, the power by which everything grows. He is in every tree, in every opening leaf, in every unfolding bud. He is in the history of mankind. There is no longer a sacred history and a profane history as separate from that. He was not only in the history of the Hebrews, he was also in the history of the Indians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Germans. He is in English and American history. He is in this human civilization of ours. He is in the midst of our inventions, our discoveries. He is in steam, in electricity, in all these mighty forces that are reconstructing the life of the world. If God be anywhere, he is present and active in all these. He is holding this old world of ours in his arms. He is lifting it, he is leading it. He is in the midst of all the strife, the confusion, in the political struggle, the industrial strain, in all the attempts of men to better themselves. It is through these forces, by means of them, along these lines, that God is leading the world.

Where are we to find him, then? We are to find him right here. We cannot escape from his presence for one moment. Though we forget him, he does not forget us. Though we

are in the dark or are asleep, he is still with us, and supports us.

Now, as the result of this changed conception of God, there is to be a reconstruction completely of what God wants us to do. And our religious life? In the old days, indeed, people were trying to find out and obey God; but the conception is changing, and so our practice must be changed, and be moulded into accordance with the new thought, the new revelation of the divine. The field for religion, then, to-day is in the midst of our daily lives; and the way to obey God is to find out the conditions of life, of happiness, of good for ourselves, for all mankind, in every different department of life, and comply with those conditions.

I do not say, neither do I believe for one moment, that we are to cease to care for the Bible or Sunday or for church. I believe that we shall care more and more for these things. Neither do I say that we shall cease to have any form of service or ritual. Neither shall we cease to value accurate belief. We shall care more for it, as the time goes on; for accuracy of belief means understanding accurately the laws of God. But we shall look upon these things which have been regarded as essential in religion as only a training, as a school, as probation for actual religion.

Let me illustrate what I mean. A young man goes to a commercial college. Is he engaged in business when in the commercial college? No: he is only learning the laws, the customs, the habits, the forms of business, which he will practise when he is in the counting-room or when he is on the road as a commercial traveller. The commercial college is only a preparation for real business. A young man goes to the medical school. Is he a physician while yet in the school? Not necessarily. He is getting ready to be a physician. He is getting ready for the real work in the hospital, by the bedside in the home, in the presence of sudden accident or injury, wherever his skill or his service may be needed, where he can help men. There is the field of his work. Military companies are accustomed to have a hall in

which they drill and learn the manual of arms, the manœuvres that they may be called upon to go through with in the face of the enemy; but no military company supposes that it is doing its duty to its country by simply becoming familiar with the manual. The men are only getting ready to serve their country: the real service comes in the field. So in going to church, in praying, in singing hymns, in listening to sermons, in going through rites of religion,— I have no fault to find with any of these. So far as they touch the life, so far as they inspire and lift up the heart, so far as they cultivate the religious sentiment and imagination, they are well, and they may be indispensable; but they are not the religious duty itself: they are the preparation. Religious duty comes in the presence of the actual problems of life. You are getting ready to be religious; but being religious is conduct and living, not these services.

Let me illustrate more definitely what I mean. There are a great many men who look upon business as something almost antagonistic to religion. They think that the laws governing business are inconsistent with religion. How many men are there who feel when they go into their counting-room or their office or are dealing with a customer that they are in the midst of the performance of a religious duty? And yet for the business man that is the field, and the only field, for his religion. If he is in a business that is injurious to men, then, if he wishes to be religious, he must leave it. If he is conducting his business in such a way as to injure his fellow-men, then, if he wishes to be a religious man, even though he may make a little less money, he must reform those methods. But note that the conditions of the business life of the world hang upon the recognition of and obedience to the laws of God, of the living God, present and working. As I said, steam, electricity, all these natural forces,— these are God right here, co-operating with you, and, in so far as you learn the conditions and comply with them, working with you. The right conduct of the world's business is simply carrying out the Golden Rule of Jesus. The right

conduct of the world's business is a helping on of the conditions on which human civilization and the development of human life into something finer and higher depend.

Here, then, is the field for religion; and the man who is measuring his cloth, and measuring it correctly, and selling it for a fair profit, who is conducting his business in such a way that he is benefiting the customer at the same time that he is benefiting himself,—that man is engaged in a definitely religious service, if he does it as a part of the right life, in the presence of, and in the recognition of the presence of, God; and there is the field for his religion. And, if a man is not helpful and true to his fellow-men right there, he may attend prayer-meeting every night in the week, and read the Bible through twice in a year, he may indulge in any number of religious ceremonies faithfully, he may be generous in his contributions to the church; but he is not a religious man. The field of his religion is in practical obedience to the law and life of God every day of his life.

The same thing is true of the farmer. The farmer is dealing with God when he studies the kinds of soils that are on his farm, when he studies the proper dressing and culture of that soil, and the crops adapted to the particular field. He is dealing first hand with God; for it is God's power and God's life at the root of every grass-blade, present in every seed. It is God who is doing it all. As Paul said, nineteen hundred years ago, One man may plant, and another may water, but it is God alone who gives the increase; and, unless he does that, their time is thrown away.

The shipmaster at sea, the electrician in his laboratory, studying out inventions, is seeking for some hidden way of God, by discovering which he benefits and helps mankind. So, in every department of life, here is the field for religion.

Take it in life's hours of play and rest, and you will see it is the same. Most people never think of connecting religion with the matter of a vacation, of an hour's enjoyment, a game of billiards, a game of cards, or, if a boy, a game of foot-ball, though there is precisely the field for it. The man

who is resting, when he has earned a rest, is fitting himself to render better service to his fellow-men. He is obeying the conditions on which depend better and more vigorous and helpful work. God, if I read this universe aright, has nothing against human happiness and human joy. Listen to the bird-songs, watch the fishes darting in their gladness through the brook that ripples above them, note the laughter of the waves, the play of the sun upon them, and note the tendency, as men become more and more developed, to see and enjoy the wit and humor of the world, and I think you can easily link these things with the very life and purpose of the divine. A young man who is true in his play, who is manly, who is fair, who takes no undue advantage for the sake of winning the victory, who rejoices in skill whether his own or that of some one else, who is ready to honor another, — this boy is in that particular department of his life a religious boy, religious in his play, in his amusement. We need, in order to make life sweet and true, to recognize that there is no field or department of that which is allowable which may not become a part of the divine life.

Take it in the home. There are mothers perplexed and worried over the cares and burdens of the household who wish that they might render service to their fellow-men and God. Let them know that, when one is obeying the laws and conditions of a true, healthful, happy home, one is doing the very first and most important thing in the way of helping the world and honoring God. Here is the field for true religion; and all forms and all Bibles and all churches and all rituals under heaven can do no better thing than help a person to perform these functions of life well. They are only auxiliaries: the real religion is there.

And we need to extend this field of religion beyond the sphere of the human. I wish, at least once every year, if not oftener, to find time to lift my voice on behalf of those that cannot speak for themselves; and at this time of the year, when we are approaching the vacation season, when the life is to be more and more out of doors, this subject

seems particularly fitting. If we learn to think of God, as I believe we should, as in all that lives, we shall not only think of him in humanity, we shall think of him in the birds, in the horses, in the dogs, in the cats, in all the household pets, in everything that can breathe, everything that can feel. And I would extend it even beyond that, to the trees, the shrubs, the flowers, the grasses. To the person who knows that God is the immanent life and beauty of the world, every fleeting breath of life, every pulse of feeling, is sacred, is so much the present life of the divine. The whole earth comes to be dear to him; and he would not willingly deface a tree, a shrub. He would care for the beauty and holiness of whatever has about it a touch of the life of God.

Let me especially speak of the slaves, or the pets, of our human life for a moment. I saw the other day the account of an old horse which for fifteen years has been pensioned, having so much money set apart to take care of him so long as he shall live. That seemed to me one of the sweetest and most religious things of which I have read for years. If any man is capable of disregarding the rights of his horse, of abusing him, of starving him, of letting him suffer from thirst or in any other way, or lets any one else do any of these things, then I care not how sanctimonious he may be, I care not what church he may belong to, I care not how many prayers he may offer, I care not how much he may contribute to the worship of God, as he calls it,—just in so far as that sort of thing goes on, he is an atheist, he is anti-God.

How many men are there who, after taking the vigorous life and the best years out of a faithful horse, will sell him for what they can get into the hands of a stranger, will let him be turned into a cart-horse to be beaten and abused and starved, perhaps, until the very last throb of nervous energy has been taken out of him, and he drops fainting on the pavement! If I owned a horse and had taken the best life and the best years out of him, I would no more turn him out in that way than I would turn my father from my

home. I would go without a few things, even if I were not very rich, for the sake of taking care of such a dependant as that, or I would at least put him beyond the possibility of pain.

There is another thing. Strange to introduce it in into a sermon? No. I see religion and religious life and character in all these things. Almost every year — to the shame of civilization I say it — I read in the papers of no end of household pets, chiefly cats, who, when vacation comes, are turned upon the street. People have taken them, made pets of them; and after they have made them incapable of taking care of themselves here in the city, where there is no legitimate prey, no opportunity even if they were in their wild state for them to take care of themselves, to save the trouble of administering chloroform or of getting some one else to do so, or to save the trouble of providing for them in some other way, they turn the key in the door, and lock them out on the sidewalk or in the yard, to be abused, beaten, starved. I think that, if there is any field for practical religion, it is in such places as this. It is so easy to prevent such suffering, such pain. It is so easy to be humane. Yet some of our most highly cultivated and civilized people come short of it in ways like this. I wish I could speak so that my voice would enter every home in this country; and I would tell these people that, if they come short concerning the life and welfare of one of the least of these, even our lower brethren of the animal world, they cannot make up for it by any pompous or external devotion to the supposed religious welfare of the world. So in daily life, in the conditions of this earthly life, here is the field for religion. Here is religion, if we have any. I do not care what your profession or what your external service, you have just as much religion, and not one shred or particle more than you live out in the daily relations of life in regard to anything that needs, any creature that can suffer.

And now at the last, if we have learned to locate our religion here, if we have learned to think of all life as relig-

ious, if we have learned to feel that everywhere and at all times we are in the presence of God, then we shall be ready, as in no other way, to face sorrow, loss, even death itself. If I have come to know that the laws of the universe, the laws of life, the laws of love, the laws of service, are the present and active God; if I have learned to live with him in my business relations, and in all relations, even in my relations with the lower animals; if I have learned to make my life thus a contact daily and hourly with God,— then I shall not be able to feel that I am away from his presence, when pain comes, or sorrow or loss of any kind. I shall find it easier to recognize these as a part of the divine order, at any rate as coming through my disobedience to that divine order in some way; and so, even if it is dark, I shall be able to put my hand in his, and let him lead me and help me to bear patiently, and to expect that out of this some good shall ultimately come. And then, if our life has been our religion, we need not be troubled about getting ready to die. Every single act of our lives, if it is in obedience to God's laws and in service to our fellow-men, is a part of the process of getting ready to die; for getting ready to die is really getting ready to live. It is precisely the same thing. We have come into accord with the laws of God here; and we have learned, as science has taught us, that it is "one God, one law, one element." We shall know that wherever we are in this universe we are in God's presence, and that he rules all parts of the universe by one kind of law, and that we shall be ready, so far as that is concerned, to be anywhere, and to go anywhere, knowing that constantly we are with him. We shall get into the frame of mind of Whittier when he wrote that magnificent poem, two familiar verses of which I wish to give you as my closing words :—

"And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

Father, let us live ever with Thee. Let us not be afraid to take Thee and the thought of Thee into our days of rest and recreation and pleasure. Let us take Thee into our business, into our homes. Let us know that we are to find our religious life in the midst of our daily work; and we may be conscious that we are with Thee in life, in death, and forevermore. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

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THE RELIGIOUS CULTURE OF CHILDREN.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and even when he is old he will not depart from it." — PROVERBS xxii. 6.

THAT we have had a service of consecration of children this morning may not seem quite a sufficient excuse for my taking the time and attention of all of you in discussing the religious culture of children. Some of you may be disposed to think that, if I am to speak on this topic, I ought to ask the attendance only of those who have little children to develop and train, and who might therefore be supposed to be specially interested in it. But, if you think for a moment, you will be aware of the fact that the religious culture of children does not differ essentially from the religious culture of any one. It is a difference in degree, not in kind. The physical training of a child is the same thing practically as the physical training of a grown man or woman. If you are to teach a child any one of the arts or sciences so far as the child is able to comprehend it, it is the same art or the same science precisely which you teach to grown people. So, in discussing the religious culture of children, I shall necessarily be discussing religious culture in general as it applies to us all: only I shall try to make a special adaptation of my theme, and treat it in such a way as to make it suggestive and helpful, if I may, to those who have these little ones in their special personal care.

In the first place, it seems to me that there is something which precedes direct teaching in the ordinary sense of that word, and which is more important than any direct teaching.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and even when he is old he will not depart from it." This principle bases

itself in the essentially eternal truth that we recognize in every department of human life,— that tendencies and habits become fixed, and that, if you can have the child in your care during the plastic period of its life, you may be pretty certain that you have determined its main character throughout its whole career.

What is this thing, then, that is more important than direct teaching? It is example. It is the atmosphere of the home. It is the air that the child breathes day after day, week after week, year after year. I wish to say one word to guard this matter of example. I think that many times the matter is treated in a way that is wholly unjustifiable. I do not think that grown people ought never to do things which are not proper or fit or right for a child. I sometimes hear this matter urged in such a way as to impress me with the idea that the person speaking supposes that a grown person should never do anything which he would not want his child to do. It seems to me on the face of it absurd. For example, take one of the commonest illustrations: I have never wished my children, while they were growing, to drink tea or coffee. Is that any reason why I should not drink them, or why I should conceal the fact from them that I do drink tea or coffee? I am not discussing the question whether it is well for any one to drink these articles. There are those who think that no one should take them. But, if I am doing that which is right for me as a man, then I am not setting my child or any one else an example of doing something that is not right for them, as children, to do. If I am doing right, I am setting a good example. It may not follow that the little child is to copy precisely the things which I am doing. Indeed, in a general sense, this is entirely wrong, or may be in a hundred different cases. What I mean is that, if I do that which I think is right, I am setting an example which, if the child follows, he as a child will do that which for a child is right, not that which may be right for him when he comes to be a man. I say this because I hear so much of what seems to me un-

wisdom talked in regard to the matter. Do not do anything which you think is right for you to do, but which you do not want your child to do, and then cover it up. The child finds it out, and thinks you are a hypocrite, though you may be doing that which is perfectly right for you. I remember that one of our humorists said some years ago, "If you want a child to walk in the way a child should go, the most important thing for you is to walk a part of the time in that way yourself." This matter of example, of home influence, of the atmosphere that the child breathes, is more important for the children than any direct teaching or precepts that you can utter. You know what a potent thing even for the lower forms of life is this invisible atmosphere which they breathe. You may, perhaps, try to cultivate a plant in your house for which you get the best soil that you can find; but it does not thrive. Why? Because the air of the room is not adapted to it. It stifles: it is not fed. If you attempt to bring a plant that will grow only in tropical climes to the North, it pines away and dies. You may even bring Southern soil for it; but the atmosphere on which it feeds, that which it breathes day by day, is not adapted to its life. So more than anything that you can say to your children, more than anything you can do for them in any other way, is the home atmosphere that you create around them and which they are accustomed to breathe.

Let me instance by an illustration or two what I mean. Suppose the atmosphere of the home is such that the impression exists, even though it be not a wealthy home, that money is the most important thing in the world. Suppose the child grows up with this feeling. It hears talk at the table and in the sitting-room which implies this. It notices the rivalry, the envy, the strife, the struggle to acquire wealth; and it gets the impression somehow that the object of life is to acquire money, and that the father and mother think more of that than they do of anything else. Do you not see how an atmosphere like that is utterly antagonistic to any true, refined religious life or culture of the child?

You may talk as much as you please in a perfunctory fashion; but the child breathes every moment anti-religion, if that be the atmosphere of the home.

Take another illustration. Suppose that the child grows up in an atmosphere of petty and bitter gossip; is accustomed to hear people's characters commented on, their virtues depreciated, their failings made the most of; accustomed to have the neighbors or people who call at the house dissected in their presence; the atmosphere full of fault-finding and criticism, or, perhaps, the father and mother allow themselves to speak in a way to each other that they ought not before their children. The noblest husbands and wives have differences of opinion. This is perfectly natural; and it may be perfectly right that they should discuss these differences and talk them over, and there is a way to do this that is wholesome and helpful, but there is a way which is bitter, which is poisonous, which is deadly. Above all things, let not these differences be talked over in the presence of the children. Children have ears years before you give them credit for understanding. Do not suppose that you are shooting over the heads of these little ones or that they pay no attention to what you say, that it "goes in at one ear, and comes out at the other." Nothing of the kind. Do not fool yourself with that sort of imagination. If you create that kind of atmosphere for the children to breathe, you are coloring, moulding, shaping their thoughts, their feelings, their aspirations, in an anti-religious way.

There are homes where there may be neither bickering nor fault-finding, but where there is a constant struggle for social recognition, where the matter of style, as to what is fitting in the best society, seems to be the most prominent thing; where perhaps clothes, to put it plainly and frankly, are thought of more importance than anything else. These people may be rich or they may be poor; but that makes no matter, so far as this is concerned. If that is the air that the child breathes, then the child is thinking of and aspiring after those things which in themselves are contemptible and

unworthy; and your precepts all go astray. Your direct talking to the child amounts to nothing. It is the drift, the tendency, the sweep of the home life that carries the child away in spite of your wise advice and admonitions.

What ought to be the atmosphere of the home that the little children are to breathe, in the midst of which they are to grow?

The first and most important things in religion are the things that should constitute it. You may not call them religion, you may not talk about God at all; but the essence, the soul, of the whole thing is here. The child should grow up in an atmosphere of reverence, of worship, of gratitude. What do I mean? I mean that the child from the earliest dawn of its intelligence should be taught to reverence all that is above it, to reverence all that is beneath it; for with our modern thought of God, of where he is, of how he manifests himself, he is in the mystery that is under our feet as well as in the majesty that is over our heads. He is in the humblest life about us, the people who occupy a lower station than we do, the lower forms of life with which the child comes in contact. There is a touch of this infinite mystery about all these things; and right here is the field for the development in the child of this sense of reverence for whatever has about it the touch of the infinite,— a reverence for its own body and its functions, a reverence for health, for cleanliness, for whatever touches the well-being of the body, a reverence for its mates, a regard for the rights of play-fellows and friends. The very beginning of religion is right here in these little things that constitute the daily acts of the child's work or study or play. Reverence is the root, the mainspring, of all that is best in us. Worship is substantially the same thing. It is to admire, to look up to that which is above us, that which is finer, more beautiful, better, lovelier, in any way. Learn to acknowledge these, and bend the soul before them. This is not humiliation. This is not teaching the child to stoop. It is by this kind of stooping that we rise. As I have had occasion to tell you more than

once, man is the only being who can worship; and this worship, this honor and admiration which we feel for something that is above us, something that is higher than we are, it is this which makes it possible for us to be progressive beings, which makes it possible for us to climb and ascend.

Find me an artist who sees no art that he thinks of as above and beyond him, and you will find him an artist who will never grow any more. Find me one who sees all that is fine, all that is fair in the work of all other men, and who is ready generously to recognize and praise all that is beautiful in others, and you find conditions of unlimited growth, of endless progress.

Teach the child the sense of gratitude, the courtesies of life. We are none of us half grateful enough. We do not teach our children to be half grateful enough. As I watch children growing up, see them at their work and play and studies, the impression they make upon me many times is the feeling that everything in the world belongs to them of right, and, if they do not get everything they desire, they are being wronged. Teach the children, and learn the lesson yourselves, that we deserve nothing, and that, when something is bestowed upon us, it should call out the response of grateful recognition. This is religious, even when it means simply a thank you to a playmate, because, as the child develops and grows, he will learn that the father or the playmate or the friend is only a mediator, is only a second-hand of the Being through whom all things have come. For, when you trace it to the end, "every good and perfect gift cometh down from the Father of lights." When you admire anything, then you are taking the first step on the stairway that leads you up to God. When you say, Thank you, for anything you have received, you are taking the first step that leads you to say, "I thank Thee, my Father." For every step up into the higher things of life is just a step Godward. These little courtesies mean much in the culture and development of that attitude of mind which leads up into the expression of the religious life.

Perhaps some of you have noticed a lecture recently given by Professor Morse on "Manners." I hope you have, and have read it. I note for example, and I note it very often, on the street-cars a little boy who, if he were at home, would be running wild and never content to sit still a moment, occupying a full seat by the side of his mother while some old lady or old gentleman is standing, with difficulty hanging on to a strap. The mother does not understand what courtesy means enough to see that here is a breach of the very first principles of good manners not only, but of those things that lie at the root of the truly religious life, the right relation to the fellow-man being the first step to the right relation to God. All these things, then, that constitute the atmosphere of the home are the first and most important steps in the religious culture of the child.

The next thing is the culture of the conscience. I do not mean, of course, that you are to get through with one of these methods of culture before you take up the other. I am obliged to treat them separately here for the sake of clearness of thought; but they go along together just so far and so fast as the child is capable of receiving the culture that you are trying to give.

What, then, in regard to the culture of the conscience? The first most important thing in all the world is that the child be impressed from the earliest moment when it is capable of receiving that impression that the one dominant, important thing in all this universe is *right;* that nothing else is of any importance as compared with it; that name or fame or position or wealth or power — none of these things — is worth a pin's weight as compared with right. Let the child learn that lesson which Wordsworth teaches in his great Ode to "Duty," that it is by a recognition of the law of right that the stars hold their places and the vast heavens are glorious and strong. It is right obedience to the laws of God which constitutes the order of all the heavenly bodies that swing in the blue over our heads. It is right that keeps the earth solid and firm beneath our feet. It is because the universe

is obedient ever to the laws of God that it stands and is firm and is strong. And, when it comes to human nature and human relationships and human life, whatever there is of happiness in this world, whatever there is of goodness, of beauty, of truth,—these are only another name for what is right, for what is obedience to the eternal laws of the Almighty. And whatever of pain there is, whatever of disease, whatever of suffering, whatever of crime, whatever of vice, whatever blanches the faces of the world, whatever wets human cheeks with tears, whatever wrings the heart with its aches, whatever is evil, whatever the good of all the world have been striving against and trying to put under feet in all ages, is simply that which is not right. Let the child, then, see the right, and learn that it is the thing which you regard as of greatest importance in the world.

Then what about the conscience as related to right? I need to guard this a little. Teach your children that they must obey the voice of their conscience always, that they must do what they think is right always. Yet there is a paradox here, an apparent contradiction, which is not a real one. Guard your children against the stupendous mistake of supposing that their consciences are infallible. You must obey your consciences; but at the same time you must never for a moment suppose that your consciences do not need to be educated and taught and trained. You have only to look over the history of the world to find out that consciences are not infallible. Torquemada followed his conscience in persecuting and burning heretics. I have no sort of question that John Calvin was as conscientious as any man who ever lived when he burned Servetus. Some of the greatest tragedies of the world have sprung out of the clash of consciences. I have no doubt that thousands of people who fell on the Southern side during the war were as conscientious as our boys in blue. The Catholic follows his conscience, the Protestant follows his conscience, the Jew follows his, the Turk his; and in each case

he ought to. In other words, so long as you think a certain thing is right, you violate your own moral nature, if you disregard it. You break down the safeguards of your own character. Keep your mind open always, and learn to study and find out whether your conscience is telling you accurately or not. *Conscience does not tell you what is right: conscience simply tells you to do what you think is right.* You find out what right is as the result of study and careful observation of human experience. You find out what in the long run results in good, in the welfare and happiness of the world. You find out what is right and wrong by experience, just as you find out what is good to eat and what is poison by experience.

Meantime do not let your children grow up with the thought that their consciences are judgment-seats before which they have a right to drag their playmates to judgment. Teach your children charity. I may believe that I am right; but I have no business to be uncharitable towards every person who disagrees with me. I may fight what I believe to be wrong; but I must fight for the sake of the people who differ from me as well as for those who agree with me. Never fight people. Fight principles, fight the things that hurt and injure people. So teach your child to listen to the voice of conscience, and to regard right as the supreme and most important thing in all the world; but at the same time teach your child charity towards other children, that there are different religious systems and ways, and to think charitably about it. Then, as they grow older, they will be able to find out and understand what is really right. They will learn facts in the light of human experience. They will acquire convictions as to what is right, and how they can best help the world.

And, now, the third point. I think our liberal Unitarian parents are many times culpably careless with reference to the religious teaching of their children. I wonder sometimes what they can be thinking of. If it happens to be the most convenient thing for them to do, they let their children

go to Sunday-school or meeting of this kind or that, where they are learning all sorts of things that the parents do not themselves believe. I say this seems to me a serious wrong, — a wrong to your child. I am confronted almost every week with cases of people struggling to free themselves from the old hideous, horrible ideas which are as chains that gall and chafe,— chains that eat like canker into both brain and heart. I meet people who are trying to escape from these things. Yet you let your children go and drink in those very ideas which you indignantly repudiate on your own behalf. How do you *dare* do it? You would think it was most unpardonable folly to send your children to a day school where they would get opinions that you knew were not true about things in geography, in arithmetic, in science. You would think it not merely a waste of time, but a good deal worse. But here is a matter that is more important than geography or arithmetic; yet you let your children learn things concerning this other matter which you know are not true. I would rather a child of mine should not go to Sunday-school so long as his life on earth should last than to go to a Sunday-school where he is going to be taught things which, I believe, are a dishonor to God and an injury to man.

In the first place, then, teach your children what you believe to be true, nothing else. As I have said to you before, do not do your child the indignity of foisting upon it as religious truth the things which you unhesitatingly reject yourself. Teach your children truth. I know that the mind of a little child cannot take in the whole scheme of the universe and of human history or the theologies of the world. I would not try to teach my child very much about God. It is impossible in the nature of things that they should have any conception that they must not outgrow and leave behind. I would, however, let the child know that there is some Father, some love, some care, some great power, although invisible, which is the ultimate source and giver of all good. I would let my little child get in the habit of 'ayer,— not that kind of praying that simply begs, that ex-

pects to get just what he asks for, but prayer that is an expression of the recognition of the fact that we have received a thousand times more than we deserve. I would teach a child all that a child can comprehend.

About the Bible, what have you to teach your children? As fast as the child is able to understand, teach it what you believe to be true yourself. If you do not believe certain things to be true, then do not profess to believe them. Teach your children what you believe.

About Jesus, what? Teach them just what you believe yourself about Jesus.

About Sunday, what? Teach them just what you believe yourself about Sunday.

About all these great religious questions do not delude yourself into the idea that you can bring your children up untaught, unshaped, unmoulded, if you let them just think for themselves. I hear fathers and mothers over and over again say that they are bringing up their children without any bias. That is the strongest delusion under heaven. If you do not bias your children in the direction of what you think is true, they are being biassed by the first nurse which they meet around the corner; they are being biassed by their playmates, with the children that they meet on the sidewalk, by their schoolmates. You cannot bring a child up in an exhausted receiver. This child with its impressionable and plastic mind is coming in contact with forces that make an impression on it every hour, every day, every week. You cannot help it. You must choose as to whether you will shape the child into what you believe to be true and good and beautiful or leave him to be shaped by chance.

What would you think of a sculptor who should place a block of marble at his door and invite any one who came along to take up a mallet and chisel and have a blow at it? What would you expect the result to be? You might as well expect to have an Apollo or a Venus of Milo as to get the right culture of your children in that way. The wisest

thing you can do is to give your child your own best and highest impressions regarding these things. You only want to guard against one thing, that they shall believe that you are the source of infallible wisdom. No matter how humiliating it may be to confess to your children that you are not, it ought to be one of the earliest things you do. I would have my children know that I have given years of patient, careful study in trying to find what is true and beautiful and right, and that I am giving them the best results of all these years of study and experience. But I would teach them at the same time that the world is in the process of growth and development, and that there are to be wiser people than I am, stronger, grander, truer, nobler people, and that they are to keep their minds and hearts and consciences open for sweeter and newer truth, higher and nobler ideas. Teach them, then, the best you know, and in such a way that they will be ready to accept the better the moment they see it.

Now, at the last, one thing. A child needs religious culture for its own sake and also for the sake of the world, for the sake of the service it can render to others. And now, right here at the close, I wish to say a word concerning the relation of the children to the church. A part of this matter of leaving children free, as the fathers and mothers suppose, has been leaving them free in the matter of attending church. I do not wonder that a great many fathers feel as they do. I am told by this one and that that they were compelled to go to church two or three times on a Sunday,—to church, to prayer-meeting, to Sunday-school,—until they were tired, and they do not propose to put their children through that process. But the church is of value in the world or it is not. It is of importance or it is not. It is either the most important organization on the face of the earth or else it is not worth having, one of the two. The church stands for the creation of character, for the culture of the highest and finest things in human life, and, therefore, is the most important thing that there is in the world.

If it is not that, then it is not worth spending any time or money or care upon. Now, if it is this important thing which I believe it is, then you should teach your children that it is important. You should teach them that it is important to stand for the religious life of the world, for the world's sake. Teach them not to go to church from a sense of duty merely, not to go because they happen to be interested in the minister, not to go if they happen to feel like it, but to go to connect themselves with some great religious movement, as you would teach them patriotism, as you would teach them the love of man, as you would teach them the service of their fellows, as you would teach them to care for truth, righteousness, or any other high or fair things. Teach your children, then, that they should go to church not for amusement, not to be entertained, but that they may link themselves with this great movement for the lifting and purifying and helping of mankind. Thousands of children are allowed to stay away. Father and mother let them and think it does not make any difference whether they go or not, until, by and by, they think they have outgrown the church, when they have merely not grown up to it yet. And the church, the free, liberal, rational church, which is in the vanguard of the nineteenth century, suffers because the fathers and mothers do not comprehend the meaning and the importance of that for which it stands.

Our Father, let us give ourselves anew this morning to Thee in the service of the truth, of righteousness, of love, for the sake of our devotion to Thee, and for the sake of the world. Amen.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price, Paper,	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book l ke this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

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PRISON REFORM

BY

SAMUEL J. BARROWS

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PRISON REFORM.*

YOUR pastor not only asked me to supply the pulpit to-day, but suggested the topic on which I should speak,— Prison Reform.

At first sight this seems a subject which has very little relation to your personal life and interest. You have never been in prison, and none of your friends are there. Even if you wanted to visit a prison in obedience to the gospel injunction, you would find it rather hard to do so, under the wise methods of modern discipline. So it may seem that this question has very little relation to your personal life. But there is another side which may immediately appeal to personal interest. You do not go to bed at night without locking your door, fastening your window, perhaps hiding the silver. You feel that, although there are a great many men in prison that are barred in, it is also necessary to bar out from your home those that are not in prison. You have a whole regiment of blue-coated men on the streets to help protect your life and property. You are taxed to support judges and court-houses and the administration of the agencies for punishing crime. All this appeals to you, because they are measures for the protection of society; and this is an aim which must never be lost sight of. Society, of which you are a part, must be protected against the criminal.

Yet this is only one side of the question. You will find, when you come to examine it, that there is another side which is just as important to consider; and that is the personal welfare of the man or woman whom you have for a time excluded from society. There are forty-five thousand men and women — only a small percentage of them women — in the penitentiaries of the United States. I do not speak of

* Phonographically reported.

the vast armies that we send to our institutions for misdemeanants,— to Deer Island, to Blackwell's Island, and other such places. I speak simply of those who are supposed to belong to the criminal class, the class of felons, who are sent to the penitentiaries. There are forty-five thousand of them in the United States; and in five years from now those forty-five thousand, a number nearly twice as large as the United States army, will be loose again, and it may be necessary, perhaps, for you to bar your doors against them. It is very important, therefore, to consider what you are going to do with them when you have them five years under your control,— whether they are coming out armed against society and thirsting for revenge, or whether they are coming out to amalgamate with society, to be adjusted to its laws, and to live peaceable, honest, and righteous lives. So these two questions, the question of the protection of society and of the reformation of the prisoner, go hand in hand. These are the two cardinal principles of modern prison reform, and each of them is related to the other. Society must be protected, but it is best protected through the reformation of its criminals.

There is a question which at once comes to you; and that is, Why are those forty-five thousand people in prison? When you come to study this question, as every modern penologist must, you find it radiating in three different directions. You find yourself asking, What are you going to do to prevent people from getting into prison? What are you going to do with them when they are there? And thirdly, What are you going to do with them when they come out?

I. This first question, how to keep men and women out of prison, involves the whole matter of the prevention of crime. Some twenty or thirty years ago there was established in Baltimore a society for prison reform; and, after working awhile in their prisons, they found that there was no society existing in Maryland for the care of that class of children who, if not led, educated, and directed, and surrounded with new environment, drift into crime. They had begun at the

wrong end. So the next thing to do was to organize a society for the protection of children. It is here, in this preventive work, that we find the first check that we can put upon the production of crime. Think of the work of the Children's Aid Society in New York, or of that of our own Children's Aid Society here in Boston! Thousands and thousands have been taken from the streets and the slums, and sent out to the great, wide West, or established in homes in the East, and so rescued from a life of crime. If these societies had not done this work, probably three-fourths, possibly seven-eighths, of those children would have drifted into the reformatories or penitentiaries. A few years ago an investigation was undertaken in the West, to see what was the result of that work. It was found that more than five-sixths of those children who had been sent out there were leading honest and industrious lives. I do not say that they were saints, after the ecclesiastical pattern. Perhaps that would not be desirable. But they were living good, honest lives. So here, in this preventive work, we find our first check upon crime. We know the great influences of heredity, but we know also what an immense difference environment makes. Think of the children born in the slums, and surrounded by all these influences which stimulate to a life of vice, and with no such moral standards as you have, and as you give to your children! Would you not dread to place your children under similar influences? So it is that a vast deal of crime is simply the result of a poor environment. When you ask who is responsible for that, I think myself that we cannot avoid the answer that society is very largely responsible for it.

Now, the old method of trying to prevent crime was the method of establishing very strong and even cruel deterrent laws. It was supposed that by writing these deterrent laws upon the statute book men could be frightened from the commission of crime. In England you look back for a century, and you find that a person who stole four shillings' worth was liable to capital punishment; and afterwards the

amount was raised to a pound, and within the fifty years value of a human life was simply five pounds. What was the result? Why, those very deterrent laws brought about an increase in crime. Public sentiment refused finally to execute them: it grew out of them; and the result was that for years in England, though a man might steal five hundred or a thousand pounds' worth, you could not get a conviction from a jury of more than four pounds and nineteen shillings, for they would not expose any man to the liability of the sentence of capital punishment by bringing in a verdict of guilty. Thus these very deterrent laws helped to increase crime, just as in our own country the existence of the penalty of capital punishment is not a check upon the commission of crime, and juries let off the culprit because they do not wish to bring in a verdict of guilty, and sacrifice the life of a man.

Now we have passed out of that deterrent stage. In England, in the last thirty years, there has been a great decrease in crime. How has it been brought about? Not by establishing more severe laws, not by trying merely to frighten the convict, but rather by processes of education, especially by introducing manual education. A large number who were sent to prison, the thieves and the pilferers and others, had never been taught to earn an honest living with their hands. They were taught afterwards in prison, and then the question came, Why not teach them first outside? So, when you look over the records of the English Prison Commissioners, you find that the decrease of crime in England, which is very remarkable, is largely owing to a better administration of prisons, but also to the diffusion of education, especially of manual education, so that men shall be able to earn an honest living a little easier than they can earn a dishonest living.

There is another method of preventing men and women from getting into prison; and that is by establishing probation laws, which shall take them, when they are on the very verge of crime, and surround them with influences which

may protect and rescue them. We have in Massachusetts an excellent system of probation. We have in our courts a man, and also a woman, whose business it is to examine every case that is brought into the prisons; and if a case is found in which it is thought that the intervention of a loving hand or word, the overshadowing counsel of a friend, can save that person from a life of crime, why, then it is recommended to the judge, and it is so recorded, and the person is let off on probation. When the Massachusetts Prison Association was formed, that method was in effect in Boston; but we said, "Why not have it throughout the State?" and one of the first things to be done was to secure the passage of a law by which this system should be compulsory throughout the State, so that every county should have its probation law. I stood once in the State Prison of Ohio, before the cell of a noted highwayman, who was to be executed for murder in a few days; and, as I talked with that man, he said to me: "I think that if, when I had committed my first crime and was brought into court, I had had some one who could have taken charge of me, and given me another chance, I should not have lived a life of crime. I was sent to jail. I was placed among criminals. When I came out, I was branded and stigmatized; and henceforth I lived a life of crime." It seems to me that nothing more important has been done by this association than the securing of probation laws throughout the State, so that, on the very verge of his crime, a criminal may be rescued.

II. Then there is the next question, "What shall we do with these forty-five thousand men and women, when we get them into prison?" Well, the old view was that men and women were sent to prison simply to be punished. It was the *lex talionis*. You have committed a crime. There is a certain scale of punishment to be attached to it. You must go to prison, and suffer your punishment. Some judge has said it must be one year, or two years, or five years. So the person went; and, when he came out, he felt that he had paid his debt to society. He lived out his year, or two

years, or five: he was not any better when he came out than when he went in; but he had paid his debt, he had received his share of punishment. That was the old view,— I say an old view; and yet we find Jesus, away back two thousand years ago, saying that there is a higher law of ethics than the law of retaliation, and showing that redemption means something more than punishment.

A hundred years ago there was a sheriff in England, a man of means, who tried to do what he could in his community for the welfare of people around him. When he was elected sheriff, he thought that, instead of farming out the office, he would fulfil its duties himself. So he went around to look into the prisons over which he had been made the official head. There he found a state of affairs of which people hardly dreamed. Away below the ground were fearful, dark, ill-ventilated, and loathsome cells, in which men were languishing away their lives. They were kept there sometimes years after their sentences had expired, simply because they had incurred certain fees to the jailers who had charge of them. He thought, "Perhaps this state of affairs exists only in my county," and so he went to the next county, finding the same thing there, and to the next, and the next. Then he thought he would cross the Channel; and he went to France and Germany and Italy and Russia. And so all over Europe John Howard went, and found the prisoners in this terrible state of ignorance and destitution and deprivation. Society had put them out of its pale, and would have nothing more to do with them while they were there. As the result of Howard's mission,— showing how much a single man can accomplish for humanity,— there has been a general raising of the physical and moral tone of all European prisons. A year ago I followed in his track. I visited the prisons of England, of France, of Germany, of Italy, and of Greece. But the old prisons that he saw are mostly gone. You cannot find them in England. You can go into Venice, and there, under the Ducal Palace, you can find the dark dungeons in which some of those political

prisoners died or were put violently to death. But, when you cross the Grand Canal in your gondola, you see a prison on the other side beautifully lighted, and administered with charity and love, as well as wise and efficient discipline, representing the spirit of the nineteenth century; and in Rome you find one of the finest prisons in the world.

Fifty years before John Howard started on his mission, Clement XI., a Roman pope, built a prison in Rome, and he put over the top of it, in Latin, these words: "It is of little use to restrain the wicked by punishment unless you reform them by education." This Roman pope, one hundred and fifty years ago or more, had seized the idea of the reformation of the prisoner. And now, as the result of this thought and agitation, penologists in Europe and this country have generally accepted these two principles of the protection of society and the reformation of the prisoner; and the only question is, How shall this be effected?

There are several prison systems in vogue. You go to Philadelphia, and you find there what is known as the Eastern Penitentiary. It is a penitentiary which was described, and somewhat severely and unjustly criticised, by Charles Dickens. It is built on what is known as the solitary system. Here, radiating from a central hub, as it were, are nine different blocks or alleys of cells, like spokes radiating from the hub of a wheel. In these cells the prisoners are placed, and there they live on the supposition of one prisoner to a cell. They are allowed to have no communication with each other. If it is necessary to take a prisoner from one cell to another, he is masked before he is removed. Whatever work they do must be done in those cells. The cells are large and well furnished. A little yard is attached to them, surrounded by a wall within the prison wall, in which they may have exercise. The supposition there is that everything must be done to effect the welfare of the individual prisoner, and that he must be kept from contaminating associations.

Another system is the congregate system, such as is prac-

tised at the great prisons at Sing-Sing and Auburn, where men are brought together in great workshops, and where the special aim has too often been to get them to do a certain amount of work every day, that the prison might be self-supporting. Then there is the other system, the Southern lease system, the convict chain-gang, which you may have seen, as I have seen it, in the South. I have gone down two hundred and fifty feet into an Alabama coal mine, and found the prisoners working there together, boys of ten years thrown in with men of forty and fifty, with no attempt at classification or reformation. These convicts have been hired out under a system with such a frightful mortality that nearly twice as many deaths have been incurred under this system as were incurred when the State had charge of them. It is a system marked by frightful abuse.

Then we have another system, illustrated by our own Concord Reformatory. Last night I spoke to a thousand young men in that institution at Concord; and I could see in those upturned faces elements of good, it seemed to me, as well as of evil,— possibilities of life and character which I know, under that system, have been sometimes beautifully realized. The parent, the model of that system, known all over the world, is the Elmira Reformatory in New York. When a person is sent to that institution, a record is taken of his past life, and he is assigned to the middle of three classes. He is furnished with a set of rules for his observance, and he is told on what conditions he may mount or on what conditions he can fall. He has a certain amount of work to do every day, a certain standard of deportment to maintain, and a certain amount of progress to make in the prison school; and so he can go up or he can go down. Usually, at first, under the severe stress of this discipline, he goes down. He has not been used to any such pressure upon his life, upon his intellect, upon his moral nature, or even upon his physical constitution; and he drops. But by and by, under the renovating moral, under the stimulating intellectual and physical influences about him, he begins to rise. He does

his stint every day, he gets his work in school, he observes the rules; and so he comes up gradually till he gets into the second grade. And then he works up again and again, until he comes up in the first,—until by and by he is a candidate for dismissal on parole. Yet all this comes about only by the strongest and most severe discipline, by a moral surgery as benevolent as it is strict. If you wish to carry out the old law of punishment, and want to have it made pretty hard for the prisoner, you will find that this system, by which he is redeemed and reformed, is the hardest system, after all. I have known of men who said that they would rather a hundred times go to such an institution as Sing-Sing or Auburn than to be sent to Elmira, and subjected to that discipline. But the difference between that discipline and the simply punitive discipline is that one is made to hurt or crush, and the other is made to help, to redeem. They have introduced at Elmira a system of the most thorough physical training; they have introduced military drill; they have all the requirements, so far as the minutiæ of military life are concerned, that are established at West Point. These prisoners are put through it; and, as the result of it, they grow stronger intellectually and morally and physically.

There is an element that cannot be redeemed. There is an incorrigible class. That class may be distinguished in the long run from the rest, and with them there is nothing for us to do but to keep them where society shall not suffer from their ravages. How insane is the old idea, not yet abandoned in practice, of sending men to prison for three or four years, and then having them come out again, and work the same ravages upon society as before! Now we feel that, if a person proves himself to belong to the incorrigible class, and beyond all redemption by means now known to us, the thing to do is not to release him, but to keep him, kindly, yet firmly, under restraint, where society shall not be the victim of his misfortune. We have in our State Prison a man who, fifteen years or more ago, committed a frightful crime. He is detained in that prison as a

moral idiot: it would be wickedness itself for any governor to pardon such a man, and release him again so that he could work the same wrong upon society. Thus we distinguish eventually, and when the distinction is inevitable, between those that can be cured and those that cannot be cured.

When you come to look at the facts, there is a hopeful side to it. Take those forty-five thousand men and women in the United States in prison, and they are nearly all under thirty years of age. The average age of those thousand young men whom I addressed last night was only twenty-one. The average age in your Charlestown Prison is only twenty-two or twenty-three. Most of them have committed crimes of accident or passion: they have not entered into crime as a business. When one deliberately enters crime as a business, then we must teach him that that business does not pay. We must have, as we have in Massachusetts, a cumulative penalty, in which, after a third or fourth offence, one may be sent to prison for twenty-five years.

Now look at the result of this system at Elmira and Concord. Perhaps the best way is to give you two or three illustrations, some of which have come under my own personal knowledge. Some time ago Mr. Brockway thought he would try an experiment, and give fifty men out of the lowest grade in his institution a little art education. So he gave them each a board with a piece of paper on it, and a ruler, and a pencil, and they were asked to rule off a square of five inches. It seems to you a very simple thing to do, but there were not twenty-five men in the fifty who could do it. The teacher showed them how. By and by the teacher was found outside the walls, picking leaves and flowers to be woven into designs that they were making. There was one man who did this a little better than the rest, and the teacher spoke encouragingly to him. The result was marvellous. Perhaps never before in his life had that man heard an encouraging word for anything that he had done. The teacher said a flush came to his cheek and even a tear to his eye.

He went on, and did his work. He became an excellent designer, went forth from that institution, and, when I saw him, he was the foreman in a moulding establishment, well settled and established in life.

I met some days ago, on the streets of one of our large cities, a young man who told me that he had been urged to testify against Mr. Brockway, the admirable head of the Elmira Reformatory, who has been undergoing a journalistic persecution on account of his management of that institution. This young man said to me that a good many temptations had been brought to bear upon him to make him testify, but he had declined, because he believed in Mr. Brockway and the large results of his work. When you learn his history, perhaps you will not wonder. That young man, now connected with one of the largest journals in a great city, in early life fell in with a band of burglars, and became what is known in burglars' language as a "burglars' kid." By and by he was arrested, at the age of seventeen or eighteen, and sent to Elmira. He was a hard one to manage. He was punished for some violation of the rules; and then it was that, going to his cell, he debated within himself whether he should commit suicide or whether he would go to work and educate himself and become an expert criminal. He decided that he would take this form of revenge, and he began to study very hard. He became interested in English literature, and read the great authors for their intellectual interest. But very soon he found that there were moral elements entering into these great literary works,—that he could not read the plays of Shakspere, for instance, without feeling the moral throb that is in them. After studying a few years, so that he became prepared to enter any college in this country, he found that his idle and foolish ambition was gone; and he became a changed man. He went forth from that institution to New York, and became a successful journalist. If there were time or if it were necessary, I could give you case after case — not the cases that are reported in the books, but those which have come under my own personal

knowledge — of men who have been redeemed in that institution. Mr. Brockway conducted an investigation to see what had become of men who had left there during the last ten years, and he can account for nearly eighty per cent. of them who are established in society and living honest lives. That may be high; but, even if you say fifty per cent., is it not worth doing? Is it not less expensive, at least, to society? Think how we have treated our misdemeanants. We have sent them down to Deer Island, and after a few days they have got drunk again, and we have sent them down again, until one man was sent down there one hundred and thirty-nine times. I found in England that it was capped by a case of a man who had been sent nearly two hundred times. Is that wise, is it economical? If we are to have a system, let it be a system which redeems and reforms. Our State hospital at Foxboro for inebriates was established to help correct such evils.

There is one reason why I like the Elmira system, and like also the system at Concord; and that is because there is a certain ethical public sentiment developed there, which helps to establish a prisoner when he goes out. In the solitary system there is no such chance; but at Concord they have their societies, which meet every Wednesday and Saturday, where they have a regular programme of literary and moral exercises, and the inmates take part, and there is a certain stimulus of mutual aid and encouragement developed. I found, in going up there awhile ago, that I was on the train with two young men who were going back to attend one of those meetings, to tell their friends how well they had got along outside, and to encourage them to do the best they could for their own sakes and for the sake of the world. Once, when I was at Elmira, there was an example of the ethical sentiment which may be developed in prison, under such methods as Mr. Brockway has so happily introduced there. They have an ethical class of three hundred young men; and such deep ethical problems as Mr. Savage very often discusses on this platform, such problems of psy-

chology as Herbert Spencer discusses in his volumes, are brought before this class. I think, if you went to Harvard College, you would find it hard to find three hundred young men of more acuteness and penetration than you find there; and it would be hard, too, to find a generally higher level of moral sentiment than is developed there. One instance will show you, which happened just before my last visit.

A young man, going out from that institution, went to New York, and secured a position with his former employer, who had a news-stand. The employer knew where he had been; but he took him back, and was very kind to him and helped him along. Very soon the young man got on so well that he thought he would start in business for himself. So he set up a news-stand on the other side of the street, and began to draw away the customers from his former employer. They heard of it at the reformatory; and the editor of their little paper, the *Summary*, made a note of it, as showing what Elmira could do in the way of educating a young man for business,— that No. 2666 could go out, and be able to establish himself and secure the customers of his former employer. The next week the matter was brought up in the ethical class, and made a subject of general discussion. A great deal of warmth was shown in the course of the discussion; but, when it came to a vote, the overwhelming verdict, as well as the overwhelming argument and testimony, was against the young man. This, it seems to me, represented an ethical judgment which, in this age of competition, is just about as high, or perhaps a little bit higher, than that which exists outside.

III. What shall we do with the prisoner when he comes out? Well, if he is educated to take care of himself, if he knows how to earn an honest living, there will be very little that you need to do for him, except to try to give him a chance. I have had men come to me and ask for work, and I have said, "What can you do?" "I can't do anything." "Where have you been?" "I have been in prison for a couple of years." "Haven't you learned anything?" "Oh,

I have learned to run a sewing-machine; but I can't get anything of that kind outside."

A system which shuts men up three or four years, and then sends them out no better fitted to earn an honest living in society than before, is a system which bears its own condemnation. But when a man comes out, as a man came to me awhile ago, and said, "I have learned to set type,"— when a man has learned one of the thirty-two trades which are taught in the Elmira Reformatory, or one of the many trades which are taught at Concord,— why, then it is not so difficult a task. Then it depends somewhat upon the kindness of the employer or of the men who work with him. I got a letter from a man the other day, who said, "I had a good place, and was supporting my family; but word got around in the shop that I had been a prison-bird, and I was discharged."

What shall we say of that spirit which never wishes to give a man a chance after he has once been down, which never holds out to him a helping hand, but is always ready to crush him? I thought better of an employer who, under similar circumstances, called his men together, and said, "What have you against this man?" "Oh, he's a prison-bird." "Isn't he behaving himself? Isn't he doing his work well, and living honestly?" "Yes." "Well," said the employer, "if you want to leave, all of you, you can leave; but this man is going to stay." And he did stay. When you find an employer who has grit like that, then it is not difficult to reinstate a man in society. When men are properly educated in prison, you do not need to have "homes" for the prisoner when he comes out, to shut him up by himself. All that you do need is to distribute them, and find them opportunities.

One thing is necessary to go along with this system; and that is the indeterminate sentence, and also what is known as the parole law. Under the indeterminate sentence, you send a man to prison, not for a definite term of years, but until he shall be fit to come out. When a person is insane,

you do not send him to an asylum for a term of years, but until he shall get well. In a proper system of prison management you send a man to prison until he shall be well enough morally to come out. Under our present method of apportioning penalties, what an amount of injustice there is! I went once to the Eastern Penitentiary, and looked over the record book. I saw that almost all the men who had been sent to prison for the month previous were sent for a year. I turned over the leaf, and saw that the men who were sent in the previous month had been sent for three years. I asked what it meant; for in my simplicity I did not know. But the clerk told me that, in the first case, Judge Brown was on the bench, and he was a rather lenient judge, and he gave men about a year; for the other month Judge Jones was on the bench, and he was a little more severe, and he gave men about three years. And so you will find that an acute lawyer, having a criminal in his charge, will wait, if possible, to have him come before Judge Brown instead of before Judge Jones.

See how it works again. In New York a boy stole a few pennies after dark. It was highway robbery, and he was sent up for five years. But a man who terribly mutilated his wife with a pair of scissors in his drunken rage was sent to Blackwell's Island for about three months. And so goes on this terrible confusion and contradiction of penalties. What we want is the system of indeterminate sentences, deciding on the guilt of a person, and sending him to prison until he shall be fit to come out.

Then, when he comes out, give him a helping hand. But let him not come with a full release. Let him be discharged under parole, so that he shall be still under the surveillance of the prison authorities, and within a year's time be returned, if necessary. Let him try himself outside to see whether he can walk with a firm step; and then, when he is finally on firm ground, let his full release come.

These are some of the principles which are embraced in modern prison reform, and these are some of the things

which the Massachusetts Prison Association has tried to bring about. It found, when it started, that there was this need for an extension of probation; and so it secured it. It found that men and women were sent in the same prison-vans, and it secured means by which they could go separately. It found — here in Massachusetts within two years — that witnesses, when they were taken to court, were often handcuffed together with the prisoners; and it got a law to stop that. It found that witnesses were sent to jail, and treated sometimes much worse than the prisoners. Thus prisoners might be out on bail, and the witnesses shut up. It found that witnesses were kept months in imprisonment, and received no pay for their time. It found that fifty thousand arrests for drunkenness were made in a year in Massachusetts, and that twenty-five or thirty thousand men were dragged into prison who did not need to be there. That law was repealed, and a new one substituted, which has worked more satisfactorily. In many other directions its operation has been effective in educating public sentiment and helping the prisoner. One proposition which is now before the legislature is a method adopted in Philadelphia, in New York, and in many prisons in Europe,—of giving to the prisoner a small gratuity from his work, so that he may have something when he goes out to begin life again. They have told me in Philadelphia that it was very satisfactory to have a wife come around and find that her husband had earned five dollars in prison which she could have to pay the rent. For, in the great majority of cases, the pain falls most on the family, and not much on the prisoner.

These are some of the reforms which this association has tried to introduce, and with it is all the work of helping discharged prisoners to be re-established in life again.

We Unitarians are sometimes accused of not believing in the gospel of redemption. But I ask myself, What people should believe in it more? We believe in evolution,—at least, this congregation does, or should. We believe that we have come out of this long, low past, out of animalism, step

by step, up into a higher life. But many of our fellow-creatures are still low down, and need a helping hand. This gospel of redemption is part of our heritage, the gospel which extends the hand to the man that needs to rise. And, when we set up before us the man whom we wish above all others to honor as our ideal man, it is this Man who spoke those beautiful stories,— the story of the shepherd seeking the lost sheep, the touching story of the prodigal son, the good Samaritan, the story of the woman convicted in sin whose accusers disappeared as the Master wrote on the sand. It is the man who, when he was on the cross, showed his divine humanity by the bounty of his forgiveness, and who, as he passed out of this life into the next, promised to help the dying, penitent man at his side.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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BOSTON

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

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THE WARFARE OF PEACE

BOSTON
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
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THE WARFARE OF PEACE.*

My subject I announce as "The Warfare of Peace." I take as my text the words from the First Epistle to Timothy, vi. 12: "Fight the good fight of faith."

It is not a question with us, I take it, as to whether our life shall be a warfare. To be alive means that we are engaged in some sort of struggle, reaching forth to some sort of attainment. If we are engaged in selfish effort, seeking purely personal ends, even then it is a fight of faith; for men fight only for those things in which they believe, and which they trust they can attain. But, if it be this selfish struggle for personal ends, though it be a fight of faith, it is not a good fight of faith. That means that we shall strive after unselfish ends,— those ends which include the general welfare of man.

More than thirty years ago you, who are now here, were engaged in a good fight of faith. You were fighting for country, for liberty, for the welfare of humanity. It was a fight of faith, because you believed in the country, you believed in humanity, you believed in the principles of liberty and righteousness which you thought of as underlying our present social and political order. It was a good fight, because you were on the side of humanity, of liberty, of peace, of universal order and universal advance. But, when the last flag of your enemies disappeared from the sea, and when General Lee gave up his sword at Appomattox, the battle was not over. One phase of the struggle for liberty, for truth, for righteousness, for humanity, was indeed ended. But this is a warfare that lasts for life; and peace has her struggles, her failures, her victories no less important than

* A sermon given before the "Kearsarge" Naval Veterans.

those that are connected with the use of arms. There are battles still in which you and I must be engaged on one side or the other,—battles which concern the honesty and welfare, the prosperity,—yea, the very existence,—of our country that we love. You must be engaged in them, I say. For, even though you be indifferent and listless, and suppose yourself out of the ranks of either side, that inertia, that lack of interest, that failure to devote yourself, is a power constantly exerted in behalf of the enemy; and every true man and every true woman must be positively enlisted on behalf of those principles which concern the welfare and progress of man.

I am to preach this morning what some people might regard as a political sermon. It is not political. I shall preach no partisanship. I shall say nothing in favor of one party or another, one set of candidates or another. I propose, however, to discuss with some freedom what I regard as the condition, the dangers, and the needs of our country at the present time, as an indication of the direction in which the duties of every intelligent and every earnest patriot lies. If there be any one here, man or woman, who is not interested in a theme like this, then that is only one more reason why I should preach the sermon; for that lack of interest is itself an element of the danger which confronts us, and that threatens our peace, our prosperity, and our progress.

I wish you to note, in the first place, that an orderly, peaceful, just, and progressive government is beyond all possibility of comparison the most important institution on the face of the earth. Nothing educational, nothing humanitarian, nothing in charitable work, nothing that deals with the principle of ethics, nothing religious, can compare for one moment in prime importance with the existence of an orderly, equitable, peaceful, and progressive government. Why? Because the existence of such a government is the very condition of the life and growth of all these other things. Just, for example, as I would say that the existence

and purity of the atmosphere is the most important thing in all the world to everything that breathes, because it is the prime condition of everything else, so, I say, the existence of the government which I have been describing is the most important thing in the world, because it is the condition of business prosperity, the condition of physical and family life, the condition of prosperous social order, the condition of education and art, of industrial peace and prosperity,— because it is the condition of all those things that make up the varied and complicated interests of human lives.

In the next place, while the existence of this kind of government is the most important of all things for us so long as we are inhabitants of this earth, the creation of such a government is the most difficult problem ever presented to man. Have you ever stopped carefully to consider that? The creation of an orderly, just, peaceful, and progressive government, I say, is the most difficult achievement ever presented to man. For consider that this human race of ours has been here on this planet something like two or three hundred thousand years, and in all that time humanity has never yet succeeded in creating the kind of government I have just described. There does not exist to-day on the face of the earth a government concerning which the intelligent student feels at all sure that it has in it the elements of perpetuity, of continued health, growth, and power. If there be one, it is this one here of ours in our beloved America; and the only reason why we are at all hopeful that we may have solved the problem is that the deepest and most careful thinkers of the world pronounce this federal representative system of ours, that allows freedom to the town, to the city and the State, and yet bands all these free States in one grand federation, a system which seems to have about it the elements of elasticity, of power, of adaptation and continuous growth, which are necessary to any government that is to last.

Mr. John Fiske, in the opening chapter of his book, "The Beginnings of New England," speaks of three types of gov-

ernment, one the Oriental, which was created by the conquest of other peoples who were held in slavery; that is, conquest without incorporation. The people that were conquered did not become a part of the people who conquered them. The next great system, he says, is the Roman system,— conquest with incorporation, but without representation; that is, the people were made a part of the Roman government, they were allowed to become Roman subjects; but they had no representatives in Rome. The foreign provinces were ruled by men sent out from Rome. Then there is the American system. For the first time in the history of the world a government is devised which includes conquest, or the spreading of its influence, the acquirement of new territory, with incorporation; that is, people become a part of ourselves, and, at the same time, with representation, so that every man to the furthest limits of our territory has a voice in determining what the policy and future of this country shall be. This seems to promise perpetuity.

But now, friends, I wish to enter upon an ungracious task. We have assumed here in this country, with a sort of a happy-go-lucky spirit, that, whatever may have happened to Oriental despotisms or to ancient Rome, or whatever may have happened to what we are accustomed to call the "effete despotisms" of the world, we are in the hands of some "manifest destiny" that can insure continuous progress in spite of our selfishness and in spite of our folly. But in a universe governed in accordance with law, in a universe the essential principles of which are righteousness, where all the power of the Omnipotent is in the favor of keeping the universal laws,— in a universe like this there is no safety for those who ignorantly or foolishly or wantonly or under whatever motive disregard or break these laws. There is no guarantee for the perpetuity of this magnificent government of ours except the intelligence, the honesty, the watchfulness, the unselfish service of its citizens. There is nothing to prevent us going the way of all the races of the world except these things.

Now let me call your attention to a few conditions that seem to me to contain in them the elements of danger, and which we need to guard against and correct. I shall not enter into these things with any great amount of elaborateness or with any aim at logical order. I have no time. I can only touch here and there on certain points that will illustrate the things I have in mind.

In the first place, look at the condition of our great cities. I think every intelligent and thoughtful student of human history, and of the principles of human government, must confess that, whatever success our representative government may have met with in other departments of its life, at present it is a lamentable failure in our great cities. I speak dispassionately and calmly when I say that it is probably true that there are no cities on the earth outside of Turkey, of India and China and those parts which we hardly call civilized, that are so poorly governed as our great American cities. Ignorance, partisanship, venality, corruption of every kind, exist here as they do not exist in a single city of England, of France, of Germany, of any part of Europe that claims to be civilized. You know perfectly well, gentlemen, that in these great American cities to-day the rights and the welfare of the whole people are almost never considered. You know perfectly well that any great measure which is brought up for consideration or treatment is rarely treated on its merits. You know perfectly well that, if a man has a political "pull," if he belongs to some powerful and wealthy corporation, he is likely to get what he wants, whatever may become of the rights of the people at large. You know that business principles, that economy, that justice, are every day trampled down in the interest of persons, in the interests of parties, in the interests of corporations. I repeat, there are no worse governed cities in the civilized world. I question if there are any as badly governed as are our great cities. This sort of thing cannot go on forever. This is not only true of our cities, it is true of some of our States, where it is a childlike delusion to suppose that the people

really govern. You know that the United States Senate is made up, to a very dangerous degree, of men who are not sent there because they are wise, not sent there because they are good, not sent there because they are statesmen, or because they care for the interest of the country. They are sent there because they have money enough to open the way, and for no other reason under heaven. This sort of thing cannot go on, and public prosperity continue.

What is the cause of certain things that threaten us? I will discuss for a few moments four types of the ballot which contain within themselves dangers against which we need to guard ourselves, and the right treatment of which contains the cure so far as possible for these dangers.

In the first place, you know, there is the ignorant ballot. I think we have made a terrible blunder in this country in admitting such large masses of ignorance to the ballot box. I think, for example, that, under whatever grand philanthropic humanitarian impulse it may have been done, it was a terrible mistake to admit millions of utterly uneducated and uncivilized black men to the rights of the ballot. Do not misunderstand me. I would fight for the rights, for the political equality of the blacks, if necessary. But I mean we have committed the blunder of supposing that twenty centuries of long and laborious civilization could be leaped in twenty years; that you could take a man from the lower range of barbarism, and by putting a ballot in his hand lift him over these twenty centuries to the level of civilization. What we ought to have done, I think, was to have held out the ballot to the black man as a reward of merit, giving every intelligent black man the ballot, and every unintelligent one, just as fast as he made himself intelligent enough to wield it safely, We do not remember that ignorance may be more dangerous than rascality. The rascal may see what is for his interest, and vote that way: an ignorant man votes without any guide, and the chances are that he votes wrongly. No man ought to have the right to vote in this country unless he is intelligent enough, not

only to read and write, but to understand the underlying principles of our government, and what makes the difference between this government and those that have preceded it, and gone down under the advancing forces of the world's civilization. We cannot go back: we cannot take the ballot out of the hands of those who have received it. But I believe we should begin to fight to have restriction used from this time forward which shall prevent the accession to the ranks of the voting people of this country of any more irresponsible ignorance. Then we can trust to Providence and to death. Ignorance will die out after a while if we do not create any more. And the government will at last come into the hands of those who know what it means to vote.

There is another kind of vote that we need to guard against in this country. That is the vote of people who have come here and who do not understand our language and do not know what our country is. We are suffering as a country from what I may call a terrible indigestion. We have received great masses of ignorant people from all parts of the world, and we have allowed them to come here so fast that we have not been able to turn them into Americans. Henry Ward Beecher on a certain occasion years ago, when he was arguing in favor of letting any people come here as fast as they might, said that, when an elephant bites off a branch of a tree and swallows it, the elephant does not turn into a tree: the tree turns into an elephant. But, if you let the elephant try to swallow a whole tree or a whole forest, there will be no assimilation, and the elephant will die. That has been the trouble with us. We have been trying to swallow a foreign element more rapidly than we can digest it. In Chicago to-day — I speak of it only as an illustration — great masses of the population have not become Americanized. In that city whole squads of men are marched to the polls by some man whose headquarters is a grog-shop; and these men cannot speak three sentences of intelligent English, and have no more idea of the geogra-

phy of the United States and what it stands for than they have of the geography of the back side of the moon. This is not only a blunder: it is a crime against everything that is sacred in American civilization. I believe we ought to restrict immigration, and not let it come any faster than we can Americanize it. Let it come as fast as we can do that. I do not care if the whole world comes here, if we can turn them into Americans. We need to restrict immigration along the lines of that principle.

Then I would have another thing done. I would not have any foreigner naturalized until he can speak and read our language, and until he has been here long enough to breathe the American atmosphere. For example, think of what has been taking place in the State of Wisconsin. A struggle for life and death in that State has been going on as to whether the children of public schools shall learn the English language. American citizens who cannot speak our tongue, who cannot read our history, who have no way of understanding what this country stands for!

There is another thing we need to guard against. I do not like to hear this talk about the Scandinavian vote, the German vote, the Italian vote, the Irish vote. There ought to be no vote in this country except the American vote. Here is a political party or a number of newspapers catering to the German vote. What right have we to have a German vote in America? What right have we to have an Irish vote? What right to have anything but an American vote? Until you get ready to be American, do not touch a ballot; and, when you are American, stop talking about any other kind of vote except our own.

Then there is another kind of ballot which is a constant menace against which we need to guard. That is the religious ballot. No man ought to be allowed to wield the ballot in this country unless his oath of allegiance to the United States is regarded in his innermost heart and conscience as superior to any other allegiance on the face of the earth. If any man places his religious opinions above

his citizenship, he has no business to be a citizen, if that is his interpretation of what it means to be religious. Whether it be a Methodist fighting for a particular way of keeping Sunday, whether it be a Catholic owing superior allegiance to the Pope and the Vatican, whether it be a Presbyterian trying to get the name of God into the Constitution, or whatever it may be,— any man who does not regard his allegiance to his country and her welfare as supreme over all considerations when he has a ballot in his hand has no business to touch the ballot. He is a traitor to his country. I do not care if he betrays it to his conception of God, he is a traitor just the same; for, from the point of view of the citizen, the one supreme interest over everything else is the welfare of the country.

So much for the kind of ballot we need to fight for. We cannot go back, I suppose. You cannot induce people who have already the ballot to vote to give it up. But we can strive for recognition of these principles now and henceforth; and then perhaps we shall be able to outgrow and slough off the evils with which we have overloaded ourselves and which threaten to sink us.

With this one restriction, I am in favor of woman suffrage. I am not ready to vote to give the ballot to every woman, because I would begin with every new thing we do to recognize this principle. I am in favor of giving the ballot to every intelligent woman who is capable of seeing what the ballot means, and is able to wield it for good. There ought to be in voting no distinction in regard to color, nationality, religion, or sex, but one absolute condition of intelligence and devotion to the welfare of the country.

I wish to call your attention to one other thing. I shall not be able to go into it with any elaboration or detail. I mean the signs of industrial unrest. We may laugh as we please at "Coxey's Army," and it is ludicrous enough; but it is a symptom. The symptoms as they appear on the surface may seem slight enough; but they mean alway internal disturbance, they mean the possibility of diseases that may

threaten the vitals. We are passing through a great industrial period of turmoil and unrest. You know the tendency everywhere is to the accumulation of business powers in the hands of a few. The small dealer is dying out, is becoming absorbed in larger corporations. As an extreme illustration of what it may come to, it is true to say that the whole earth to-day is practically dependent for its oil supply upon the two great corporations who have condescended to divide the world between themselves. This is the tendency in every department of business. Perhaps you will be surprised when I say, not only can we not help this, but that I, for one, would not help this if I could. I believe the tendency is in the right direction. I believe that God has not quite forgotten his world; that he is still here, taking a hand in managing human affairs. I believe that this tendency will go on until it reaches the extreme limit; and at last, to the surprise of those who have not studied human tendencies, it will blossom out into co-operation. I do not expect any sudden change. This is a universe governed in accordance with the laws of universal evolution, not a universe governed by cataclysms and revolutions except when people do not keep up with the order of affairs. I believe that tentatively here and there, and in other places, there will be a tendency, as the years go by, towards a control of the business affairs of the world on the part of the people for the interest of the people. And I believe that ultimately this will mean shorter hours, will mean leisure for all, will mean comfort for all.

I believe I am talking with perfect sanity and within the limits of that which is perfectly possible. The time will come,— and it will come right along the lines of present growth and progress — when men shall have a little leisure to think and read and cultivate any taste for art they may possess, to become acquainted with their families, and to develop the higher side of their natures. I believe that what you and I need to do to help on this condition of affairs is not to obstruct the tendencies that are going on, but to study them and help them, and prevent friction. I wish

every man and woman in this house would read a little book called "The Social Horizon." It is published by Sonneschein, London. It is anonymous except that it is by the author of "Life in our Villages." It is by a man connected with one of the London newspapers. He gives the clearest and simplest statement of what is going on in the industrial and social world, and of the possible hopeful outcome of it, that I have anywhere seen. I wish you would read this book, and then try with good heart and hope to help on the tendencies that work for a higher civilization. Because I believe in God, I believe in the future of humanity. I do not believe that this world has been going wrong from the first, or that it is going wholly wrong now. I believe that we are capable of moulding and shaping conditions, and that humanity is going forward.

One point more only. During this great change there must be much of suffering: every birth-throe means a pain; yet it means the birth of a new life. While we are going on, then, to this new condition of affairs, what shall we do? I want to call your attention to a movement all over this country that I look to with a good deal of hope, because I trust that it can relieve and help the conditions while we are going through these changes. Some of you may know that there is already organized a body which calls itself a Union for Practical Progress. Statesmen, merchants, novelists, poets, prominent men of every class of citizens in our great cities, are becoming interested in it, and are becoming members of this union. The aim is to have an organization in every city, in every town of this country, and then to have a national organization. What do they propose to effect? They are having lecturers sent all over the country. They are writing and distributing tracts and leaflets all over the land. They are appealing to the pulpits with wonderful success.

One part of their scheme is something like this. They select some important matter of interest, some topic that ought to be considered, some phase of practical, social, or

industrial reform, and then, according to a plan which has been partially carried out, all the ministers in every denomination in every great city of the country will speak on that great theme on the same Sunday in the year, so that a great universal blow is struck for the welfare of men. What kind of topics are they discussing? The tenement-house evil, for example. Every man who studies the matter at all knows that the mean, dirty rookery that is not fit for human beings to inhabit is the best kind of property you can have in a great city. We are learning a lesson with great hope in it. Men in New York and a woman in Boston, from purely philanthropic motives, have constructed tenement houses of a model character, and have found them good investments. There can be no decent life, no intellectual life, no hope for industry, while three or four families,— men, women, and children,— drunken and sodden, are packed in one room, the children growing up breathing an atmosphere like that, and we standing by and expecting them to become respectable citizens.

That is one evil they are attacking. Another is child labor. You know, if you stop to think of it a moment, that you cannot have a child engaged in hard labor, making money for the support of the family so that it has not any time to learn, without making it impossible for it to grow up a decent citizen.

Then another evil is the sweating system, which means an attempt to grind down the workman to the very lowest point of wages upon which he can live, and to have work done in dirty tenements where there are germs of disease threatening the public welfare in every direction. Men and women, when they go shopping, are frequently very glad because they have struck a bargain; and yet, do you know, these bargains generally mean that you are wearing or ornamenting yourselves with the heart's blood of somebody. It means that somebody is working for wages upon which no decent, honest person can live. I do not say that you shall not invest in bargains because this is true, because your declining

to purchase something that is cheap will not secure the perfect condition of things; but I want you to understand what it means, and, when the opportunity comes to strike it a death-blow, I want you to do it.

Another one of the things which this Union for Practical Progress is fighting is the saloon evil. I will be perfectly frank with you. I am not a total abstainer myself: I am not a regular drinker, either. I do not believe that the world's salvation is coming along those lines. If I had my way, I would not interfere with what a man chooses to eat or to drink at his own table and with his own family; but you ought to know that the saloon, as it exists, whatever your belief or practice may be, is a threat day and night to intelligence and honesty and political life, to industrial prosperity, to everything that is dear to our hearts in our grand, noble land. There ought to be some way, there is some way, by which people who believe this can unite to limit this evil, and prevent its spread, and perhaps by and by wipe it out altogether. I have been hoping that in this Commonwealth we would have sense enough to try that system * which has been presented before the legislature this winter, and see whether it would not accomplish something. It has one grand merit. It ceases under that system to be for the personal pecuniary interest of any man to sell liquor; and is not right here, in the selfishness of man who wishes to make money, the root of the saloon power?

Such, then, are some of the things that we can help on by our interest, by our intelligent discussion and effort, while the great changes of the country are going on under the larger providence of God. Are we not engaged, friends, in religious work when we are fighting this great fight of faith? What is religious work? What is the difference between the religions of the world? Every single religion under the broad heaven claims that the thing it lives for is to help men and women into right relations with God, into relations with each other; to help men and women to be true and just, and

* The Norwegian system.

loving and faithful. The differences between the different religions are merely differences as to methods of doing this: every one of them claims to have the same great end. We then, friends, when we are striving to attain these results that I have been speaking of this morning, are engaged in the highest and grandest of all religious work. We are trying to make men and women what they ought to be; we are trying to build here on earth the ideal republic. When we shall have succeeded in establishing the ideal republic, we shall find that we have built and have become citizens of the city of God.

Father, we thank Thee that we are permitted to co-operate with Thee in such work as this. We thank Thee that we may co-operate hopefully, may fight in faith for these grand results; and we consecrate ourselves to this as to the highest end of life. Amen.

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THE AMERICAN CONGRESS OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

My subject this morning is the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies; and I take my text from the Gospel according to John xvii. 21: "That they may all be one."

Before proceeding to discuss the main theme, I wish to note for a moment the significance of the text and of the few words that follow it.

For hundreds, for thousands of years, unity has been the dream of the civilized world. That the disciples might all be one is here put into the lips of Jesus as a part of the long prayer which is recorded in this seventeenth chapter of John. Whether these words were ever uttered by Jesus, or whether they were the prevailing sentiment of the church, and thus put into his lips as expressing that sentiment, is for us to-day a matter of no practical importance. They, at any rate, utter and embody a belief on the part of the early Church as to that which was regarded as both desirable and possible,—unity. As, however, this text has been used a great many times by those who believe in and defend the doctrine of the Trinity, I wish to call your attention to the words that follow as limiting and explaining them. "That they all may be one, even as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they all may be one in us." You see that, if this proves that Jesus and God are one, it also proves that God and Jesus and humanity are one; that we are either all human together or all divine together. So that the significance of it as bearing on the doctrine of the Trinity is utterly taken away by the context. I myself believe in the highest interpretation of these words. I believe in the essential unity of God and Jesus not only, but of God and Jesus and of mankind. Herein, if anywhere, lies the reasonableness of any

such hope as that of a great unity which all the apostles and prophets and seers and singers of the world have dreamed about.

Let us note the condition in which religion begins in the world, and how impossible it is that at the first there should be any expectation of unity, and then note how naturally at last that belief gets into the mind and heart of the world. We do not have to go back in human history very far before we find tribes and peoples separated not only by language, separated not only by natural barriers, by racial distinction of every kind, but separated by the divisions of polytheism. Each tribe, each people, has its own gods, its own religion. It never occurs to them that any other tribe should share this religion or acknowledge the supremacy of this god, any more than it occurs to them that they all ought to speak one tongue or be banded together under one tribal chieftain. It was only after the great thought of the universe had entered into the mind of man, after the great thought of monotheism had dawned upon human intelligence, that anything like unity in religion seemed a possibility or became a practical aim on the part of any devotee. This principle did come after a while. In certain parts of the world, at least, the people came to believe that there was only one God, and that all the people of the world, whatever language they might speak or to whatever race they might belong, were really the common children of this one God. When they came to believe this, do you not see that it was very natural that they should expect that some time there should be religious unity as well as human unity?

But it was also inevitable, I suppose, at that time that each of these great monotheistic religions should believe that it alone held the true idea about the one God, who had revealed to it the only acceptable method of worshipping him, so that the unity which they had accepted and believed in, and supposed should come, could come only by all the rest of the world accepting their ideal. We find, therefore, that the Jews expected that all the world ultimately would

practically become Jews; that there was to be a great world-wide kingdom of God established, its centre and capital at Jerusalem; and that all the rest of the world was to be converted to their ideas, and to look to their city as the one centre and inspiration of the universal faith.

When Islam arose, it likewise believed that it held the one true great religion, and that it was its business to propagate that religion by force and conquest, and to bring as many as possible of the nations of the world under its sway.

This also, and naturally, was the belief of Christianity. The early Christians came to think that they had received the one only divine and infallible revelation of truth, that their conception of God was the only true conception, their method of worship the only true worship, their condition of future salvation the only acceptable condition; and so, of course, from their point of view the only method of union was by the whole world's becoming converted at last to the Christian faith and to the acceptance of the Christian name.

The grandest practical application and expansion of this idea that the world has ever seen found its embodiment in the Church of Rome. This Church claims to be catholic, universal. But the claim has never been true. It attempted to make its reign as wide at least as the wide empire of Rome; but it never succeeded even in that. But it did succeed in founding a church which for its order, its wide extension, its magnificent pretensions and aims, has never been equalled by any other religious organization on the face of the earth.

But how did it reach this unity? It did it by coercion and suppression. It taught that its faith was that which had been believed by everybody always and everywhere. But whatever unity of creed it attained was by the suppression of dissent, so that to attain this kind of unity compelled by an extraneous and dominant force there must be two or three things. People must not think, they must remain ignorant; or, if they do, and learn to think differently from the creed, they must play the hypocrite, and pretend to be-

lieve that which they do not; or, as has been proved by many a magnificent intellect as well as noble nature, they must suppress themselves practically, and annihilate their own personality. They may think, indeed, they may dream, they may imagine; but they will regard all their finest and highest thoughts only as vagaries, only as fancies, whims, passing dreams, while they consent to give their conscience and their brain into the keeping of the one dominant authority. This kind of unity, then, the unity which is brought about by force, can only be a thing of coercion and suppression, can never represent the growing intellect, the life of the world of man.

But even this kind of unity lasted only for a few centuries. In the tenth century the Greek Church separated finally from the Roman; and in the sixteenth century there came the great Protestant revolt. It is interesting to note here in passing how largely this revolt was a matter of race. At one time Luther and his friends and followers imagined they were going to sweep all over Europe; but, if you notice carefully, you will see that the line of cleavage is a racial line. The great Germanic races who from the first, so far as we can trace their history, had cherished aspirations of independence and freedom, became Protestant. The Latin races, those who, from the first, so far as we can trace them, have been more easily led and governed, remained loyal to Rome.

The Protestant Church, as you are aware, established as its corner-stone the right of private judgment. It, indeed, appealed to the Bible as absolute authority, not only over the conduct, not only over the heart, but also over the thought and belief of man. But so long as it conceded to churches, to organizations, to individuals, the right of interpreting the Bible, you will see that the way was left open for almost a practical infinity of differences. As a matter of fact, Protestantism — and this has been its fortunate weakness, while I am ready to champion the idea that at the same time it is its glory — has been split into hundreds of sects. These are sometimes made the ground of ridicule.

It is very easy to smile at the practical results of the divisions of Protestantism. One of the speakers at the great Liberal Congress at Chicago — and I rely on him for my figures — said that there was existing in Protestantism to-day about one hundred and forty-three different denominations. He said you could be, if you chose, seventeen kinds of a Methodist, you could be sixteen kinds of a Lutheran, you could be thirteen kinds of a Baptist, twelve kinds of a Presbyterian, you could be even seven kinds of a Catholic, you could be six kinds of an Adventist, and he added, "The Lord knows how many kinds of a Congregationalist."

It is logical enough to suppose that this process might go on until there should be as many different denominations as there are men and women. Perhaps you remember the story of the old Scotch woman. I have known it a good many years; but my memory was refreshed concerning it by Professor Toy in his address during the last week. This old Scotch woman believed that the number of the elect was so very small, she said, that there was no chance for anybody to be saved except those who belonged to her little church, and she doubted whether anybody in that church was perfectly certain of salvation except herself and Sandy, her husband; and she admitted, on being further questioned, that she sometimes had her doubts about Sandy. To this extent, then, can the possible divisions in Protestantism go so far as the mere matter of belief is concerned, if you choose to divide along those lines.

This would not be so bad if it was not made a matter of such supreme and eternal consequence. You will find some of these Protestant denominations appealing to the Bible as their one source of authority who not only believe that they are right in their opinion, but that the difference of opinion may entail the possible eternal loss of the soul, even from some matter that seems to us utterly trifling and of no practical importance whatsoever. For example, Professor Toy, in that same address, pointed out the fact that there were two sects in England who divided over the question of the

lost tribes of Israel, and not only mutually excluded each other on account of differences of opinion about it, but thought it might touch the question of eternal salvation in the other world.

I do not expect, I do not even desire, that all the Protestant world should come into one denomination. These differences of denomination are perfectly natural. They are the expression of the infinite variety of life; and it seems to me that those persons who believe, whether they be orthodox or liberal, that all the world is some time to be brought into their own little body, had better note the method of God in the evolution, in the growth of the universe. Evolution is always and everywhere, as the scientists tell us in their formula, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous. Watch a tree. You plant one little seed. There comes first a blade, there grows one little trunk. By and by it begins to branch out, and ends in the most infinite diversity of limb and twig and leaf and blossom. This is the method of the growth of the world; but it is none the less one tree because it is divided into such a beautiful variety.

Just look over the world, and consider for a moment. Here are people of every stage of culture, from the lowest barbarism to the highest culture we have yet attained. Can you expect that all of them shall think alike; that they should have the same tastes, the same feelings, and the same way of expressing their tastes and feelings? Here is a person that loves ritual. Is there any reason in the world why he should not indulge that love if he desires? Here is one who cares for robes, ceremonial, and processions, why not? Let him have them as much as he will. Here is a set of people, fiery and enthusiastic, ready to bubble and boil over on the slightest provocation. Here, on the other hand, are other people whose tendency is toward quiet and peace; who gather in plain meeting-houses, and wait in silence for the moving of the spirit. Is there any reason why there should not be both Methodist and Quaker? There are all these diversities of taste, feeling, and belief. There is no

reason in the world why the universal life of evolution, blossoming out into endless and wide-spread diversity, should not manifest itself here as everywhere else.

What kind of unity, then, can we expect? Protestantism to-day is divided into two great halves; and I, for one, cannot see much possibility of union between the two, except through the process of conversion, or, perhaps I might better say, the process of education. These two are those which believe that they have received the truth, the final, the complete truth of God by revelation, and that it is absolutely necessary to accept that in order to be saved; and those who believe that religion is a natural development of the human heart and life, and that a person is not to be saved by his opinions, but that salvation is a matter of character and life. Those persons who believe that it is absolutely necessary for salvation to accept their ideas and adopt their methods of worship, of course, cannot consistently unite with us who do not believe that any special set of opinions is necessary to salvation or that any particular method of worship is necessary. Therefore, I do not look for union between these two great halves of Protestantism except as those who hold the exclusive and supernatural ideas outgrow them in the light of a larger life and a broader intelligence, and a more careful study of the history, of the origin, and of the development of the religions of the world. But the union which I do look for and believe in and am willing to work for is the union represented by this great Congress in Chicago, a union of the liberal societies of America.

What kind of a union do I expect here? As I said a moment ago, I do not expect that we shall cease being Independents, or Universalists, or Unitarians, or Liberal Orthodox, or Ethical Culturists, or Jews. There may be freedom of movement between all these different religious bodies. I hope the time will come when the fence between them will be so low that, even if it be not utterly obliterated, it can be stepped over in one way or another without any apparent effort, and that there shall be allowed perfect freedom of

movement among them from one to another as a matter of convenience and practical work, without any word of opprobrium or blame being attached to it. I hope for that; but I do not expect everybody among the liberal people of the world to be converted to Unitarianism, and to take that name. I do not expect everybody to be converted to Universalism or to Ethical Culture Societies. And I am free to say I do not care much about it. I love the Unitarian name. I love what it stands for, though I was taught as a child to look upon it with suspicion and hate: the unity of the universe, the unity of God, the unity of humanity,—one life, one law, one destiny, one hope. I do not know a grander religious name. But I would have you all join with me enthusiastically in this: I care a thousand times more for the principles represented than for the name. I am ready to work with all my heart for the spread of these principles, whether the persons who accept them have adopted the name or not. He does not love the truth very much who cares more for the label than he cares for the thing itself.

Now let me indicate to you for a moment what are the underlying principles around which there is possibility of organization. Let me indicate what seems to me to be the bond of organization, the only bond there can be among free men. It is God's method, too. When God wished to have a system swing in the sky, a sun surrounded by planets, and they followed by satellites, he did not build a fence around them, he did not chain them one to another. He simply swung in the centre the great sun, the source of light and power, and made it the attraction that kept all others swinging in their proper places about it as a natural centre. So the only union that I expect among the liberals is that union which is determined by the attraction of certain great principles to which we can give our free adhesion and allegiance. What are these? Among all the liberal societies of this country certain things are held in common. We have one worship. The Ethical Culture men, and certain agnostics, hesitate about the use of the word, God,

not because they do not believe in some infinite power, in infinite order, in infinite love, but because they believe that words mean so little, and sometimes may be so misleading that they hesitate about attempting to put the infinite into phrases. But, for all that, we are one in the worship of the good. To the theist the ideal of all that is good he puts into the one word "God." Any man, whatever his idea or his attitude here may be, who worships something above him, something conceived as better than he is, as an ideal of love of truth, an ideal of service and helpfulness, worships what I mean by God. Our worship, then, is one.

We are one again in regard to the standard by which we are to decide as to what is truth. We believe that truth is to be determined by human experience in the light of reason. All liberals agree here. We have, then, one standard of truth; and do you not note that this is the standard of the scientific world? Do you not note that we shall come to an agreement as to our religious creed by and by just so fast — and just so fast and so far only — as discovery and demonstration of truth proceed? You do not need any inquisition to compel a man to accept a scientifically demonstrated truth. It is a matter of common sense and intelligence. If you *know* that a thing is true, then you have simply to prove it to intelligent people. What unintelligent people think about it does not much matter, anyway. You do not need the rack and the thumb-screw to compel the acceptance of the multiplication table and the Copernican system of the universe. So, just so fast and so far as we discover religious truth, there will be unanimity of religious creed. Concerning matters that are not discovered and demonstrated, nobody on the face of the earth has any right to compel acceptance on the part of any intelligent person. We are at one here, then, — all the liberals of the modern world.

We are at one again as to the meaning of the conditions of salvation. We all believe that, when a man is brought into accord with the laws and life of God, when he is right, when his character is what it ought to be, when he is in

right relations with the universe and with his fellow-men, he is saved in the only sense in which that word has any meaning; and we believe that, since there is one law in this world and in all worlds, a man like this is safe in any world and in any life. We are at one, then, here.

Then we are at one in regard to the great hope of the future. I do not mean by this that all the liberals of the modern world believe in the future life. I do not know of many who do not *hope* for one, at any rate. If they do not believe it, it is merely because the proof as yet does not seem quite adequate. They desire it, at any rate; and their ideas concerning it, if it be true, are substantially at one. Here, then, concerning these great matters — matters of purpose, matters of aim, matters of practical life and effort — the liberals of the world are practically united at present.

Now let me indicate to you one or two reasons — and this can only be done in the most fragmentary fashion — for believing that some sort of closer union, some external organization, is desirable. Independency alone, as was brought out with a great deal of force in Chicago,— pure independency is weakness. Ten thousand purely independent societies are simply a mob, even if they are in contact with each other; and a compact organization, if it be ever so small, can always walk right through and over the largest mob. The liberals of this country have been, in the presence of the compactness of the orthodox for practical matters, weakness itself. Let me give one or two reasons why we should be united.

We ought to be united so as to defend freedom. If we are not interested in defending freedom in some other State, then we are traitors to freedom; and by and by we shall find that somebody else will not be interested in defending it in our State. Only a little while ago a man in one of the South-western States was in prison. He was a Seventh-day Baptist. He believed in observing the Sabbath as he is ordered to in the Bible. His neighbors believed in keeping the first day; and there is a law on their statute

book making it a crime for a man to work on the first day of the week. This man having kept the seventh, as his Bible told him to, and not feeling under any obligation to keep two days, went about his business on the first day of the week, and was arrested and imprisoned. There ought to be such an organization of liberals in this country as to keep an eye upon all facts of that sort that threaten religous liberty anywhere.

Again, we had, as you remember, last year a conflict over the question as to whether the World's Fair should be open on Sunday. The orthodox churches of this country were organized from one end of the country to the other, and sent their delegates and representatives to Washington to push the matter as they understood and believed in it. Liberalism was unorganized; and it was only some few men who volunteered to go there and fight for the larger idea. The liberals of this country ought to be so organized that they can speak with one voice, and can be heard from one end of the country to the other.

Every little while there is a threat of returning to the practical union of Church and State in this country. Any one who has even a superficial knowledge of religious history knows that wherever religion and politics have been united, wherever Church and State have been at one, there has been tyranny. There never has been a case in the history of the world where religion had the power to use the arm of the State that it did not use it, and use it against the rights and liberties of those who did not agree with them in their religious opinions. There never has been one single case. The only safety for liberty, then, is the utter separation of Church and State. Yet every little while there is a bill introduced into Congress, as one was introduced last year, to attempt to put the name of God into the Constitution, and to declare officially in our fundamental law that we are a Christian people. And yet we invite to citizenship members of every race and of every religion. If the day ever comes when the orthodox God and the orthodox inter-

pretation of Christianity get into the Constitution of the United States, then the rights of man will go out. The only safety for liberty in this country is to keep the hands of religion of any kind off our fundamental law. The liberals of this country ought to be united in such a way that they can send thousands, millions of names, if need be, to Washington in a month. They ought to be united, so that they can speak with such a voice that the Senate and the House of Representatives cannot be deaf to its significance. These are hints of some of the reasons why there ought to be a great organization in this country of the liberal religious forces of this land.

Now I must indicate to you in a few words what was done in the first attempt towards such organization. Some weeks ago a call was sent out for a meeting in Chicago. It is very brief, and I shall read it to you: —

> Believing in the great law and life of love, and desiring a nearer and more helpful fellowship in the social, educational, industrial, moral, and religious thought and work of the world, the undersigned unite in calling an American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies, and such other Churches and Organizations of any name, as may be willing to recognize a common duty, and to work in the spirit of kinship herein indicated.

This call originally was signed by the Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas, by Rabbi E. G. Hirsch, the Rev. W. S. Crowe (Universalist); W. L. Sheldon and William M. Salter (Ethical Culturists); Rev. A. N. Alcott, Rev. R. C. Cave, St. Louis, Rev. E. L. Rexford, of Boston (Universalists); Rev. M. J. Savage, of Boston, and Rev. J. Ll. Jones, of Chicago (Unitarians).

During the weeks preceding the meeting of this conference this call received over twelve hundred signatures, representing men in all the walks of life, men of all shades of liberal religious belief. The Congress was held in Sinai Temple, the synagogue of Rabbi Hirsch. There must have been at least two thousand people present. The synagogue was crammed in every part, the meeting earnest and enthusi-

astic. It held its interest through four days and evenings, addressed by men of every kind of belief, representing all liberal religious organizations; and it resulted in a national organization with its president, vice-presidents, secretary, board of directors. Its purpose is to effect, so far as may be, a wide-spread union that shall reach into every State of the country. It is proposed to hold national meetings at least once a year, oftener if it should seem best, for the discussion of great practical themes and for the carrying out of great practical ends. A very hopeful beginning has thus been made. I bespeak most earnestly your hearty, earnest interest in this movement, and your co-operation with it so far as shall be possible and practicable to you.

And now at the end there is just one thing that comes very close home that I wish to speak of for one moment. You have heard me say on many occasions that our present religious methods or lack of methods are a disastrous waste of time, of money, of labor, of enthusiasm, of inspiration. We are working so at cross-purposes, dividing along such unimportant lines, conflicting with one another, fighting with each other when we ought to be fighting the enemies of man, and only those. For example, take it right close home. Here is a little town where there are a certain number of people liberally inclined, who cannot consistently live in and work through the old churches. One of them perhaps was trained a Universalist, another was trained a Unitarian, another was trained along lines of Ethical Culture, another is a student of science, and has never given much attention to religious denominations, anyway; but they are all at one in these common ideas, that they wish to work together in some way for truth and righteousness and love in the world. Now, why in such a place should there be a little, feeble, struggling Unitarian church, and a little, feeble Universalist church, and a little, feeble, struggling Ethical Culturist Society, and a little, feeble Jewish synagogue? Why cannot all these people be broad enough to co-operate together? I can understand, as I say, why those who believe that the accept-

ance of their ideas is essential to salvation in the other world should refuse to co-operate with those who do not. But it is a shame for those who do not hold those ideas to fritter away their time and their money and their efforts in useless and utterly unpractical dissensions over things that are of no significance whatever, when they ought to join heart and mind together, and be working for the kingdom of God. If we do not care enough more about humanity than we do about our own little sect to be willing to work for humanity, then our love is idle talk; and it is time that we translated it into deed.

A dream of unity. Yes: unity in infinite diversity, unity of free minds in seeking for the one eternal truth, unity in creed just so fast and so far as that truth is attained, unity in effort for man, unity in trying to help each other, unity in seeking to build up the great republic of truth and service and love and mutual help.

Father, may we not dare any longer to fight against thee, fighting against our brothers; but may we with earnest and humble spirits seek after the truth, and for the sake of our brothers join hand to hand and heart to heart in seeking to bring about the reign of justice and peace and happiness and good. Amen.

AMERICAN CONGRESS OF LIBERAL RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION.

1. *Name.*— This organization shall be known as "The American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies."

2. *Objects.*— To unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of other non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.

3. *Directors.*— The first board of directors shall consist of the following persons: —

PROVISIONAL BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE I. *Seal.*— The seal of this congress shall be inscribed with the outlines of the globe, across the equator of which shall be the word "Humanity," around which shall be the words "Knowledge, Justice, Love, and Reverence."

ARTICLE II. *Membership.*

Delegate Members.— Any church or society which may have shown its sympathy with this congress by a contribution to its treasury within one year shall be entitled to three general delegates and one additional delegate for every one hundred members of such society.

Ex-officio Members.— The president and secretary of any State, local, or other conference or association, Sunday-school society, women's or other reformatory associations, qualified as above, shall be *ex-officio* members of this congress.

Fellowship Members.— This organization is primarily a union of societies, not of individuals; but any person paying into the treasury a sum of $1 a year, or $25 for life, will, on the recommendation of the board of directors, be considered a fellowship member, entitled to all its

privileges except voting. Fifty or one hundred members of this class, not connected with any local organization, may organize under any name and in any manner; and the president and secretary of said organization shall be *ex-officio* members of this congress.

ARTICLE III. *Officers.*— The officers of this congress shall be a president, ten vice-presidents, a general secretary, with an assistant at a salary, a treasurer, and thirty directors. The directors shall be divided into two classes, one-half of whom shall be elected at each annual meeting, and hold their office for two years. The president, vice-presidents, secretary, and treasurer shall be elected each year, and shall be *ex-officio* members of the board of directors. Eleven members of the board shall be a quorum, unless the board itself shall otherwise order.

ARTICLE IV. *Duties of Officers.*— The duties of the officers shall be such as usually devolve upon the officers of executive and missionary bodies. The board shall elect an Executive Committee of seven members to have charge of all the interests of the congress when the board is not in session.

ARTICLE V. *Subordinate Organization.*— So far as practicable, this congress will hope to realize its aims through the activity of subordinate and more local organizations, and, when necessary, the formation of new ones. All subordinate congresses and societies shall have entire freedom in the manner of organization and the administration of their own affairs.

ARTICLE VI. *Meetings.*— The congress shall hold its regular meetings annually in the month of May, or at such time and place as the directors may arrange. The board of directors shall hold semi-annual meetings, and the Executive Committee quarterly meetings.

ARTICLE VII. *Amendments.*— These by-laws can be amended at any regular meeting, provided due notice of the same shall have been given at a preceding meeting, the nature of the amendment to be published in the announcement and programme of the meeting.

The following officers were elected: —

President, H. W. Thomas. Vice-presidents: T. W. Higginson, Cambridge, Mass.; Dr. E. G. Hirsch, Chicago; M. J. Savage, Boston; Marion D. Shutter, Minneapolis; H. Newton, New York City; William Salter, Philadelphia; B. F. Underwood, Chicago; Susan B. Anthony, Rochester; Mrs. Celia Woolley. General secretary, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and as many assistants as are necessary. Treasurer, Leo Fox, Chicago. Board of directors: R. C. Whitmore, St. Louis; F. E. Dewhurst, Indianapolis; Florence Kollock, Pasadena, Cal.; A. W. Martin, Tacoma; Caroline Bartlett, Kalamazoo; J. H. Crooker, Helena, Mont.; L. W. Sprague, San Francisco; J. H. Acton, Aurora, Ill.; Alexander Kent, Washington, D.C.; A. M. Alcott, Elgin, Ill.; Arthur Judy, Davenport;

J. D. Ludden, St. Paul; Merle St. C. Wright, New York City; A. W. Bisbee, Philadelphia; John Faville, Appleton, Wis.; W. L. Sheldon, St. Louis; W. C. Crowe, Newark, N.J.; A. W. Gould, Chicago; J. H. Ecob, Albany, N.Y.; S. J. Barrows, Boston; W. I. Nichols, Philadelphia; Anna Garlin Spencer, Providence; Mrs. Henry Solomon, Chicago; Clara Conway, Memphis, Tenn.; Rabbi Wise, Cincinnati; Mrs. C. T. Catlin, Brooklyn; Dr. Thomas Kerr, R. A. White, Chicago; Miss Ida Hultin, Rockford, Ill.; Prof. M. M. Mangasarian, Chicago. Incorporators: Dr. Thomas and Dr. Hirsch, Messrs. Jones, Alcott, and Leo Fox.

The society will be incorporated under the laws of Illinois.

Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents.*
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher, 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

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NOTE.

THIS is the closing sermon of *Unity Pulpit* for the present season. Publication will be resumed as usual again in the fall.

Hundreds of sermons, through the generosity of friends, are already sent free into the mission fields of the country every week. Hundreds more — more than there is money to pay for — are called for every year. If any of those who have received them free can afford to become subscribers, it will help to widen the missionary work. Will you not seriously consider this?

THE PUBLISHER.

BIRTHDAYS.

My subject this morning is "Birthdays." And I take my text from the third chapter of the Gospel according to John, the sixth and seventh verses: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto you, Ye must be born again."

I hear once in a while some person say, "I wish I had never been born." I hear people express a weariness that leads them to question as to whether it is worth while. You know how frequently during the past few years the question has been raised, at least in literary circles, as to whether life is worth the trouble of living. You that are familiar with my thought know well my opinion concerning this matter; and yet, if you will pardon what appears like repetition, I wish to say it over again. I am glad every day that I was born. I am glad that I was born on this little earth. I have no doubt that there are grander worlds in space. It seems to me very unreasonable for us to suppose that all of them are uninhabited. I do not know any reason why we should suppose that this one little planet is the only one to be the abode of sentient, conscious life. There may be creatures on these other planets as much above us as we are beyond and above the lower life around us. But, if there be such, I do not envy them. I am content to be a man. I am glad to come into a world so beautiful as this,— beauty everywhere, the beauty of the grass-blade at our feet, the beauty of the flowers by the wayside, beauty in hidden places. Even those things that we have to study with the microscope in order to see them are finished as no graver's instrument could finish them, as no jeweller's skill could polish or adorn. The beauty of dawns, the beauty of sunsets, the beauty of trees waving in the winds, the beauty of

sunshine upon the waters, the beauty of the insect's wing,—the whole world is one round of beauty. And then this beauty here and there and on every hand, rising still more beautiful, takes on an added touch that we call the sublime, —the mountains that tower so high above us, and thrill us and call to us to come up higher ourselves; the magnificent breadth and wonder of the sea; the marvel of great cataracts and the flow of mighty rivers. And, then, the mystery of it all! We walk, indeed, unconscious and unconcerned too often. But there is not a particle of dust beneath our feet that has not been alive or that has not had a history, that has not a story to tell, if we could but hear. Every pebble speaks to a competent intelligence of ages that are passed, the refuse of buried civilizations, fragments of which we can at any rate discover, parts of which we can uncover and rebuild. And, then, the literature of the world, from the days of the author of Job, of some of the Psalms, of Isaiah, of Homer, of Æschylus, of Virgil, of Dante, and all the way down, as the stream broadens out into lyric, into epic, into drama, into novel, into history, into essay. I am glad that I can at least moisten my lips in this wide sea of the world's refreshing, inspiring, literature. And, then, the wonder of the world's art! I know well that to me as yet the most of the world's art treasures are unreadable. But that I can spell out a few sentences and gain a glimpse of what there must be to competent intelligences, for this I am grateful every day.

I know again that the world's music is to me largely as though it were a silence: only a few strains are as yet comprehensible to me. But I am glad that I can catch a hint of the infinite symphony, of the infinite harmony of the great universe. So, in every direction, as I look around me and beneath me and above me, I see such treasures of thought, such treasures of friendship, such treasures of love, such treasures of service, such treasures of advancement, that I am inspired by them, and lifted and made gladder than any words can utter. And this in spite of the other side that I

have not as yet alluded to; for there has been and there is evil, there is crime, there is death. Am I glad to be alive in spite of this? Yes, a thousand times Yes, glad to enter into the mystery of pain. I have entered a little way in my life; and to-day, though I would shrink from going through those experiences again, I am glad even of the physical anguish, glad of the heartache, glad of the shadow. I am glad of the opportunity to say that this marvellous drama has only begun; and in some fifth act, by and by, beyond the curtains that have not yet risen, there shall be some dénouement that shall run a thread of light and love and goodness through it all, and make us glad that we have been a part of it, glad that we can be present to share the final triumph.

I am glad, then, that I was born. But how much am I born yet? The little child coming into the world is only a little animal, not even a barbarian; because barbarianism is above pure and simple animalism; and the little animal lives in an animal world. This I use as an illustration. It hints to you the depth of the meaning of that which I have in mind. We must be born over and over and over, in order to enter into all the meaning and mystery that are everywhere about us. We may be by the side of a man who has been born a hundred times to our one, and who consequently is an inhabitant and a citizen of a hundred worlds which, if they were spoken of, would be but words to us. There is the world of art, the world of song, the world of literature, the world of friendship, the world of love, the world of sympathy and helpful service, the world of heroism, the world of sacrifice. Into each and all of these, if we enter them, we must be born through pang and effort. Those that are about us may be living in some one or many of these worlds closed as yet to us.

How much, then, are we born? Into how much of this marvellous world have we really entered? That is a suggestive question.

Let us note the principle of our text. The Gospel of John I frankly confess to you is not a favorite Gospel of mine. I

find myself largely lost in attempting to comprehend it. It is mystical, it is full apparently of allegory. So far as we can trace it critically, it is saturated with the philosophy of the Gnostics, a sect hundreds of years now lost out of the world. Many of its phrases are utterly unintelligible to us; and, when I find one that comes to my thought, and touches my heart, and appeals to my intellect, I do not feel at all certain that I am reading the meaning which the writer had in mind. He says: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, that which is born of the spirit is spirit. Verily, verily I say unto you, You must be born again. Unless a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Whether I have the meaning of the writer in mind or not, I have a meaning at least which seems to me thoroughly comprehensible, and which carries a wealth of instruction. That which is born of the flesh, the animal, is animal; that which is born of the intellect comprehends only intellect; that which is born of the heart, or love, as we say, is heart. By our thought we come into sympathetic relation with the world for which that stands as symbol. That which is born of the spirit is spirit. That which is born of sacrifice pertains to the world of sacrifice and sympathy. That which is born of the desire to serve is service, and opens to us all the wealth and joy of giving ourselves for others. This seems to me the principle involved in this text. We start life as animals. We climb up, if we do climb, into height after height of experience. We are reborn through efforts, through struggles, through birth-pangs, into different departments of the universe; for this universe, as I have already said to you, is one in which there are many rooms, many departments, many subdivisions — a house of many mansions. Because we have the keys by which we are able to open one door, it does not necessarily follow at all that we can be at home in a room which is nearest to us, but which is of entirely another nature.

As an illustration of what some of these rebirths mean in plain human experience, I trust you will pardon me if I

talk a little of some of my own. I do not speak of myself through egotism. I know myself better than I know others; and, then, I know that, if I can truly translate any personal experience of my own, just because I am a man, because I share the same nature that is common to us all, I am speaking, if not of actual, at least of possible experiences of your own. You will pardon me, then, for one or two touches of what might be called autobiography.

Fifty-three years ago to-night I was born in a little farmhouse on the bank of a river down in Maine. There I first became a conscious inhabitant of this wonderful universe. And whatever my experience may yet be in life, whatever the experience of others may be, I count it an infinite advantage simply that one's foot is placed on the lowest step of that stairway that, albeit through darkness, slopes up to God. I care not where or how a soul is born. It has begun, it has entered upon the inheritance of an infinite goal and a career, as I believe, of infinite good. I wish now to indicate one or two kinds of births that came to me.

Perhaps the first one is what is ordinarily called in orthodox circles conversion, a religious rebirth. Though my interpretation of that experience is entirely different from that which it used to be, and though my estimate of its importance is entirely different from what it used to be, though I reject the popular philosophy of it, yet it was a genuine rebirth into thoughts about God, into a conviction of infinite truth and infinite responsibilities. I would not have any one else go through such experiences as were mine; and yet, as I look back, I do not regret even those to-day.

Another birth was a birth into literature. I discovered a little library in the town; and, being an invalid in those days, I thought to pass away my time with books, and found myself unconsciously born into a passionate love of literature, a love for poetry, a love for essays, for novels, for histories, — a love that has grown, that has been an unspeakable solace to me since.

Then there was the birth that came to me through my

first experience of death. My elder brother was smitten; and we watched by his bedside week after week. In those days I knew death had entered other homes; but it seemed to me simply impossible that it could ever enter ours. But it came. But when the wall was broken down, it seemed to me as though anybody and everybody might die. The great deeps of life were broken up; and I was born by that experience, as I never had been before, into seriousness touching the meaning of human destiny.

Then one other birth. Most of you have passed through this, whether you have shared all these others or not. I remember when I was born out of the home into which I had been born,— born into the great world. I left the little farm-house on foot, walking to the place where I was to take the stage. I stopped at the corner, and looked back up the country road; and it came over me like a new experience: That is my home no more. The tie is broken that bound me to it. I shall go back, I shall visit it; but it is no longer the shelter, the abiding place. I am out in the great world that I must face, and fight and conquer, or be conquered. That was another soul experience.

Then let me suggest another religious birth,— a birth out of the narrowness, out of the darkness, out of the fear, a birth that came to me through criticism, through modern science, through contact with men, through attempts to lead and lift and lighten the souls of those about me,— a birth into a larger world, into belief in a better God, into a grander fellowship with humanity, into a nobler hope for the race, and thus the largest, grandest, sweetest birth of them all.

The birth into love? That is too personal, too tender, too sacred for public speech.

Now, turning away from myself,— and I ask your pardon for spending so long a time upon it,— let me for a little deal with some of those great human experiences that come to all of us, first or last, by means of which we are born into igher, deeper, larger lives.

I shall take my suggestion of these things from acquaintances that I have had with people here and there. A man successful, wealthy, but selfish as yet, a man who led no large life, a man who had no ideals touching service to his fellow-men, a man who cared only for personal success, a man who loved his family, but who did not have any grand aim, suddenly came into business distress and loss. Ships sunk at sea, fortunes this way and that were wrecked, until one day, waking up suddenly to the kind of life he had been leading, he called to his confidential clerk, and said: "Draw me a check for so many thousands of dollars for such a great cause. If my money is going at this rate, I must put some of it where it will be safe." But this experience of disaster, born out of the larger life of the world, into fellowship, sympathy, and kinship with his kind, born into the feeling that there was something more than merely to live for himself, born into the feeling that, when he put the results of his labor into the arts, into the sciences, into brains, into the character of his fellow-men, meant that he was putting his treasures beyond the reach of fire, shipwreck. moth, or rust, — putting it among the eternal things. For Jesus and the sages and seers of all ages have said that which we become is ours, and we carry that with us, and only that.

I have in mind a woman, a lovely woman, a woman of character with a pleasant family about her, but whose life had never been stirred in any deep way. It was a surface life, a shallow life,— in a sense, a frivolous life,— a life not above or beyond novel-reading, society display, and superficial though not perhaps ill-meaning gossip. To such a woman as this comes the death of one that is very dear to her; and all her ideal and her hopes and her pleasures seem to go down in darkness and storm. She rebelled against God, against the universe, against life, until by and by there came to her the wisdom which the gentle Bhuddha taught in one of his parables, that she was not the only one that had suffered a loss, that death had entered into every home, and that it was her business to go out and comfort and help

others; and so she was born into the angelic heights of those who forget themselves and give themselves to the service of their kind.

There are hundreds of experiences like this. You remember the story — I do not know whether it is historic — of Lincoln, the flat boatman, in his youth visiting New Orleans, and seeing a slave-girl sold on the auction block, and how there entered into his soul the resolve that, if he ever had an opportunity to strike that institution, he would strike it, and strike it hard. Perhaps the emancipation proclamation of the Lincoln who became the great liberator was born through that anguish, through the hate of that great wrong.

So by experiences like this we are born anew, ever into the higher and higher things of the world; and these births always mean pangs, always mean effort. Take some of the larger births of the world, and see what they mean,— the birth of Christianity itself. By the cross, by the martyr fires of thousands, through imprisonment, through death, through sorrow hinted in the catacombs, through all the nameless and unknown hours of anguish and of blood that are unrecorded, came that great spiritual rebirth of humanity of which we are the heirs. Then by similar pangs and pains came the birth of this modern scientific world of ours. Through the martyr fire of Bruno, Galileo on his knees, escaping martyrdom only by recanting his convictions, through hundreds and thousands of those that bled, were tortured, were put to death, but who with the spirit of truth in their hearts, and with the love of truth that was willing to face death, strove on through these pangs and pains, the modern knowledge that is free now to every child at school was born. Through similar pang and pain and blood was born our civil liberty, through similar pang and pain our religious liberty. All the great things of the world have come as the result of struggle and effort like this, born in feebleness, gaining the strength that by and by shall rule the world.

Now I wish to raise a very important question. All these

things,— the beauty, the sublimity, the wonder of the world, man, the most wonderful of all, who thinks, traces the footsteps of God, feels, fears, and hopes,— man and all his achievements in art, in music, in literature, all the consecration that has wrought out the results of human liberty,— all this is born out of what? Nothing so mysterious as the origin of life! Born out of what? Certain scientific materialists in Germany tell us that all this is born out of an unconscious universe, that a blind giant has done it all. Others tell us that it is mere force. There are those who glibly say that electricity is life, as though electricity was something that could think, that could feel, that could dream, that could have an idea or could sacrifice itself, that could climb through pain and blood to the heights of human love. Out of what is all this born of which we are a part? Friends, unless the universe is insane, unless the use of any words are folly, then all these things are born out of nothing less than they. Is love born out of something less than love, is hope born out of something less than hope, sacrifice born out of something less than sacrifice, beauty born out of something other than beauty, and spirit out of something other than spirit? Let people tell me, if they will, that this old earth, merely as a ball of matter, has produced it all. Let them tell me that it is simply a sheer blind force. Then we must redefine force and matter, and make them capable of thought, of love, of progress, of service, ot consecrated devotion, of art, of beauty, of righteousness, of truth, of all these things that are. Think as deeply as you will, as broadly as you will, bow as you please before the mystery of things, but never be guilty of the insanity that declares that all these things are born out of something lower and poorer than themselves.

Let us take a step further. We know that we have not exhausted this marvellous power, this divinity of the universe. There have been a few great supreme souls that have towered like mountain peaks above the lower levels, the valleys of mankind; and these show that the universe is

equal at least to producing them. But they dreamed; they had ideals unattained. None of them ever thought of man as being through in this world. Newton, you remember, said that he was only a little child playing on the infinite shore of the ocean of truth, and finding now and then a fairer or brighter pebble than others had found. Paul said,— and no sublimer soul ever walked the earth,—"I count not myself to have apprehended; but I reach forth, striving after the goal."

All these great souls, then, were haunted by dreams; and these dreams were born out of the same heart and mind and love that produces us all,— haunted by these dreams of the unattained, the promise of infinite advance.

Not a great many years ago I preached a sermon on how to grow old. One of my parishioners, meeting me not long after, said, "I should have been very glad to hear you preach a sermon on 'How *not* to grow old.'" Most people shrink from growing old, and do not like the idea of it. I have friends who every little while say, "I am not ashamed of my age; but I do not count my birthdays any longer, because I do not like to think that I am growing old." Here let me differ from you on that point. I have no shrinking from growing old, no fear of it. If the life in the chrysalis could understand that, when the chrysalis is shrinking and drying up and at last bursting open, it means rebirth as a butterfly, it would not be afraid of growing old. If the acorn that lies brown on the ground, swelling until its shell bursts and the acorn as such dies, could know that it is an oak, the acorn would not fear to grow old. I have no fear of growing old, because I believe it means growing young. I might say I *know*,— perhaps some of you would say that that would be a little over-confident,— but I feel practically certain in my own mind that I never was younger than I am now, and that, as these physical powers wane, I shall be younger still. I believe that death is only a rebirth once more, and that I shall go out through that gateway and become a citizen of the universe.

Think, friends, if there were never any night on earth. If

it had always been bright, garish day, we should never have known that there were any stars; and, if people had come to us and told us about the marvels and the infinity of the heaven beyond, they would have seemed to us to be talking fairy tales. It is night that has revealed to us the infinity of heaven; and so I believe that the shadow of death is only a revelation of the infinite world beyond. Were it not for death, we should be prisoners shut down to this little planet of ours. Death puts a key in our hands; and we turn back the wards in the lock, and step out into wide rooms, and find the whole universe open to us, so far as we develop faculties corresponding to the new realms of truth and life.

I have hinted to you how on this planet we enter into different rooms, different departments of life, as fast as we cultivate and develop faculties corresponding to them. I believe that there are infinite rooms beyond, and the faculties that bring us into relation with them are still in us in the germ, to be unfolded as we go on. So I expect to climb height on height forever. It makes me weary sometimes, if I try to comprehend it all at once. But it will mean only easy stages at a time, with grander outlooks. As I glance backward to see what has been accomplished, alluring invitations beyond to the soul growing stronger say that it can "mount up on wings as eagles, can run and not be weary, can walk and not faint."

This is the kind of future that I look forward to, which I believe in with all my soul. And is the past to be lost? No. As I stand on some fair height in that future time, I expect to look back with perfect, clear memory, and see the little house by the river-bank where I began my pilgrimage, and the bright or dark spots where I passed through the various rebirths that were onward and upward steps. I expect to remember it all, to keep my kinship with this little planet, to know something of what is going on here. I expect to find souls that are larger and grander than I, who will teach and inspire and help me. I expect to find souls feebler and weaker than I, whom I in my turn can help and

lead and lift up. I expect to leave behind me only the things that peculiarly fit me for this kind of life, but still to carry with me all the universal, all the love, the sympathy, the friendship, the desire to serve. I expect to find a grander art, a grander music, a nobler helpfulness, in the ages that are to be.

This is my scheme of things; and, in the light of this, perhaps you can understand a little more fully what I mean, and how earnestly I mean it, when I say that, in spite of the sorrow, in spite of the trouble, in spite of the crime, in spite of the weaknesses and wrongs, I am glad that I was born. I am glad of the birth of every human soul, because that birth is the beginning of endless unfolding and advance.

Father, that we can utter this word, that we are glad we are alive, we thank Thee. We can follow Thee. We believe that Thou dost hold us by the hand, and that nowhere can we fall from Thy presence or escape Thy eternal and limitless love. So, in all worlds, whatever belongs to us, is a part of us, is necessary to us, shall be ours; and we shall be Thine forevermore. Amen.

Mr. Mozoomdar's Books.

The Spirit of God. Cloth, $1.50.

An idea of the work may be gained from the titles of the chapters: The Spirit, The Hindu Doctrine of the Spirit, Doctrine of the Spirit in Christianity, Sense of the Unseen, The Spirit in Nature, The Kinship in Nature, The Spiritual Power of the Senses, The Spirit in Life, The Spirit in the Spirit, The Spirit in Immortal Life, The Spirit in Reason, The Spirit in Love, The Spirit in Conscience, The Spirit in Christ, The Spirit in History, The Spirit in all Religions, Live in the Spirit.

Heart-Beats. A Book of Meditations. With Portrait and Biographical Sketch of the Author. Cloth, red edges, $1.50; white, full gilt, $2.00.

Its poetic title is suggestive of its contents. It is a collection of brief paragraphs, which are not so much the scintillations of the intellect as poems of the imagination and pulsations of the heart. In this volume Mr. Mozoomdar has transcribed some of his profoundest personal experiences. Here we have the music of a soul uttered now in a plaintive minor key, here in some deep passionate threnody, or soaring into ecstasy of joy, or breathing the calmness and quietude of peace with God. The book is an illustration of the lofty heights to which devotional sentiment may rise, free from all tinge of superstition.— *Christian Register.*

The Oriental Christ. New Edition. Cloth, $1.25.

The "idea" in this remarkable book may be best briefly stated by combining a saying of Keshub Chunder Sen, the Brahmo leader, with a sentence or two from the author's Introduction: "Was not Jesus Christ an Asiatic? He and his disciples were Asiatics, and all the agencies primarily employed for the propagation of the gospel were Asiatic. In fact, Christianify was founded and developed by Asiatics in Asia. . . . Yet the Christ that has been brought to us in India is an Englishman, with English manners and customs about him, and with the temper and spirit of an Englishman in him. Hence it is that the Hindu people shrink back. . . . Go to the rising sun in the East, not to the setting sun in the West, if you wish to see Christ in the plenitude of his glory and in the fulness and freshness of the primitive dispensation. In England and Europe we find apostolical Christianity almost gone: there we find the life of Christ formulated into lifeless forms and antiquated symbols. . . . Look at this picture and that: this is the Christ of the East, and that of the West. When we speak of the Western Christ, we speak of the incarnation of theology, formalism, ethical and physical force. When we speak of an Eastern Christ, we speak of the incarnation of unbounded love and grace."

The existence of this book is a phenomenon;—more than a curiosity; and rich as a new, fresh, and very suggestive study of the character and person of Christ.—*Christian Union.*

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Unitarian Catechism

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

Price,	*Paper,*	*per*	*Copy,*	*20 cents*
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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

It is believed that this Catechism will be found adapted to any grade of scholars above the infant class, provided the teacher has some skill in the matter of interpretation.

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